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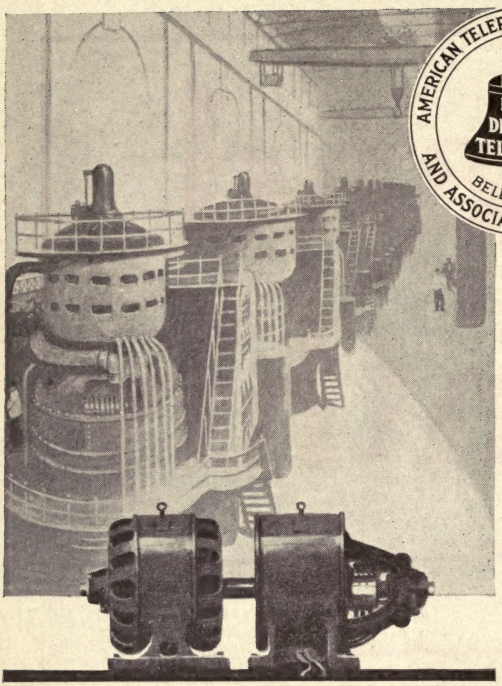
Overland Monthly

JANUARY, 1914



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Vol. LXIII—Second Series

January--June 1914



OVERLAND MONTHLY CO., Publishers

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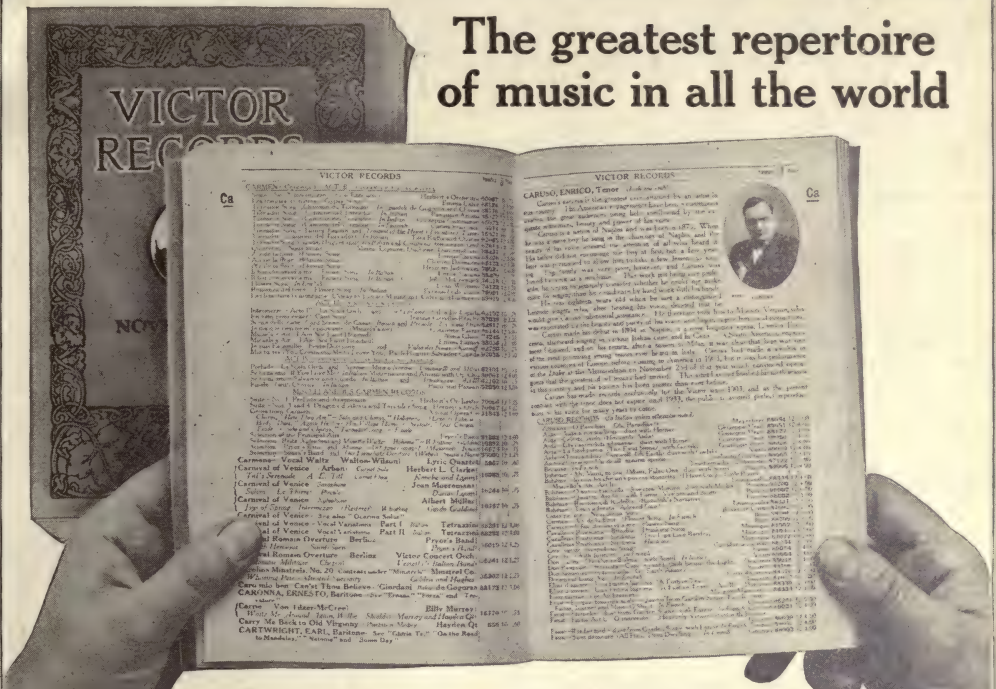
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An Illustrated Magazine of the West

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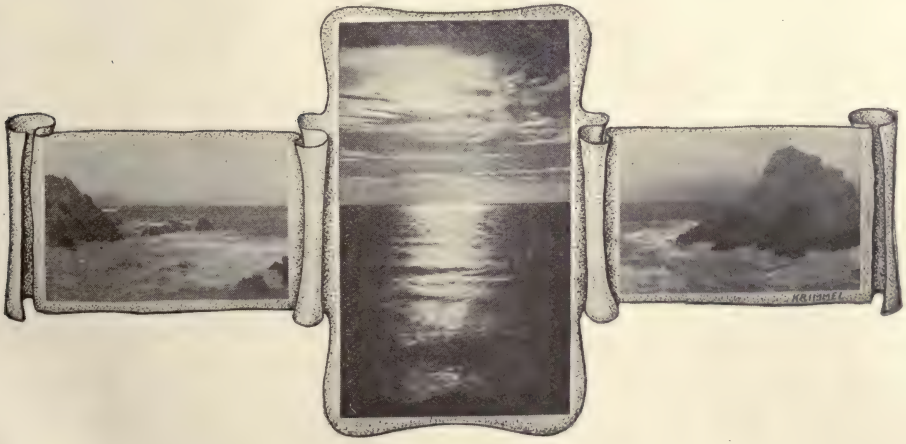
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TO AN ABALONE

(Haliotis Splendens)

By Haven Charles Hurst

Beneath the stormy ocean's tumbling tide,
Where streaming serpent sea-weeds writhe and coil
About huge rocks; where shattered surges boil
On perilous shores, securely you abide.
Across your walls of pearl rich colors glide,
Like shifting hues upon a pool of oil,
Or flowers that flash from out a tropic soil;
You mock at art and all the artist's pride.
O strange indeed that such a splendid flame
The caverns of the ocean should disclose!
From Neptune's jewelled throne itself you came,
That throne whereon the sea-God doth repose
In watery halls, whose glories put to shame
The rainbow and the peacock and the rose.





Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco

—See Page 23.

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A May afternoon's snowfall on the "rack" division of the Argentine line.

RIDING OVER THE HIGH ANDES

By

Lewis R. Freeman

(Illustrated by photographs taken specially by the author.)

IN ENDEAVORING to cross the Andes at any time in the fall after the first of May, one stands something more than an even chance of being turned back at the summit by a snowstorm, and such for a while appeared to be the lot of our own party. There was another light fall on the night previous to the morning set for our leaving Cuevas, and it was only after considerable deliberation that the guides would consent to make the attempt. Their reluctance, I think, was due to the state of the weather, which was lowering and dull, rather than to any fancied difficulties to be met on the trail itself. Fortunately, also, there was waiting a bunch of five hundred cattle to go over, and these it was decided to put through first as "trail-breakers." These animals were started off at daybreak, and the passengers were not allowed to begin the ascent until the last of them had disappeared over the summit. It was also ascertained by telephone that no one was coming up the trail from the Chilean side, as a man, or even a pack



The writer riding the mule that carried him over the Andes.

train, caught in the wild rush of a bunch of crazy cattle down a mountain-side would have but the shortest shrift.

It was on the suggestion of a young Chilean artist—also an Alpine climber of enviable record—that the two of us had our mules saddled at daylight, took our coffee with the drovers, and followed them with their cattle up to the cumbre. It was his thoughtfulness that provided an alcohol lamp, half a dozen eggs—how much they cost him and how he managed to carry them without breaking, I never knew—and four rolls. The sight was most unique, and the experience one I would not have missed for much more effort and discomfort than it cost.

The cattle were for the most part wild Pampean steers that had been brought through by fast freight from sea level in less than two days' time. Their thin coats were ill-calculated to withstand the biting cold of the higher Andes, and their respiratory apparatus still less to meet the strain of handling the rarefied air of the very considerable altitude. They were full of life from the cold and the snappy air, and it was as amusing as pitiful to see one of them charge away at full speed for fifty yards, stop abruptly as the oxygen began to run short, and then stand still in dumb, wide-eyed amazement, its wildly-throbbing heart threatening to tear its way through the violently heaving sides. The drovers from the Pampas—typical gauchos—on their plains ponies, were almost useless, both man and beast coming up quite exhausted from every sharp gallop after a stubborn stray. This threw most of the work on the mountain-bred Chilean drovers, who had come down to Cuevas to meet the bunch, and right manfully did they buckle down to their arduous task.

When the bunch would keep the trail everything was easy, but when they would begin to straggle and break away, something had to be done, and that quickly. But the breaking was always done in typical cow fashion—



Statue of Christ on the international boundary line at the summit of Uspallata Pass.



Las Calaveras, a perennial snow-capped mountain, 20,000 feet

always by ones and two, and then only half-heartedly. If the whole bunch of steers had come at once—or even a dozen of them—they could have had everything their own way and tobogganed back to the valley without opposition worth mentioning, but there was only one of them that gained his freedom.

This was a big red rack of bones with a four-foot spread of horns and the body and legs of a race horse. Without warning, he broke from the train and came tearing down the mountainside, his raucous bellows booming out on the still air like a foghorn. There was no time to head him, so one of the plucky Chilenos did the next best thing. He reigned sharply off the trail, put his mule at a gallop and sent it full into the shoulder of the flying steer. The mule lost its feet for a moment, but the rider kept his seat; the steer went rolling, but only to come up, still running, well beyond the cordon of the drovers.

For the next minute it was about an even break between the steer and the cowboys, with the chances favoring now one party and now the other. As the beast came up from its fall, a gaucho, one of the Pampean drovers, let fly with his bolas and sent it down again in a tangled heap. The "tie" was not perfect, however, the great legs thrashed themselves clear of the rawhide, and just before the daredevil Chileno was upon it the steer was off again. Ten yards more and it had plunged over a ten-foot ledge into a drift of snow, and the drover reined up, vanquished. Two of the gauchos still had their bolas, and as the laboring body floundered into view, these were launched down upon it simultaneously. One set flew wide and the other, overthrown on account of the slope, only caught the tips of the spreading horns, around which they wrapped and held, crowning the brave beast as with a garland of victory.

It seemed all over but the shouting, and to this end the artist and I sacrificed a whole chestful of our carefully



high, as seen from the summer coach road up the Andes.

conserved breath in a rousing cheer for the plucky steer. Pursuit was out of the question, and he had smooth and easy going for the rest of the distance back to the valley. But even while yet the gaunt image of the fugitive loomed large in the lenses of our binoculars, we saw it begin to waver, saw the snow before it go suddenly red, saw the sinewy legs totter and collapse, and then the whole frame sink down into a quivering heap. It must have literally torn its heart and lungs to pieces by its frantic exertions in the rarefied atmosphere.

Turning to their herd again, the drovers resumed their climb to the summit of the Uspallata Pass. Before the 12,000-foot mark was reached, most of the steers were bleeding from the nose, and for the last two or three hundred yards up and through the great snow gate at the "cumbre," there was not a square foot of unblood-stained white on either side of the trail. There was no tendency to cut and run during this part of the journey; only a heavy-footed, patient, plodding, an incessant stumbling and pitching forward and the uninterrupted drone of low, piteous moans of distress.

At the summit, the cattle got a few minutes to breathe, while the drovers tightened girths for the down grade. The big red steer which broke away was the only loss to be checked against the ascent of the Argentine side, for in spite of the sufferings of the rest of the cattle, not one had dropped out by the way. Such luck as this was not to be hoped for in the more precipitous descent of the Chilean side. Not only was the trail steeper and narrower on this slope, but the snow was much heavier as well, which, coupled with the fact that cattle are about the worst adapted animals in the world for down hill work, made the remainder of the trip of a highly precarious nature.

The fact that the hoofs of the cattle were still slippery from the box-car confinement was also against their making a good passage of the down-



The cavalcade at last leaving the snow line behind them.

grade. For either a man or an animal to descend a slippery mountain trail —particularly if he is badly blown— requires either a lot of sense or a lot of instinct. A frightened steer has not a bit of the one and a very little of the other. When a horse feels itself going on a slippery trail, it sets back on its haunches and slides. A steer will do the same thing if it has time to think about it, but if rattled, it invariably caves in its forelegs as if it was going to lie down. This silly action lowers it in front and a somersault ensues. At this time of year the Chilean Andes acts pretty well up to the reciprocal theory that one good turn deserves another. If a steer turns over once, it is more than likely that it will continue to do so for the next half mile or so. As the way is a succession of zigzags, one above the other, and as occasional pieces of the stone wall bordered summer coach road project as impediments, the steer usually stops on the trail; which is rather a nuisance —as it has to be hauled away by the guides to make way for the traffic to pass.

The summit was the point at which my young artist friend and I had agreed to wait for the rest of our companions; hence we saw no more of the cattle drive save what we caught through our glasses as odds and ends of the procession passed across the broken bits of trail that lay within our line of vision. In these passing glimpses were exemplified most of the things I have just said about cattle going down hill, as well as one or two other things. Chief of these latter was the vindication of the physical truth that two bodies cannot exist in the same place at once; in other words, that thirty or forty steers cannot crowd along a five foot trail simultaneously. Whenever they tried this maneuvre, we would see a lot of little red balls go bounding down the mountain side out of sight. Ordinarily, these would have been total losses, but this day, owing to the softness of the new-fallen snow, most of the animals survived



The hot springs of the Incas under the bridge.

the shock, and were able to continue on their way. Only a half dozen animals were lost from the cumbre to Portillo, a showing most remarkable for that season of the year.

At short intervals on each side of the summit, along the winter trail over the Andes, have been erected stone shelter houses for the use of those who may be caught out in storms, or for other reasons desire to halt and rest. Occasionally wood and food are to be found in them—both are regularly supplied by the governments of Argentine and Chile for that purpose—but these are usually consumed as fast as put out by some wayfarer, or by the guides and packers, who construe chilled fingers into "sore need," as an excuse for getting free food and fire. These houses are built with thick walls and a roof of solid arched stone to withstand the weight of the winter snow. A small space is leveled in front of the doorway and enclosed with a stone wall to be used as a corral for the mules. This is usually run part way round the house in such a manner that the animals may get out of the wind under the lee of the walls.

There is always a strong and bitterly cold wind drawing over the summit of the pass at this time of year, and once the excitement of the cattle driving was over, my companion and I found ourselves ready to defer further observations until we had warmed up and breakfasted. To this end, we sought the interior of one of the stone houses, and lighted, or tried to light, our alcohol lamp. Alcohol is an uncertain thing, however taken, applied or employed, but never so much so as when used in anything but a specially constructed lamp at a high altitude. Anywhere above 10,000 feet you need a safety deposit vault to light it in, and even after it is apparently well started it has a disgusting habit of getting the sputters and going out for no reason at all. By nursing it like a sick baby, inside your coat and keeping the cold air away from it, you may sometimes make it burn long enough to boil water —but even then the water, on account of the altitude, is hardly hot enough to melt butter. My friend nursed the lamp under a cup of simmering water with an egg broken in it for twenty minutes, without producing a shade of grateful color in the egg's transparent white. Then I nursed it for twenty minutes, or rather I started to do so. After about ten minutes, I must have



Train climbing the "rack" division of the Argentine Transandine.

let a spoonful of cold air get in, for the thing got the sputters and blew up. Of course, I absorbed all of the water, which was a mere incidental to the fact that I also soaked up most of the egg as well. If the latter had been only half as much cooked as the boiling given it would have warranted, there might have been some chance for salvage operations; in its still liquid state it was a total loss. After that, we threw the lamp out to the mules, and made our breakfast on lump sugar sandwiches and egg-cognac cocktails.

When we went out we found our mules fast asleep, leaning over at an angle of ten or fifteen degrees against an unexposed wall of the house. A hazy sun had risen from somewhere behind the sharp peaks at the back of Cuevas, throwing a slight but still perceptible temper upon the chill of the whistling wind. The valley below was still in heavy shadow, but so clear was the air we could see without our glasses the movements of the packers and passengers as they bustled about making preparations for a start. For a while, as the way followed the route of the summer coach road up the level valley, these bunches would scatter out and draw in again, as friends sought friends, or frisky animals cut capers with nervous and inexperienced riders; but when the bridle trail was reached—the same we had followed with the cattle—the disorderly masses gradually resolved themselves into a single long, wavering black line which began slowly but steadily mounting the zigzags toward the summit. Soon the line began breaking into sections, where a lazy or over-burdened mule would fall behind and hold back all that followed it. At the turns of the zigzags, the better mounted ones would seek cut-offs and push by the others until, by the time the first mile of the ascent had been covered, the whole line had gradually sorted itself out according to the speed of the various mules. Some of the units always rode in pairs, without changing their positions—these were the young married couples; others also rode in pairs, but kept rapidly forging ahead—these were made up each of a guide and passenger, the former leading the latter's mule by special arrangement.

There was one formation which puzzled us completely for a while. This was a constantly changing bunch of riders who appeared always pressing in upon—and revolving around when the trail was wide enough to permit it—a single unchanging central unit.

This performance struck us as being

most unreasonable and quite unprecedented under the circumstances, to say nothing of the danger involved. We had followed the mysterious form with our glasses for fully five minutes, quite unable to make head or tail of it, when my companion's quick perceptions divined the reason of the phenomenon. "La actriz Espanola," he exclaimed triumphantly; "the gentlemen of the party are paying court to her." And, sure enough, it was a Spanish actress who, so one of the packers assured us, had planned to set out from Cuevas with her saddle bags bulging with bottles of champagne.



At the end of the railroad over the Andes.

Knowing that the main party would probably care to spend little time in observation on the windy summit, we decided to have a look about while yet we had the chance. The first thing that catches an eye on surmounting the cumbre is the colossal statue of Christ erected at that point several years ago to celebrate the peaceful settlement of the boundary dispute between Argentine and Chile. The money to defray the expense of the undertaking was raised by popular subscription, and not a small amount of it came from the United States. The cause—the triumph of arbitration—is a most worthy one and the statue is quite in keeping with the idea it is meant to express. The figure of Christ stands with one arm about a tall cross, the foot of which rests upon a granite pedestal, and with the other arm extended in a gesture which one understands at a glance is a command of peace. The unveiling of this statue was made the occasion of a great gathering of the people of the two republics upon the summit, and the military pageant held at that time stands quite alone among spectacles of its kind.

The view from the summit is a magnificent one in whatever direction one turns, but it is rather more interesting and varied toward the Pacific. That ocean cannot be over a hundred miles in a direct line from the top of the di-

vide, but all view of it is quite cut off by the intervening summits. The scenery in this, or any other part of the Andes is on too vast and imposing a scale for a man to come to any adequate comprehension of it, to say nothing of trying to convey an impression of it to others. You may think you can describe it until you try; then you find that you are but stringing meaningless adjectives and shop-worn similes together. At first you are disappointed at your impotency; then you begin to feel small and ashamed that you should have attempted such a thing, and at last, like one covering up the traces of guilt, you hasten to tear up and burn what you have written before some one comes and finds out what you have been at. There are some men who can draw better than others word pictures of these great manifestations of nature, just as some men can paint better pictures on canvas than others, but the best descriptions are only sounding brass and tinkling cymbal imitations of the unspeakable grandeur of the originals. I throw up my hands and call myself off at the outset.

The national boundary line between Argentina and Chile follows the continental divide along the summits of the Cordillera, and the plain stone monument marking it at the pass stands not far from the statue of Christ. The "Christo" itself is also on the line, and it was the original intention to have that statue facing to the south, so that apparent preference should not be shown either country. Through some error of the builders, however, or through the pulling of some invisible wires, the statue was faced to the east; that is, in the direction of Argentina. Chileans were much incensed at the slight which they fancied had been put upon them, and the incident bade fair to stir up a war on its own account, when one of the Santiago papers was inspired to remark that the setting of the statue with the face toward Argentina was an intervention of Providence, because that country was so much more in need of Christ's attention than was Chile. Then everybody laughed, the affair blew over, and to-day a Chilean will oftener call a stranger's attention to the way the "Christo" stands than will an Argentino.

There are always stories told on every frontier of complications—legal and other—which have occurred in connection with the boundary. The only one I heard about this place was that of two passengers who quarreled as they approached the summit. While still on the Argentine side one of them stabbed the other with his knife, and then pursued him across the boundary and shot him with his revolver. The attack was wholly unprovoked, the wounded man died, and his assailant, after spending a few weeks in jail, went scot-free because the two governments could not agree as to which had the right to try him for murder.

As the party began to straggle up to the end of the grade, the guides stopped its various members at a sheltered spot in the lee of the summit in order to rest the mules and tighten the girths for the descent. Here the artist and I rejoined them, to see about as grotesque a sight as was ever given to the eyes of men to behold. There was only one thing in common among the heterogeneous units, their wrappings against the cold which they fancied was assailing them —and these were such as might have awakened the envy of an Egyptian mummy. They were literally swathed to the eyes, and there was nothing to differentiate men from women except the way they sat their mules. An analysis of the costumes of "those present" would have required the critical eye of a society reporter. Ponchos, ordinary blankets and newspapers were most in evidence. The ponchos were worn in the regulation manner over the head and shoulders, the blankets as cloaks, and the newspapers as foot wrappers and chest protectors. One fat young Chileno, on a ground-work of his auto clothes, had erected a mountain of covering consisting, as nearly as I could discern, of

a bath robe, an overcoat, a mackintosh and a white woolen bed blanket. Others of the men wore equally fanciful armor, while the bundles containing the women were so fearfully and wonderfully constructed that it would have taken a bargain sale advertisement and a laundry list to have classified all their contents.

In spite of the fact that their way up had lain entirely in shadow, and that the same condition would hold for all of the snowy part of their descent, nine-tenths of the party wore colored goggles and had their faces smeared with grease. Most of those who did not have glasses, had blackened around their eyes with burnt cork. And the funny part of it was that the cold was by no means extreme, while the wind, except on the summit, was quite moderate. My hat blew away when we first came upon the summit in the early morning, and I spent the rest of the day bare-headed without the least discomfort. My ears, hands and feet got pretty well chilled while trying to use my camera on the summit, but they warmed up quickly when I passed down out of the wind zone. My clothes on this occasion—a khaki riding suit—were the same I have often worn in the tropics, and over them I wore only a short coat of heavy canvas with a high collar. The clothes of my artist friend were, if anything, lighter than my own. Yet neither of us suffered from the cold, and we both had a chance to enjoy what was to be seen; many of the others hardly got their eyes beyond their mules' ears during the whole ride. The grotesque caparisoning of the whole mad caravan was directly traceable to a single sentence in a carelessly compiled railway folder, which read as follows: "Passengers for the higher Andes are advised to take with them plenty of heavy wraps for the great altitudes, a plentiful sup-



Quarters of the tunnel hands at Partillo on the Chilean side of the mountains.

ply of vaseline, or some other emolient for the face, and dark glasses to protect the eyes from the glare of the sun on the snow." Human beings outsheep sheep when once started, and when some of the party began making up as per the railway folder that morning, the rest fell in and floundered after.

The esprit of the party was as bad as its appearance. They had been assured that the worst of the journey was down the Chilean side, and consequently were getting small comfort from the fact that the going so far had been comparatively easy. The blood on the trail from the passage of the cattle had also been working upon their nerves, the more so from the fact that some one had circulated the report that the steers had gone mad, started goring each other, and at any moment might come charging back along the trail. Several of the women had also gone off their heads from the altitude, and these were saying all sorts of funny things to their husbands, the guides, or whoever chanced to be near them. Most of them wanted to be taken back "en seguida" to Buenos Aires, but one of them was strong on doing the heroic by insisting that her husband should abandon her to her fate and save himself. Nerves are bad things to take away from sea level.

The Spanish actress and her following were the only really cheerful members of the outfit, and I suspect that champagne had more to do with their brave bearing than sober fortitude. A single bottle of wine had been saved to be drunk upon the summit, but no sooner was it opened than it was discovered that the only glass in the party had been lost. The artist came to the rescue with my tin cup, and thereby earned the promise of a season ticket to her ladyship's "Marvel of Two Continents" show when it opened in Santiago. He ultimately came back, bearing the cup with a swallow of wine in it; also the lady's compliments, and would I do her the honor of taking her picture sitting on the pedestal of the "Christo" statue. I had no great amount of enthusiasm for baring my hands to the cold wind, but having no choice in the matter, acquiesced with the best grace possible.

Wheeling my mule into position, I ran out the lens to an approximate focus and waited for her ladyship to compose herself for the picture. Then it appeared that the giddy young thing had the audacity to want to be "snapped" sitting away up on the topmost block of the granite pedestal, and at the very feet of Christ. To reach this point without a ladder or an airship is a physical impossibility for a steeplejack, a fact, however, which my wilful and distinguished subject refused to acknowledge without a struggle. For fully five minutes—during which the wind swiftly but surely reduced my fingers to nerveless icicles—aided by a score of willing hands, she tried every possible kind of combination to effect her purpose.

The pyramid work performed by that little band of devoted followers in order to make their lady a human staircase to the goal of her desire, would have done credit to a trained company of professional tumblers. At last they raised her to where her outstretched fingers could just grasp the edge of the top of the pedestal; but alas! she lacked the strength to draw herself up. In spite of the hopelessness of climbing farther, she still refused to relax her hold, and stubbornly clung there, crying like a spoiled child and frantically grinding her sharp French heels into the unlucky necks which chanced to be in their orbits.

Exhaustion comes quickly after effort at 14,000 feet, and it was only a fraction of a minute before the foundations of the human pyramid collapsed and the whole thing went down like a house of cards. The senorita, who had been the apex of the pyramid, must have been going pretty fast when she struck the snow. Fortunately, however, the latter was soft, and she was not any the worse in body for her fall, but her temper was in rags and tatters, and, raging like a young tiger, she



Coaches from distant towns and mining camps waiting at a station for the train.

drove all her friends away from the statue, after which she had a guide bring up her mule and help her into the saddle. Then she signaled me she was ready for her picture. In the rather poor picture of the statue accompanying, she is the small muffled figure near its foot. The other is that of the guide, who was the only person she would allow near her for fully half an hour after the episode.

Our descent from the summit was in places "ticklish," but by no means bad. The trail was very steep all the way, and for the first mile, where the snow had been pounded smooth by the cattle, the footing was somewhat precarious. Over this part we had to keep the mules in the soft snow beside the trail to prevent their slipping, and the going would probably have been safer if the road had not been traversed by the cattle. Lower down, and later, where the sun could reach the snow to soften it, the going was much better, and this continued to improve until it went to the other extreme and became slushy.

For our bunch of cattle going over on the frozen snow of the early morning it had been quite a different proposition, and the whole mountainside was torn and scarred where they had gone tumbling down. The actual loss was small, however; nothing, in fact, to the killed in the two other drives that had been attempted since the snow came. The hoofs and horns of many of these latter we saw sticking up through the snow, and at one place in the trail we had to make a slight detour to avoid the body of a magnificent horse which, only two days before, had lodged on the trail after rolling nearly half a mile. The animal was one of a bunch of blooded mares which had been bought in Argentina for shipment to Peru.

The summer coach road was in condition to use only a part of the way, but it would not have been followed even had it been practicable. This road is a continual succession of zigzags, one below the other, and the temptation to save half a mile by a hundred yard cut-off is always too

strong for man or beast to resist, particularly on the downhill. The mules were keener for these short-cuts than most of the riders, and many of the latter had fearful times keping their animals to gradients which they considered safe. These mules are wonderfully sure of foot, and it is the custom to give them their heads entirely and never to use the rein, not even to hold them up in the case of a stumble. Sometimes, of course, a mule will strike a place so slippery that his unshod feet get no hold, and then he has to go. But this is a matter of only the slightest concern to him—and to his rider, too, if the latter is used to it; he simply stiffens his fore legs out in front of him, lets his hind legs go, and toboggans on his tail, or more properly his haunches. Thus a considerable friction surface is created, and the sharp fore hoofs always cut a hold before he has gone far that gives him a grip from which he can regain his feet. The first time your animal performs the maneuver, you will probably have to throw your arms around his neck to keep from sliding off backward; after that, you will begin learning when to expect it, and balancing yourself by throwing the body sharply forward and the feet back. Old mules, who have gone through four or five winter campaigns on the pass, have all the hair worn off the outer part of their tails and hind legs through so often resorting to this expedient to keep from slipping. Which makes one glad to learn that there are no flies in the higher Cordillera, even in summer.

One of these mules never gets in trouble, unless it has a fool rider, and even then the sagacious animal usually pulls through. The only combination that the mule hasn't something up his sleeve against is a hole in the ground with a crust of snow over it. If it is not too steep the animal will often feel his way with his fore feet, and avoid even this, but if a careless rider suddenly jerks him off the trail and heads down a 45-degree slope over unbroken snow, if a hole chances to lie in the way, something is going to happen. This usually takes the form of a somersault, and then some more somersaults, and ultimately a stretcher for man, which is quite as it should be, and a bullet for the poor old mule, which is a crying shame. Still, an imbecile in our party did this thing, and, thanks to the special providence which watches over his kind, turned but one somersault, broke no bones, and only had the wind knocked out of him. Neither was the mule in the least damaged, but he was so disgusted with his rider that he refused to allow himself to be captured, forcing that individual, who was a priest and averse to walking, to pay one of the guides ten dollars for the use of his mount.

After an hour of this helter-skelter going down the mountain, we came at last to a broad and level table-land with the smooth, dry coach road loading away straight across it. At the farther end of this mesa three coaches were waiting, sent up from Juncal by the Millalonga Express for the eight or ten of us who had wired for them. Our mules scented a finish to their work, and without any further urging launched off at a swinging gallop down the broad road. Half way to the coaches we caught up with the indefatigable young artist, who had walked or slid all the way down from the summit and beaten the best of the mules. He was also scheduled for a coach, and, catching hold of a stirrup strap, came bounding along with us. We drenched him from head to heel in a dash through a shallow creek, and then dried him off in the dust of our breakneck finish. It was good to get down into heavier air again, but I was genuinely sorry to have to give up my good old black mule. I tendered him my best wishes in a farewell pat, which meant "Light loads, easy roads and plenty to eat," and he snorted back something which sounded like "No hope," and the coach was off in a whirl of gravel. As we dipped over the grade down to Portillo we could see a long string of the party still negotiating the zigzags back on the

snowy mountainside; still higher could be seen the pack train, the great dark loads showing clear against the white background, with the metal on a trunk occasionally flashing in the brightening sun like heliographic signals.

The coach road is the most exciting part of the Trans-andine journey, and the drivers are quite the peer of the best I have ever seen. To ride in a coach the whole distance from Cuevas to Juncal would probably prove very tiresome, but to reel off the last fifteen miles of down grade in less than an hour in this manner is a most exhilarating experience. The vehicles pack six and hold four comfortably; they are, of course, like our own mountain stages, without springs. On the down hill they are drawn, or rather steered, by four horses—driven abreast like those of a Roman chariot—whose business it is to keep the coach in the middle of the road and run so fast that it cannot bump onto their heels and trip them up. There is a brake on the coach, but it is there mostly for ornament, and except in emergency is only used to hold the wheels while the horses are resting on the up-grade.

I cannot speak with any authority on the comparative merits of the system of driving stage horses abreast, as practiced in the Andes, or by two and two, as is the custom in Europe and North America; nor can I say which demands the greater skill in handling. A mountain driver in any part of the world must, above all else, be cool-headed, nervy and resourceful, and at the same time be very deft in the manipulation of his reins. Associated with these essential characteristics will almost always be found a certain amount of dare-deviltry and recklessness never absent in one who follows a calling in which there is constant physical risk. In these particulars, the wild Chilenos are hard to beat. For delicate manipulation, finesse in maneuvering and aristocratic coachmanship possibly our attenuated four and six-in-hands offer the greater opportunity; but for a slap-bang, helter-skelter, hell-to-split, live till you die, cover ground and sling gravel kind of an outfit, give me one of these Chilean chariots every time.

The two middle horses of a four are hitched together in regulation fashion. They wear a collar harness, and have a rein to each ring of their bits. The outer horses only wear breast straps and bridles. A rein from the driver leads to the outside rings of their bits, the inside ones being connected by a short strap with the bridle of the next horse. Thus the driver holds four reins, as with our four-in-hands.

The coaches are usually battened up tight to keep out the wind and gravel; and there are but two places from which you can observe operations; one of these is with the driver and the other is on the step in the rear. If you are only one coach the driver's seat is preferable, but if there are other vehicles following close behind, the opportunity of seeing the gyrations of your own outfit repeated in turn by those next in line is too good to be missed, and the back step should have the call.

The road for the most of the way is the usual succession of zigzags, banked high at the turns, like a bicycle track, to help the coach keep its balance, and with a further precaution in the shape of a two feet thick and three feet high stone wall around the outer edge. The banking checks most of the slide and the stone wall is always waiting to stop the rest. Sometimes the latter does yeoman service in preventing a bad accident, but the crashing into a wall of granite blocks is not itself an experience to be lightly courted.

It is worth coming to the Andes for the sensation of being swung around half a dozen of these curves at the ends of the zigzags. They are not like ordinary 90 degree street corner curves by any means; you swing through nearly two quadrants every time you double a bend, and the thing happens so quickly that you lose all track of your surroundings, miss some things altogether, and, again, observe anew

the same peaks, glaciers, slides and lakes to think each time they are fresh features in the landscape.

You swing off from a level mesa on to a steep descent; you are going south—and down. The driver lounges carelessly on his seat and gazes sleepily at his turned-up boot soles. The coach gains speed from the grade, and the horses run as though the fiends were after them to keep it from their heels. The gravel begins to fly, and the coach to rock, and the landscape fades to a dull blur as you jolt over a half frozen slide of earth and snow.

Suddenly your hair rises in horror as you observe that a short fifty feet ahead the road ends abruptly against a stone wall. You turn toward the driver, and see that he, too, has observed the obstacle and is fully awake to the gravity of the situation. His whole figure is tense with excitement, and his eyes, the pupils contracted to pin-points, are fixed upon the rocky barrier. But as yet he makes no attempt to check the flying horses, which intent only on their endeavors to escape the flying coach, seem gathering themselves to leap over the wall and off into nothingness.

Then, slowly, you see the reins leading to the horses on the near side begin to grow taut, and at the same time perhaps a little more slack runs through the driver's fingers to those on the "off."

That is all he does, but it proves enough. Just before you think, the horses are going to launch themselves over the wall, you see the inside one suddenly stiffen, settle back upon its haunches and begin to mark time, quite after the manner of the inside man of a line of soldiers going around a corner. The action of the outside animal is just the opposite. He accelerates his speed, leans in at an angle of 30 or 40 degrees against his team mate, and with his hoofs clacking against the foot or side of the wall, dashes through a half circle of which the stationary inner horse is the center. The other two horses describe concentric circles between these extremes, the whole team, except for the sliding incident to the sudden stoppage, revolving as on a pivot, while the coach is skidding wildly sideways on its two outer wheels. As soon as the coach has swung around and righted itself, you see the rest of the road leading off in front of you, and down this you are whirled to repeat the performance at the next bend.

We had no mishaps on our ride down to Juncal—not even an upset—but narrowly missed a head-on collision. This was at the last bend before reaching Portillo. A driver of an empty goods wagon, coming up the grade, miscalculated the distance to a turning out place, and as a result we swung around the bend and face to face with him at a very narrow portion of the road. "Loads" have the right of way over "empties," and "downs" over "ups." We had all the right on our side, and our driver lost his temper and made no effort to stop his team until he was almost upon the other. Then he applied the brake and jerked up simultaneously. The coach skated and the horses sat on their tails and slid right into the midst of the other man's four. The latter was with difficulty restrained from bolting over the grade, and their fright was not to be wondered at. Immediately behind us, the other coach had to effect the same sharp kind of a pull up to keep from bumping ours, and behind the second coach, likewise the third. I have always been sorry that I was not out where I could get the benefit of the ensemble; those three four-horse teams sitting calmly on their tails in the middle of the road, the other team plunging and trying to break away, and the four drivers, reins in one hand and whips in the other, gesticulating wildly and swearing at each other in selected Spanish at the tops of their voices.

The trip from Juncal to Valparaiso, down the peerless Valley of the Aconcagua, was made by rail.



Safe arrival of the caravan at Santa Fe.

An Explorer of the Santa Fe Trail

By Cardinal Goodwin

THE HISTORY of the far Southwest remains unwritten, but when the story of that great section is told, it will be no less interesting, and will prove just as essential for the completion of the account of our national expansion as is its companion section east of the Mississippi. In both, the trapper and the trader, the adventurer and the traveler, have played their part. In both, the foreign foe has appeared to dispute every inch of the territory claimed. And through both, the English-speaking race—here diplomatically, there forcibly—has marched westward to the "south sea."

The story of this westward movement is not one of which the American moralists may be proud at all times. It has in it some questionable acts of statesmanship. The narrative, however, is a gripping one, and the accounts of the lives of the leaders are becoming more fascinating as the period in which they live becomes more remote.

Dr. Josiah Cregg was one of these early explorers. His health having declined "under a complication of chronic diseases, which defied every plan of treatment that the sagacity and science" of his medical friends could devise, he accepted their advice and sought strength on the prairies. He joined one of the spring caravans which left Independence in 1831, and returned to Missouri again in the autumn of 1833. "The effects of this journey," he writes in the preface of



An Indian alarm on the Cinnamon River.

his "Commerce of the Prairies," "were in the first place to re-establish my health; and, in the second, to beget a passion for prairie life which I never expect to survive." He took out a cargo of goods the following spring, and for the next eight years he was interested as a proprietor in the Santa Fe trade. A large part of this time was spent in the northern provinces of Mexico. From Santa Fe he would journey to Chihuahua and other provinces south and west of there, trafficking and trading with the inhabitants. These trading expeditions doubtless proved profitable financial ventures, but Gregg returned home late in 1838 determined to abandon prairie life. "An unconquerable propensity to return," however, induced him to resume his wanderings the following spring. He led a caravan over a new route along the Canadian river, a tributary of the Arkansas, and reached Santa Fe a month ahead of those traders who had gone by way of the Independence-Santa Fe road. After spending the summer in Chihuahua, he returned by a similar route to Van Buren, Arkansas.

During this period from 1831 to 1840, Gregg crossed the prairies eight different times. He kept a careful journal of the daily occurrences, and from time to tinme contributed articles to southwestern newspapers. These articles dealt with the customs and manners of the people and with the resources of the country. Receiving encouragement from these contributions, he finally decided to embody the results of his knowledge in a book. His work was published in two volumes in 1844, in both New York and London. It was so popular that two new editions were issued the following year, and a fourth and fifth were published in Philadelphia in 1850 and 1855. Two years later the sixth edition came out under the title of "Scenes and Incidents in the Western Prairies."

"Under the original title, 'Commerce of the Prairies,'" says Dr. Thwaites in his "Early Western Travels," "the little book has become a classic in the literature of Western history." It is



March of the caravan in defensive fighting formation across the plains to Santa Fe.

this book that has placed posterity under obligations to Gregg. His early travels, like the early travels of many of his contemporaries, might have attracted little attention if he had not left a faithful account of them. He has done more than this, however. He has left a most interesting record of the origin of the Santa Fe trade and of the modes of conducting it, of conditions in New Mexico, and of the Indians. The organization of companies, the duties and responsibilities of the members, the trials and difficulties of the march, together with its dangers and hardships, all have been faithfully and vividly recorded. The caravan has been described both in camp and on the march, even to the minute detail of the dress of its individual members and of the menu of the camp.

His work is also important because he gave the first connected narrative of the history of New Mexico, which was written in English and covered in his treatment the period from the earliest explorations down to his own time. He had access to the archives of Santa Fe, and preserved accounts of some valuable papers which have since disappeared. His researches, therefore, render later historians of the Southwest dependent upon him in some instances. His writings are of further value because they throw light upon contemporaneous events in Mexican history, and bring out the relations between that country and Texas and the United States during the period of Texan independence.

But more than anything else, Gregg is the historian of the Santa Fe trade. For about twenty-five years preceding the American conquest of New Mexico and California, caravans were fitted out annually along the western border of Missouri, journeyed to New Mexico, and returned, usually during the late summer or early fall. "Unlike the fur trade," to quote again from Dr. Thwaites, "which depended wholly upon friendly relations with the roving savages, the object of the Santa Fe trader was to avoid direct contact with the tribesmen who hovered like marauding Arabs on the

skirts of the advancing caravan. Safety, therefore, depended upon numbers and organization; a system of government was evolved by which a captain was chosen for the trip, a plan of fortified and guard-watched camps established, and a line of daily march arranged." The method was so successful that for thirteen years preceding 1841, the year when the Mexican customs-houses were closed, no trader was killed by an Indian, although many earlier casualties were attributed to the red men before the caravan system was fully developed.

It is in narrating the events connected with this earlier trade that Gregg is at his best. In his accounts of these journeys, the incidents become so real that the reader is made a participant in all that occurs. The calm and simple style in which thrilling adventures are told, arouses an interest and lends a vividness to the story which creates lasting impressions. Throughout the whole, however, the writer's zeal for the truth appears self-evident. Whether relating what he learned by contact with actors and events, or whether describing some remote period known only through documentary sources, he is painstakingly accurate and careful. "His enthusiasm for the 'broad, unembarrassed freedom of the Great Western Prairies' never flags; while his sober judgment checks all tendency to extravagance of statement. As a contribution to the history and development of the far Southwest, Gregg's 'Commerce of the Prairies' stands without a rival, and is indispensable to a full knowledge of the American past."

PRISON SONNET

Enfram'd within these sombre walls, for me
A picture greets the dawn of each new day,
Wrought of celestial pigments. Here the bay,
Its shimmering silver stealing toward the sea
Out on the out-bound tide, exultant—free.
Beyond, rose-tinged by Dawn's enchanted ray,
A magic chain of Albine villas lay
Decking the mountains bare austerity.

And still beyond, filling the ultimate view,
Now spectral through the morning mist, and now
In stately silhouette against the blue,
Cloud-garlanded, serene his sun-kiss'd brow,
Majestic Tamal looms, aloof as Fate;
Eternal Guardian of the Golden Gate.

WILL ROSE.

MRS. ROMUALDO PACHECO

Playwright, novelist and leader of the literary salon of her day in San Francisco

OF THE LATE Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco it might justly be said that she reproduced in San Francisco and in Sacramento the best traditions of the literary salon that distinguished Parisian life under the monarchy, and the old regime. Jack London has pointed out the fact that San Francisco has always, almost from its beginning, had a distinctive literature of its own—something that is not true of any other American city. Boston had its great literary period, brief and brilliant, but now extinct. Other sporadic effervescence of literary output is noted here and there, but in San Francisco the tradition has been maintained without a break. This literature found its first expression—the modern literary slangmonger would call it "vehicle"—in the early Overland Monthly. It was a real and genuine literature because it was always racy of the soil, natural and distinctive product.

This eminent tradition was worthily carried on by Mrs. Pacheco as playwright, novelist and brilliant conversationalist. By right of birth and inherited social position, Mrs. Pacheco was a natural leader, and her brilliant conversational gifts were such that she may justly be described as the last of the great hostesses. A scion of an old Kentucky family of Scotch-Irish lineage, and wife of the last Governor of California of Spanish descent, she may be said to have been born and to have lived always in the purple. It was natural, accordingly, that Mrs. Pacheco's wonderful personality, sparkling conversation and literary gifts should have gathered about her hosts of friends. Indeed, her guest list was a roll of distinction, assembling all that were worth knowing in California.

It was as a playwright that Mrs. Pacheco achieved her greatest public distinction. The drama afforded her the fullest scope for pointed epigram and delicate humor. Of her plays, the best known are "Incog" and "Nothing but Money." These dramas were eminently successful in their day, and they continue to hold the stage. In 1874 Mrs. Pacheco published "Montalban," a novel that gave full scope to the writer's eminent literary gifts.

Mrs. Pacheco was born in Danville, Kentucky, in 1842, a daughter of the Scotch-Irish family of Mackentyre. She died in San Francisco on November 5, 1913, at the age of 71 years. Her early youth was spent in Baltimore, Md., and in 1863 she was married in Sacramento to Romualdo Pacheco a member of an old Spanish family who later became Governor of California, the only one of his race who filled that high office since the American occupation. The Pacheco family made a large part of the history of California "before and after the Gringo came." The family name is perpetuated in more than one geographical feature of the State.

Mrs. Pacheco's funeral was held in St. Luke's Church, San Francisco. The Right Reverend William Ford Nichols, bishop of the diocese, and the Rev. Edward Morgan officiated. Mrs. Pacheco is buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland, alongside of her husband and her son.

Of late years Mrs. Pacheco's time was spent mostly in New York, where her home was a rendezvous for authors, artists and people who do things. Whether in California or in the great cities of the ultramontane region, she was a natural leader who, by her eminent powers of attraction, gathered about her people of distinction in their several walks of life. It is around a personality of this character that the salon grows up as a natural result, a plant that flowers without forcing.



Ex-Lieutenant-Governor W. T. Jeter's residence.

CLIFF-CREST

HOME OF W. T. JETER, SANTA CRUZ

No. 4 Series of Homes in California

By Josephine Clifford McCrackin

EVER SINCE reading Miss Marlitt's "At the Councillor's," I have been looking for the realization of the fairy tale she makes of the dining room, which is as one apartment with the conservatory, where things grow just as outside, and are still elegantly roofed over.

I found it at the country home of Mr. Wm. T. Jeter, who was Lieutenant Governor when Governor Budd was in office, and who is closely identified with every measure that has been taken for the advancement of California's best interests, is a public man in the truest sense, and is yet a "home body," and perfectly devoted to his house and his gardens, and as Mrs. Jeter shares the love of home with her husband, and as both have artistic tastes, the house and the grounds of the Jeter's are simply unique, and every feature of the residence, every vista in the grounds, is original, though there has been much planning, especially of the house.

The Jeters have been much in Washington, and are so familiar with the old Virginia plantation homes that perhaps without being conscious of it, their Santa Cruz home has taken on a semblance to these architectural aristocrats, which were neither shoddy nor showy.

On a green bank overlooking the Bay of Monterey, as well as the Santa Cruz Mountains, rises the house, white of wall, what can be seen for vines



Pergola entrance to the conservatory window.

and climbing roses. The most remarkable combination of vine and tree occurs right at the entrance door, one branch of the white clematis that sends its other shoots above the window forming the bay of the reception room, has reached out and taken possession of a fine, tall walnut tree that stands in the lawn across from the entrance, and it has so attached itself to this tree, holds it in such close embrace, that the vine forms an arch across the road, and then climbs higher into the tree. When the vine is covered with cream-white, huge stars, shining from a background of green, the blossoms crowding to the front, with still denser growth at the back, it is a wonderful sight, even for a Californian to see.

A collection of rarest trees has been disposed throughout the grounds, with the same fine observance of fitness and effect that strikes one on taking a closer survey of the *tout ensemble* of house and grounds. A Himalaya cedar, a Lusitania, a camphor tree, and enormous palm, a mountain ash; farther on, a redwood; and rarest of all, a pecan tree, taller even than the mighty walnut which the clematis entwines, and each and all seem to have grown of their own choice where they could be happiest in their surroundings. On the lawn in front, these trees look down upon, but do not hide, the wreath of richest color, of gayest flowers, of loveliest bloom and grandest ferns, that encircles the rotunda formed on the lawn by the wide sweep of reception hall and drawing room window. From among this flower-border grow and spring the vines that climb to the second story of the house, wistaria, clianthus, passion vine, and in some cases reach clear around to the pergola roof of the other wing of the building.

Whether you turn to the right hand or the left, as you enter the grounds, there is lawn, shrubbery, forest even, yet there are flower borders and whole hedges of brightest bloom, the brightest still lighting up the heaviest shadow that the trees may throw; the pepper tree, the duricania, the pittosporum, or again the walnut; the pear or the cherry-plum. They are all ornamental trees here, so closely are they associated with the exotic growth surrounding them, and often closely clasped by some tropic vine. And a riot of color is everywhere; and in the long, winding walks of the garden, that afford such delightful promenades there is always a picture in a frame of verdure, climbing vine or close-branched tree, in perspective. Always and ever the wonderful grouping and the contrast of color; here are borders of gaudiest, proudest dahlias, a hedge of golden glow, and while your eyes are still dazzled with the brilliancy of the rich, warm colors, they rest suddenly upon the slumbrous, peaceful, vine-spun cot of the gardener, a picturesque abode, with the plumbago vine gracefully upholding its delicate blue flower-clusters, and a moon flower trailing its dark green foliage over roof and pillar of the porch.

One of the unique features, most cleverly planned, is the staircase lead-



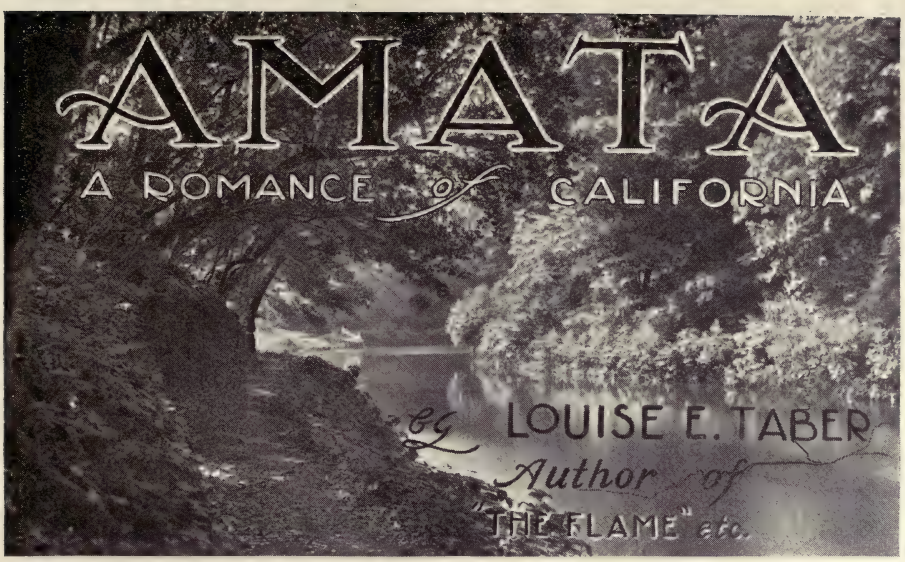
The gardener's cottage.

ing to the stories above. It is when you descend that it dawns upon you how cunningly every detail has been thought out and arranged, for just before the stairs make the last turn, you are really in the rotunda of the conservatory that is part of the dining room, though raised above it, so that you are looking as from a balcony on the scene below. A wonderful scene, truly, this tropic garden, filled with plants and vines and flowers that flood the dining room with bloom and fragrance, and upon which fall the flitting tints of the stained-glass border running around the entire glass walls of the conservatory.

Just outside is a cozy corner if ever there was one, for lounges and reclining chairs, tables and tabourets are temptingly disposed beneath a lovely, leafy roof of passion vine, of clianthus, of wistaria, of jasmin, of sollya, of capensis, of bougainvillea, and the fuchsia with its pendant blossoms. Picturesque, yet with the air of home comfort that does not exclude elegance.

I repeat, there was much planning done for house and grounds, for light effects in the house, for vistas in the grounds. Over the Grand piano in the music room is one of Hill's finest Yosemites, and the light is so managed that it falls upon it in its very best mood. In the drawing room are art objects and costly souvenirs from world travels, and the reception hall holds memories dear to the heart of both master and mistress of Cliff-Crest.

The guest chambers above show grand views of the Monterey Bay, and the mountain scenery from here is sun kissed and dreamy beneath a sky of azure blue.



MR. KELLER dropped his feet from the cold radiator, and tossing his newspaper on the desk beside him, turned and fastened his penetrating gray eyes on the man who was entering his office. Surprise flashed into his face, and there was a momentary pause before he rose to greet the caller, who scanned the small room with a quick, uneasy glance.

"Good morning," Mr. Keller said, going forward. "Are you the gentleman who 'phoned to make an appointment?"

"Yes. My name is Van Dorn."

Mr. Keller had recognized immediately the San Francisco millionaire, who kept luxurious offices in a building on Montgomery street only a block from the private detective agency he was now visiting, but he only bowed in answer, and pointed to a chair near the desk. He resumed his seat after Mr. Van Dorn was settled.

"I have come to seek your services in solving a mystery that is annoying some of the residents of San Mateo, where I live."

The detective nodded. He knew that Mr. Van Dorn lived in a beautiful home in San Mateo twenty miles from San Francisco.

Mr. Keller studied the caller during the brief silence. He saw in Mr. Van Dorn's brown, mottled eyes, the ambition, the dauntless spirit of the man who had fought his way through life and had accumulated a large fortune through cleverness and daring. In his medium height and build there was a rugged strength, but he had the acquired polish that refined association had given him.

Van Dorn passed his short, thick hand over his wavy iron-gray hair, as he went on somewhat hesitatingly: "I feel rather uneasy over the appearance of two beggars who are prowling around the estates in San Mateo, for I fear that they may have evil intentions."

"Yes?" Mr. Keller slipped in the quiet word, seeing that the man wished encouragement.

"Yes," was the serious echo. "One evening about six weeks ago, while I was on the veranda of my home, I heard a clear, rich voice, singing a foreign song. Some scratchy tones came from a violin accompaniment. The mysterious couple had come upon

my grounds, and were hidden among the trees on the terrace below my house. I sent a servant to search for them; he found an old man and a girl. I gave them money and they went away. Some of my neighbors related a similar experience, and I thought no more of it, but for the last two weeks the couple has been coming repeatedly to my home, and I have grown suspicious. The old man wears dark glasses and says he is blind; the girl leads him. As they don't leave San Mateo and are coming so frequently to my estate, I fear they have some treacherous object."

He avoided the detective's shrewd gaze, which sharpened when he saw the change in Van Dorn's face. "I want you to go to San Mateo and inquire into the lives of these people," he added, quickly. "Of course, I do not wish to be known in the affair, unless you can find something positive against them."

"Have you ever talked with the old man or the girl?"

The millionaire moved uneasily. "Yes." There was the slightest touch of emotion in his voice. "About a week ago I spoke to her. She said that the old violinist is her father, and that they are Italians. I asked her why she didn't work. She said she could not leave the old man alone, because he is blind. I'd like to know something of their life. The girl seems willing to answer any question, but I don't care to appear interested. It is very unusual to see a beautiful girl singing in the street, then passing her tambourine. I'd like to know what brought them to San Mateo."

"In other words, the particulars of their private life?" Mr. Keller interposed.

After a slight hesitancy, in which Mr. Van Dorn studied the detective's keen, pointed features, he answered:

"Yes. Aside from the fear I have of them, I confess that I am curious. If they are worthy of help, I am willing to assist them. I'd be glad to give the girl a musical education . . . that is, to send her away. She has a remarkable voice." He paused. "I have works of art in my home that would be a golden harvest for a thief; besides, my wife and daughter are afraid of these mysterious beggars. Really, it is more on their account than my own that I am seeking your services."

Mr. Keller was conscious of a slight confusion in the millionaire's manner. It seemed as though he felt called upon to make some explanation for employing a detective in the matter; yet he appeared uncertain as to the way he should phrase his request in order to arouse any semblance of curiosity on the part of the detective.

"What is their name?" Mr. Keller asked.

"I don't know. The girl is called Amata." Mr. Van Dorn's face flushed slightly.

The detective dropped his eyes.

Some time passed before either spoke; Mr. Van Dorn took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow.

Mr. Keller rose and opened the window. "We are having warm weather for April, aren't we?" he said. As he turned back, the millionaire was standing.

"Summer is approaching," Mr. Van Dorn carelessly remarked, and a more composed light was in his eyes. "You will come down to San Mateo at once, won't you? Take a room in the Peninsula Hotel. The couple often sing in the grounds."

Mr. Keller nodded. I'll not be many days finding out all you want to know."

When the detective was alone, he went back to his desk, and, with a puzzled frown, dropped into his chair. After a time, he took up the newspaper. Immediately his eyes fell on a flambuoyant advertisement that covered half the page. It had been inserted by the Prosperity Oil Company of Bakersfield, California, and was written in glowing terms to attract those who seek fortunes without work and those who had endured a life of struggle and longed for a comfortable old age. Mr. Van Dorn was the presi-

dent of the oil company. Turning the page, Mr. Keller found another advertisement signed by the San Mateo Realty Company, selling valuable lots on easy installments. It made an eloquent appeal to the home-seeker who wished an excelelnt climate, scenic beauty and fertile land. Mr. Van Dorn was president of this company also.

The detective's frown deepened. He knew that the Prosperity Oil Company was not a reliable concern. Of the San Mateo Realty Company he knew nothing, but he did know that Mr. Van Dorn was a multi-millionaire and was called in business circles a daring plunger and promoter, and he tried, unsuccessfully, to fathom the mystery of why this determined, fearless man should give a second thought to the insignificant street musicians.

II.

The gentle breeze that fanned Miss Van Dorn's cheeks as she stepped out on the broad veranda of the Peninsula Hotel was refreshing. She walked slowly to the edge of the steps and gazed over the grounds. A young man followed her, but appeared to take interest in neither the scene nor the girl. He was frowningly thoughtful. Miss Van Dorn's deep blue eyes were critically examining the garden, and she seemed bored. The dreamy stillness was broken only by the voices of the guests in the hotel parlors and the rustle of the leaves as they fell from the trees.

The young man fastened a sudden gaze on his companion, and, as if she felt his glance, she turned.

"Isn't it quiet, Roy?" she said. "Sometimes I become exasperated with this country life." Her voice was light and sharpened with dissatisfaction.

"I like the quiet," he answered. His mellow tones contrasted noticeably with hers.

She shrugged impatiently, and walked a few steps from him. His eyes followed her slender figure. Her blonde head had a haughty poise, and the diamonds that sparkled on her white throat and in her hair were coldly brilliant like the girl. There was no youthful simplicity about her. She always was overdressed.

Miss Van Dorn and Roy Marston had been friends for five years, and their families were intimate. The Van Dorns were endeavoring to win Roy for their daughter, and the girl favored him, because the Marstons were not only the leaders of society in San Mateo, but the family was distinguished, and could refer to ancestors in the English aristocracy. Mr. and Mrs. Van Dorn regarded this marriage as the crowning triumph of their ambitious career.

Mr. Van Dorn had started life as a miner, having come West from a small town in Pennsylvania. Twenty years before, he had married, in San Francisco, a highly cultured girl, ambitious like himself. Love never had touched them, but they lived in harmony, working to make their marriage of convenience a brilliant success. Their daughter was reared like one born of the blood royal.

Roy Marston studied Miss Van Dorn as she stood leaning against the balustrade, and he wished that she were more different. His family favored their union on account of the Van Dorn millions, but he cared nothing for the vanities of life. He was an industrious young lawyer, simple and modest, loving a quiet life and a country home.

"Are you displeased with me, Marcella?" he asked.

"Yes. You have been away two months and I heard from you only four times. The last three weeks, I didn't hear at all. Of course, I have no right to expect any more from you," she quickly added, with a tinge of bitterness, "but you promised you would write often."

"I am sorry. I was occupied."

She looked away. "How do you like Bakersfield?"

"Almost any town is pleasant if one goes to it on agreeable business." His thoughtful frown returned.

"Then you enjoyed your trip?"

"No!"

Their friends were coming out on the veranda. There had been fifteen invited to a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Emile Gordon, who were among the most distinguished residents of San Mateo.

Mrs. Van Dorn, of whom Marcella was a replica, cast an anxious glance at her daughter.

"Are you chilly in the night air, my dear?" the mother asked.

Marcella did not heed her, but began conversing with Elsie Gordon, the host's daughter, a pretty little brunette.

"The street musicians are coming here this evening," Miss Gordon said to Marcella. "The girl will sing for us. She has a charming voice, hasn't she?"

Marcella shrugged.

"Who is she?" Roy asked.

"A beggar girl, who appeared just after you went to Bakersfield."

The guests were arranging themselves in little groups on the veranda. Miss Van Dorn and Miss Gordon took chairs near the steps, and their fathers sat close by, smoking. Mr. Marston stood leaning against the balustrade between the young women.

"How did you find things in Bakersfield?" Mr. Gordon asked him.

"Very good. Everything seems prosperous."

"You were there on oil business?"

"Yes." A sudden reticence came into Roy's voice and manner.

Mr. Van Dorn gave him a quick glance, then a penetrating light flashed into his eyes, as he fastened a searching look on the young man. He suspected that Roy was avoiding his gaze, and he covered his surprise and anxiety by saying with calm assurance:

"Oil stocks are selling well now. I have some very rich property."

"You always are lucky," Mr. Gordon answered.

Mr. Van Dorn smiled, then he nodded to a friend, who sat some distance away, and, excusing himself, went to him.

Roy glanced from Mrs. Van Dorn to her daughter, and sympathy came into his eyes.

Mr. Van Dorn drifted into the hotel by the side entrance. As he closed the door, he abruptly halted and checked an exclamation when he found himself confronted by an old acquaintance.

"This is a pleasant surprise," the man said, affably, "and I am flattered that you recognize me after all these years." He was perhaps forty, slightly below medium height, and of a somewhat dashing and picturesque type, yet roughly handsome and youthful for his age.

Mr. Van Dorn mastered himself.

"Hello, Burke!" he said. "Where did you come from?"

"Klondike. I've been there off and on for the last ten years, but now I've made money enough, and intend to spend the rest of my days in ease."

"I congratulate you. What brought you here?"

"I heard in San Francisco that you were living in San Mateo, so I came down to see you. The Peninsula Hotel suits me as well as any place . . . better, since my old friend is here."

Irritation darted into Mr. Van Dorn's eyes, but he smiled.

"I'm surprised that you thought of me. It has been a long time since we met."

"About twenty years."

"So it has! How time flies!"

"But memory clings."

Mr. Van Dorn reddened, and a brief silence followed.

"I never have had the pleasure of meeting your wife," the man went on, familiarly. "I'll be very glad to know her. It's lonesome around here for a stranger. I want to get into society. You have made yourself a power, and there is no reason why I should not do the same."

Mr. Van Dorn eyed him, astonished. "We never were friends, and you have no right to expect any favors from me," he angrily retorted.

A challenging light came in Burke's eyes. "Look here, Van Dorn, I have not forgotten how you got your start

in life. I still remember that affair with the miner, Wilson . . . that fatal game of cards played one night about twenty-five years ago in the camp. There is no need for us to have trouble. We weren't friends in those days, but we can get along well enough now. I intend to make a position for myself, and you can help me."

Mr. Van Dorn was ashen. Burke saw that he had conquered, and his amiability returned.

"Introduce me to your wife. I hear she is a charming woman. They tell me also that you have a lovely daughter."

Mr. Van Dorn's muscles tightened, but he opened the door and stepped out on the veranda. He was vanquished for the moment, but he would find some way to rid himself of Burke. With the man at his side, he walked across the veranda, and going to his wife, introduced them.

Mrs. Van Dorn betrayed a mild surprise, and glanced inquiringly at her husband. She saw at once that Burke lacked a distinguished air, and wondered why her husband had presented him.

"That beautiful young lady is your daughter, isn't she?" Burke asked, as he and Mr. Van Dorn moved away from the group. "She is the image of her mother."

Marcella greeted him less courteously than had her mother, but he disregarded her coldness, and taking a chair near her, chatted with Mr. Gordon, who was polite to every one.

Mr. Marston surmised that something was wrong.

"Here comes the singer!" Miss Gordon gaily exclaimed.

The girl was coming along slowly, leading the old man. As she reached the foot of the steps, she halted and glanced at Mr. Gordon. Roy looked down at her with surprised curiosity. Her severely plain, close-fitting black dress revealed her fine, well-developed figure. She was tall, erect, dignified. Her arms below her elbow sleeves were white, strong and beautiful. The V-shaped opening of her waist showed her exquisitely moulded throat. She was the embodiment of youth, health and beautiy. Roy saw all this at a glance, but it was her wonderful face that held his attention. Her features were finely cut, her cheeks were pale, but her lips were crimson. Combed softly back from her brow, her wavy black hair hung over her shoulders in two heavy braids that fell below her waist. It was her large eyes that made her face remarkable. They were mottled dark gray and blue, shading into deep violet, and they reflected a pure, fearless soul.

Mr. Gordon rose. "Will you stand where you are and sing for us?"

Conversation had ceased, and all were eyeing the strange musicians. The old man was tall, slender, with long, white hair and an erect figure, as fearless as the girl's.

The young singer nodded to Mr. Gordon, and dropping the old man's hand, brought a chair for him. Her loving care of him was betrayed in the way she held his arm while he slowly sat down. She took the violin from his wrinkled hand and removed the worn green felt case. The blind musician snuggled the instrument under his chin and tuned it. Presently the girl's fresh young voice began the "Forbidden Music" by Gastaldon. Her tones, mellow with tenderness, rang out rich and sweet.

Mr. Van Dorn had drawn back into the shadow and eagerly listened. He was breathing hard. Under the spell of her voice, this scene faded from his eyes. He saw instead a rough log cabin situated on the outskirts of a mining town and he saw himself a young man, afire with love and ambition, but foremost in his vision stood a beautiful Italian girl, who had forsaken the opera stage for love of him. He felt again her fascination, and he heard her voice singing her favorite romance, "The Forbidden Music." The remembrance of her beauty and charm enthralled him, and her name Amata —meaning "Beloved"—sprang to his lips, but suddenly he roused to the

realization that it was not the visionary girl who was singing, but this beggar girl who was so like the other Amata.

Marcella was annoyed because Roy had not moved since the singer had come up the walk. When the song ended, a murmur of praise went round.

"What do you think of her, Roy?" Mr. Gordon asked in a low tone, so that the girl could not hear.

Marston slowly turned to him. "There are no words to describe her," he said. "I'd like to know who she is. Her father is a splendid old fellow, and just as interesting as the girl."

"I'm surprised at you, Roy!" Marcella said, contemptuously. "How can you find anything interesting in a street beggar?"

Roy turned quickly to see if the girl had heard, but there was no sign of it in her calm face.

"Won't you sing again?" Mr. Gordon asked Amata.

She nodded, and spoke to the old man in Italian. He began the introduction to another familiar song, and her voice rang out with tenderness and passion in Cottrau's "Addio a Napoli."

"What feeling she throws in it!" Mr. Gordon exclaimed.

Roy nodded. "Look at her eyes! She could throw her soul into any song."

Marcella's cheeks burned, and she went and sat with a young man some distance away, and began to converse animatedly with him. Roy did not heed her.

Mr. Van Dorn slipped into the chair his daughter had left. "You admire her . . . both of them, don't you, Roy?" he asked in a tone vibrant with interest and repressed emotion combined with a touch of fear.

"Yes. I wish I could paint! What a striking picture they would make!"

Mr. Burke was slowly rocking, and appeared very much at ease. He kept a watchful eye on Mr. Van Dorn, and was aware of a change in the millionaire's face."

"Come up and pass your tambourine," Mr. Gordon said when the song ended.

While the old man put his violin back into its cover, almost as easily as though he was not blind, Amata went upon the veranda. Mr. Gordon dropped some silver pieces into her tambourine and she went to the others. Her refinement and modesty, and the gratitude in her eyes were attractive. A touch of shyness added a charm to her simplicity and grace. She gave Mr. Van Dorn a friendly smile and greeting, and he reddened, knowing that his wife, Marcella and Mr. Burke were eyeing him. When she held out her tambourine to Roy, their eyes met, and a faint coloring overspread her face. The old man was waiting for her at the foot of the steps, and taking his hand, she slowly led him down the path. A man stepped out from the shadow of the trees, and after giving her some money, spoke a few words. She pointed to the road in front of the grounds, and the man walked along at her side.

Mr. Van Dorn moved uneasily. He recognized Mr. Keller, the detective, and his eyes were fastened on the three as long as he could see them. As he turned away, he found that Mr. Burke was curiously eyeing him.

(*Continued next month.*)



A JUG OF WINE

By Jean Dalziel Wood

WHEN I, Katharine Olmstead, found that I had actually promised to marry Frank Cowlson, my amazement was colossal, and almost simultaneously with my stupefying wonder, my conscience asked me calmly and incisively with the authority of a prophet: *"Where is your love for Warren Johnson?"* And I trembled! First I evaded the question, then I pretended ignorance, and finally I said I supposed it was dead, and I gave my conscience to understand that I could attend to my own affairs. I insisted, furthermore, that I would *marry* Frank Cowlson, and terminate years of waiting for a tardy lover, and also forever settle the matrimonial question.

Notwithstanding, I was exceedingly uneasy, and suffered a process of self-torture that went far and away beyond the Inquisition, for I incessantly propounded the question: "Suppose, after I marry Frank, I find that I still love Warren?" and I shivered with apprehension. I grew hot with fear and cold with doubt, and my conscience, never fully appeased, yapped at me uninterruptedly, and asked me perpetually with amazing candor what I would do then.

Therefore, fear and curiosity drove me back to Herrnhut. I had to discover what my sensations would be when I was again confronted with the surroundings where I had known Warren. It was the same prompting that carries a person back to the scene of his crime that drew me there again after seven years' absence.

Herrnhut is a Moravian town in the foothills of the Hebron Mountains, and the Herrnhut Academy (where I was graduated, a century old and under the auspices of the Church, is a rigidly feminine institution.

As I had lived all my life in a Southern college town, and had, therefore, been accustomed and often bored by the society and attentions of scores of men, I had been truly relieved when sent to Herrnhut to school to have them eliminated for a time, and wish to say at the outset that flirting had had no attractions for me at all. Nor had I become involved in any of those absurd female infatuations called "crushes," so you will be surprised to know that when I accepted the invitation of a newly married cousin to visit her in the old Academy town, I fairly tingled with a desire to return, and was drawn there by no sentiments of family affection, but by the memory of a Glance, a Handshake and a Girl.

The girl was Douschka d'Amboise, and she was my room mate, or rather, as they so quaintly say in the old Moravian Settlement, Day Keeper. At the time when we were Seniors together she was as radiantly and wondrously beautiful as a perfect rose diamond, a dew bathed flower, or a Southern autumn day. After the lapse of seven years I am still impressed with the fact that Douschka was flamboyant in every particular. She was the kind of girl who is at her best in very decollete black lace, with a bit of pomegranate red about it. She often wore such a costume to the gym dances, and when she was thus attired she always carried an exquisite black feather fan with which she flirted enchantingly.

Douschka took the Academy by storm; teachers and pupils alike went daft over her. The unworldly folk of Herrnhut flocked to recitals and concerts to see her, and masculine worshippers of wandering tendencies rushed to church for the same purpose in such numbers that the very aisles had to be seated with chairs to accommodate them.

But in spite of the adulation of the girls, notwithstanding the universal homage paid her, I could not seem to lose my head over Douschka. In our work-a-day world, where one had to dig for Latin roots, and chase around after logarithms, I lost patience with her, for she seemed unrelated, and as though she should never be disassociated from azure, starlit nights. She was certainly intended for serenadings, and for luxurious hammock lounging, and I often thought as she yawned in the class room how much more fitting it would be for her to loll upon a pillowed divan upon a shady piazza, fanned with peacock feathers by a slave; or to doze lightly under branching magnolias to the soft strum-strum of a distant guitar. Actively, however, Douschka was a consummate actress. She made the girls feel it a privilege to put their brains at her disposal, for though clever as a Delphic oracle, she was not endowed with the mind of a student.

By flattery and cajolery, by judicious and rare caresses, by pensive, childlike thoughtfulness, by picturesque frivolity, she won her way, and a right royal one it was.

But it was when I heard Douschka recite that I first took her seriously. I shall never forget that dramatic performance. All the intense passion we attribute to tropical peoples held in her a wild carousal, and I sincerely believe when she worked herself up into a frenzy of emotion over a blood-curdling recitation—then, and only then —was she normal.

But after all, perhaps I would not have attached much importance to Douschka's scholastic intriguing, and her extravagant tragedies, if I had not discovered that she was dishonorable!

Oh, yes, indeed she was! Though in the most playful, mock-innocent way imaginable. But she read my letters and private papers, and knew my most personal affairs, which she discussed frankly with my friends and foes!

It may be that a man can know a woman better than a woman can know a woman—I don't pretend to say, but certainly if there were worse things to know about Douschka, I felt perfectly willing to remain ignorant.

As is the custom of Day-Keepers, we always walked together, and sat side by side, and when we marched through torturous passage ways of the old Academy, and up stair cases, and across dark hall ways to the gallery of the Moravian Church to service, I had abundant opportunity to watch Douschka's flirtations with the town men in the pews below, and I must admit that she could flirt more outrageously and dexterously than any one I ever observed.

More attractive than the beauty of Douschka's features, or the exquisite, perfection of her figure, was the soft music of her speech. I can see her now rushing into our alcove with her hair waving over her black brows, her eyes like a young gazelle's, her tiny hands clasped in excitement, and I can still hear her customary exclamation: "O Mother of Sorrows!" Ordinarily she said it in Latin, often in French, sometimes in Spanish, and once in Italian.

On a few occasions, a very few, she unconsciously unmasked in my presence, and then she was a shrewd woman of the world, with an inordinate desire for masculine attention and admiration—and she was more than this —she was a woman with a past! I was sure she had lived what she would not tell, and I was certain it had required more than nineteen summers to teach her the necessity for her peculiar role!

Perhaps I have succeeded in drawing Douschka for you as she seemed to me, and if I have, you will understand why she was so much in my thoughts when I planned to go back to Herrnhut, and yet it was not even Douschka that principally drew me.

It is with the greatest agitation that I even think of the real reason that swept me back. You remember that I hinted that I had had no temptation to flirt behind the painted wire screens of the front windows, or from the gal-

lery of the church—not the slightest. In my world there had been nothing in such abundance as men, and I solemnly declare that it was purely chance or fate that led me one Sunday night to look down upon the disappearing congregation into *his* eyes!

It was the most casual thing I ever did, but it cost me—well——

It was evident to me from his expression that this was not the first time he had sought recognition from me, and I had seen that same look on too many other men's faces to mistake the meaning—but marvelous as it may seem—it was the first time I had ever returned such a glance! And it did not seem questionable or strange to me that I should accept and reciprocate that look of perfect understanding—but no sign or signal passed between us. In that meeting of our eyes there was no sense of embarrassment; I even forgot the sentinel teachers, supersensitive to detect communication between the gallery and the pews. As the line of Seniors filed down the long, dim gallery, I turned in my place and joined the black-gowned procession, but at the doorway, when my flowing sleeve caught on a projection of the railing I stepped back to free myself, and I saw that he had lingered with the last of the worshippers, and he turned and our eyes met again. It was only for an instant, but it sent the blood throbbing to my temples, and Douschka saw it and taunted—hissing the words in my ear, "Oh, thou indifferent one!" And I marvel now that this was all that she ever said about it.

I do not recall how I discovered that he was Warren Jackson, but I was wild with excitement when I found that he was one of the Jacksons—the Allegheny County Jacksons—the proudest people that ever traced lineage through a series of celebrities to a certain Elah Olmstead, from whom, singularly enough, we reckon our ancestry.

The Sundays passed, and for one brief moment, morning and night, Warren Jackson and I looked into each other's eyes. I, from the dim gallery guarded from the world and man and the devil as assiduously and zealously as a nun in a convent, and he amid a crowd of worshippers in the church a few feet below, and yet as far away as Uranus. I did not live a thought in to-morrow. I was too stunned to think of anything at that time but my own amazing and astounding defection from the ranks of calm indifference.

About the middle of May there was a Love Feast to celebrate some Moravian festival, and it was at night and some of the Seniors were allowed to go. For reasons too numerous to mention, I had missed all previous Love feasts, and I carried considerable curiosity to this especial occasion. The church was terribly crowded, and the Seniors filled all the seats reserved for them and left no room for the teacher chaperon. I was on the end, and defying all precedent, she asked me to sit in another pew with some townspeople and thus make a place for her.

We were early, and in the gallery overhead the musicians were tuning violins, cornets and flutes, and these preparatory sounds proceeding from the orchestra, combining with the sacred atmosphere of the church, seemed a commingling of convivial and holy things that fairly rent the atmosphere with a wild passion of love toward God and man.

A signal was given, and the organ poured forth a Hallelujah, and the orchestra crashed in with a triumphant Amen. My breath came pantingly. The pulpit decorations of wonderfully beautiful pond-lilies—blue, purple, yellow, red and white, gleaming in the soft light like jewels; the music, superb as only Moravian music can be; the evidences of good fellowship shining upon the faces of the devout worshippers, fairly suffocated me with a wild delight, with a transport of joy. But it was a brief service. While the congregation sang, waitresses with large straw trays full of buns served us benignly, and waiters followed them bearing tall white mugs of black coffee, which they distributed with becoming gravity. The Bishop broke bread before the people, and the con-

gregation ate and drank, and the choir sang a hymn to a quaint melodious German tune, and after this there was more music by the marvelous orchestra, but my bun lay untouched in my lap, and my coffee cooled on the seat beside me.

Finally there came a pause in the service, and after a few words from the Bishop, I saw every one shaking hands with those beside them, and I also turned, as one in a dream, and gave my hand, my ungloved hand, to —Warren Jackson!

I suppose I have wondered a thousand times how he could have come and seated himself beside me without my knowledge, how I could have taken from him the Love Feast bun and coffee without so much as seeing who gave them to **me.**

My hand tingles yet with that handclasp, and when I think of it, I grow hot and cold, and my heart fairly churns within me. And he said—above the slogan song of the Love Feast I heard him quote "'A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou——"

"Oh, hush!" I cried, half-mad with fear and wholly wild with a rapturous ecstacy. "You must not!"

His face went ghastly, luminously white, and I would fain have hidden my eyes with the black folds of my hanging sleeves, but he held them masterfully as a magnet holds a needle.

The Seniors filed out of church through a side door, but he made no move to let me pass from the pew, and I knew not how long he would keep me, and I said, no, I whispered, "I must go. Please let me go!"

He stepped into the aisle with tantalizing reluctance.

"For the present," he breathed, "only for the present. Do you understand?"

The teacher had paused at the door and stood looking at me fiercely. I stooped and gathered up my gloves from the seat. "Yes," I shivered; "yes!" and hurried out of church.

And I did not see him again! I was rushed off to Europe immediately after I graduated. I thought he would write, but he did not; when I was settled at home again, I thought he would come, but he did not. I cannot go through the agony of recalling how Hope fell sick, nor how its lingering illness resulted in a torturing death. For years I believed that some horrid fate kept him away, and the spell he had woven around me made me proof against all men's wooing. Seven years and I came to the conclusion that I had been the victim of a mesmeric fascination, and partly from chagrin and partly because my life was plagued out of me because of Frank Cowlson's importunities, I consented to become engaged to him, and then I was wild to know if those old Herrhut associations had any longer any influence over me. I had to return. A force stronger than will or inclination swept me back even as gravitation compels the return of a ball. So you may be sure I seized the first opportunity that offered, and went down to the Academy. Vacation desolation filled the place with gloom, and I went to my old alcove to see if I could *feel* Douschka d'Amboise, and she seemed to be everywhere! I heard her shivering laugh, I heard the click of her French high heels, I heard her exclaim: "Oh, Mother of Sorrows!"

It positively frightened me. She seemed to dance before me down the gloomy corridors (did I mention that she could dance as untiringly as a Dervisch?) and she glided in shadowy gown and cap up the crooked stairs and into the church.

I went home wilted—drooping.

It was days before I had the courage to go into the old church. I walked up and down the beautiful avenue, with its double row of trees, and roved restlessly as the Wandering Jew among the level graves, morning and afternoon, day after day, trying to make up my mind to go in the church, but I could not go! It seemed to me that tragedy beset me on all sides. The ancient houses, built with loopholes from which to shoot at Indian foes, looked grimly prophetic of evil. The

worn cobble stones seemed to writhe and wriggle in agony under my feet.

I had been in Herrnhut two weeks when I finally set my teeth together one sultry, hot day, and ran into the church. I crept to the pew where I had sat at the Love Feast, and as surely as though he had sat beside me, I felt Warren Jackson. Prickles of fear blistered my skin, my heart made a stout and gallant charge, and then fled in a wild retreat.

"Please let me go!" I cried in an agony, and "For the present, only for the present!" reverberated from the vaulted ceiling, fluttered through the ghostly gallery, and fell upon my cowering ears. I buried my face in my hands upon the pew in front of me, and then upon that intense stillness there came the fearsome, blood-congealing, terrorizing blast of the Death horns from the belfry far overhead. I had forgotten this Moravian custom of informing the congregation of the passing of one of their number, and when they began that mournful dirge, it sounded in my ears like a wail of protest; it cried, "You shall not go; you shall not go," and I crouched sobbing to the floor.

When my panic had somewhat subsided, I struggled dizzily to my feet, and made my blinding way toward the rear door. I fumble awkwardly with the knob in the dimness of the church, and when I finally opened the door, I shrieked with terror, for on the very threshold there stood an aged, white-haired negro woman leaning with both hands on a stick.

"Did I scare yer, honey?" she asked deprecatingly. "I so ole, I s'pec' I look lak a ghost."

"Oh, Auntie," I cried, putting my hand on her two hard ones, "I—I was so frightened!"

"Bless yer soul, Chile, ain't nothin' gwine hurt yer," she said, reassuringly, taking my hand in hers.

"Oh," I said, "it's Life that hurts. You can't understand!"

"How come I can't understand?" she asked abruptly. "Bless yer soul, Honey, life sting eberybody; de only dif'ence is, mos' folks bears it either wif a smile or a tear, an' dem what can't and won't 'ministers die pizen to deyselves an' gits ter de end ob things quicker 'n 'twas meant."

"What do you mean, Auntie?" I asked, wondering what queer idea she had picked up.

"Suicide, Chile, dat what I mean. Dat what young Marster's wife done. She suicided."

Suicide! Horrors, what next? I must confess that for a moment I felt the strongest repugnance for this negro woman and for her of whom she spoke. Suicide! The trump card of sensationalism! It seemed to me positively indecent—thoroughly incompatible with breeding and culture.

I made a move to pass beyond the vestibule. I was in no condition to hear a ghastly tale after my recent harrowing experiences, but as I turned away, the old woman said piteously: "Chile, I knows my white folks when I sees 'em, an' they's gittin' mighty pow'ful few. I c'n walk clar ter de end ob Lee street an' not a single pusson stop an' say, 'Howdy, Auntie; bad weather fur de rhemtiz,' an' Chile my ole heart is most broke worryin' 'bout my white folks an' studyin' how come it all."

I could not resist that appeal. But I said a little coldly: "I can't see what good I can do you, Auntie. I probably never heard of your white people. But suicide is a shocking thing."

"Chile, hit caused my white folks ter break up de home where dey been libin' since dey owned my gran'father, an' go so far away that nobody ain't seen 'em fum dat day ter dis. Ole Miss say dey ruined, an' young Marster square he jaw an' ain't say nothin', but he tell me good-bye an' gimme a bankbook so I c'n go ter de bank an' git my wages ebery month. But, Honey, eberything been wrong sense de night I answer de do' bell an' young Marster han' in a young lady all muffled up from head ter feet, an' he say, 'Dis here yer young Mistis, Drinda,' an' he he'p her off wid her things in de drawin' room under de

chandelier wid de light breakin' on de long crystals, an' showin ag'in and ag'in in de great mirrors dat lined de wall, an' when he gits 'em all off, he swear a dreadful oath an' cry, 'Who are you?' an' she mak' him a mockin' bow an' say 'Douschka Dam.'"

"Douschka d'Amboise!" I cried in astonishment.

"Dooska Dam is all I know," Drinda repeated, "an' dat's one name what hatter oughter be read backwards," she added, grimly.

"And she committed suicide?" I cried, wildly. "Suicide? Don't tell me that—don't tell me that Douschka committed suicide—that she killed herself!"

I sank upon the crooked steps that led to the gallery above. I covered my face with my hands, and I *saw* Douschka, light as air, twirl around on her toe like a ballet dancer, until she looked as slim and gorgeous as a tulip, then she faded into a rainbow, and the rainbow merged into red—into a pomegranate red with its peculiar transparency, and became a red rosette in her hair, and her bare back and arms shimmered against the black lace of her gown, and she touched her black feather fan to her lips and wafted me a kiss. Immediately the fan became an Oxford cap, and the lace dress a college gown, and Douschka hung over me on the crooked stairs with a mocking smile, and I followed her, and we stood together in the gallery of the church, and I looked into Warren's eyes, and Douschka saw and hissed tauntingly: "Oh, thou indifferent one!" I raised my head to Drinda, and cried in hopeless agony: "Who was your young master?"

"My young Marster? Marse Warren Jackson——"

* * * *

When I recovered consciousness, Drinda was doing for me all the emergency things an excited person does for one who faints. But just as soon as I could collect myself, I made her go on with her story. She demurred, it is true, but I insisted so urgently that she was persuaded against her better judgment.

"Well, Chile," she said, "I tole yer Marster swore when he saw her, an' she said, makin' him a bow, 'You thought I was my Day-Keeper, Kathadine Olmstead, but you wrote ter Dooska Dam, an' she answered. You looked at Katharine Olmstead, but yer married Dooska Dam. You oughter been more 'ticklar about names if yer goin' ter be so 'ticklar 'bout brides, an' de nex' time yer marries, make de lady unmask!' I ask ole Miss 'bout it, an' she say de 'Cademy don' closed for vacation, an' Dooska Dam went ter de hotel ter stay, an' young Marster—he been writin' ter Dooska think' hit war de name Miss Katharine Olmstead, who he really lobed—an' he ax her ter go wid him ter a ball, an' when he come for her ter de hotel, she sent word for him ter come up ter her. He foun' her on a dark balcony muffled lak I tole yer, an' cryin' fit ter kill herse'f. She tell him her uncle comin' from New Orleens an' gointer marry her to her cousin de nex' mornin'! Young Marster war pipin' mad, an' got a carr'ag an' drove wid her ter de Justice ob de Peace, an' they two was married! Glorious Kingdom, married! An' she all muffled up an' he neber see her till they got home, and den he discover he don' marry de wrong lady! O-o-o!" she crooned, her old face wrinkled and drawn with sympathy, and her eyes dimmed with tears, "she tricked him, purintine tricked him! But Dooska Dam, wif all her gaudy beauty, ain't fool none ob my white folks. Everybody treat her wid ceremonious politeness like some Northern ph'lanthropist come on a visit South ter put first rate white sense into fifth rate nigger blockheads."

"But she was very fascinating," I insisted. "Surely she won them over."

"You knew her, den, Honey? Say yer did? Well, I declare! No, Chile, dey gib her certain 'partments in die house an' lef' her ter herse'f, an' when she try ter join de fambly, dey all hab engagements an' disappear. Politely

do, an' don't yer forgit it! So hit went on till a man come one day an' claim to be her husban'. She try ter deny hit, but he prove hit, an' nex' day, I think it was, young Marster git a lawyer up, an' dey all 'splain ter her dat she ain't young Marster's wife 'tall, an' spessify to her their desire ter have her go back wif der man. I come along 'bout dat time wif a cordial for old Miss 'cause she pow'ful upset 'bout young Marster gittin' tricked by a French Creole advent'ress, an' so I seen her when she kill herse'f!"

I shuddered violently. "Don't tell me," I implored frantically. "I cannot bear it!"

"Honey, hit was a beautiful sight. She got up out ob her great chair, an' take a tiny little bottle out ob her bussom, what I hear 'em say afterwards was full ob a deadly pizen what'll kill yer if yer smell hit, an' I suppose she mus' have crushed it against the tip ob her big feather fan, an' then she made a sweepin' courtesy, spreadin' out her black lace skirts with one hand an' smilin' with them red lips what was de color ob de pomegranate red on her bare shoulder, an' den she said, "Good-night, my friends; pleasant dreams,' an' waved that great fan toward her face, an' cried, 'Have Mercy, O Mother of God!' an' fell back dead—dead, jus' lak I say."

I buried my face in my hands an wept. In spite of her hateful atrocities, earth seemed less throbbingly alike with Douschka, vivacious, passionate Douschka, dead, ignominiously dead by her own hand. And where was she then at that moment? I asked myself, and the sickening horror of the question made me deaf to Drinda's expostulations, for she was somewhat indignant that I should feel sorry for "Jezebeel," as she persisted in calling her, and expatiated on the disgrace she had brought to the family and mourned over the exile of her Marster, who had never been back since the funeral, and who had declared he would always keep a continent between himself and his shame.

I was weeks recovering from the fearful shock that my nerves had received. I thought I would never regain my equilibrium, but the time came when I was dragged out in the tonic sunshine, and hauled into society to kill my morbidness.

The day actually came when I was persuaded to go again to a Love Feast. And it happened that we sat in the pew of my agonizing experiences, and when the musicians began to tune their instruments, it was all I could do to sit still and look unconcerned. And when the orchestra began, I opened my prayer book and fastened my eyes on a hymn. The tears splashed upon the page, and I dared not look up to watch the quaint ceremony. I passed mugs of coffee with shaking hands, but I kept none for myself, and the great bun lay as before, untasted in my lap. I could see nothing for my tears, but when the music crashed out in an ecstasy of jubilation, I seemed to turn to stone. It was gratifying, however, to find that I could stop crying.

At last we stood up and began to shake hands. That was the most trying part of all, but I nerved myself to do it. I turned and gave my hand to the person on my right, and the instant he took it, I looked up and into Warren Jackson's eyes! The havoc of his face! I read there the saddest inquiry I ever dreamed of.

"Oh, don't," I said at last.

He held my hand in a vice. "Do you want to pass? Do you want to go?" he asked, sternly.

I stooped and gathered up my gloves.

"No," I whispered, "no!"

The orchestra dashed into a deafening finale, but on Warren's face there came a look that comes only once to a man, and is for one woman only, and I heard him say as clear as the note of a bugle above the moaning of violins:

"A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou,
Beside me, singing in the wilderness—
Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow!"

AN IDYL OF THE FOOTHILLS

By Maud B. Rodgers

IT WAS a perfect day in a perfect land, for it was September in the foothills of the Santa Clara Valley —that small, luxuriant portion of the big world where millionaires have set wonderful villas amid the great oaks and redwoods that so thickly dot the softly rolling landscape, and where they have added all the fragrant and brilliant flowers of the semi-tropics to the splendid native flowers of these deep green and purple slopes.

Since the days of the padres, these hills, lifting gently from the bloom and perfume of the Santa Clara Valley, have been dearly loved. Not far away these padres, ever alert to choose the most promising portions of the country for their settlements, built one of their greatest missions, and nestling close to the foot of the hills, was placed the smaller one for the convenience of the faithful population. Owing to the coming of these many millionaires, this population, descended from the early Spanish settlers, suddenly became widely scattered.

The far-reaching boundaries of the princely estates of the new-comers quickly encompassed the once placid acres of the padres, and their subjects, even the ruins of the smaller mission, with its crumbling grave yard and the tones of the mass, as well as of the bell, soon became a thing of the past in the foothills. And to-day, out from the wealth of these favored hills came swinging a young man and woman, their arms filled with flowers, their heads bared to the sunshine as they walked gaily on, conversing upon happy subjects, for they were house guests for the most elaborate wedding of the season to take place within a few days at one of the villas. They passed quickly along down the foothill road, for they were both tall and strong, and leaving the road at the base of the hill, took the short cut which lead through a field of waving grain, where a herd of fat, lazy cows were feeding. The path, worn to dust by cattle feet, wound for some length across the field, and suddenly terminated at the old neglected cemetery.

This cemetery, the one blot upon the pleasant landscape, had been once securely fenced, but now lay so completely unguarded that the cows and their young often paused to chew their cuds beside the broken stones, or to take a sniff at the few remaining cypress trees that still waved green above the unkempt grass and scattered marbles. The young couple to whom sad memories would not have appealed would have passed lightly on with their faces set toward the near-by villa, immense, white and glistening in the sunshine, but that they came upon the graceful figure of a young woman sitting quietly upon the slab that marked what had been the entrance to this once beautiful and isolated cemetery.

Rather startled by their sudden and unexpected appearance, she turned toward them, and underneath the mantilla that covered her fine hair, they looked upon a face, pale, pure and beautiful as the faces at the altar shrines of the deserted near-by Mission. They were, however, quite as surprised as she, and having disturbed her, they paused a moment to speak to her. The young man lifted his hat, and his companion, with a gay smile, passed upon the charm of the day and

the landscape. To her greeting, however, she received but a distant reply, for the young woman of the mantilla drew its folds about her beautiful face and turned her dark eyes beyond the couple.

Evidently she had sought the solitude of this quiet spot, and did not like their intrusion. They started once more on their way.

"It is a lonely spot for one so young as she."

To his companion's remark, the young man made no reply, but he turned, and again lifted his hat to the stranger.

"Is there any service we can render the senorita?" he inquired.

For a moment their eyes met, and she replied quietly and distantly: "There is none, senor, I thank you—none."

So with a formal bow, the pedestrians passed on toward their destination, the veranda of the glistening villa upon which could be seen the bright dresses and white suits of the groups gathered there. As they passed up the broad steps, the young man looked back in the direction whence they had come, and to that portion in particular where reposed the solitude, its cypress trees and its memories.

For the first time in his life, a life singularly free from unhappiness, he felt bored by the incessant chatter and laughter of his companions, and several times he found himself gazing from the veranda's edge, toward the shadowy trees, underneath which he could fancy a beautiful face, half hidden by a mantilla, bending in meditation above the marble slabs.

He knew now that into some lives the rain falls more heavily than into others, and he was glad when the time came when, after a cup of tea, he and his companion started on the tramp back up the foot hills.

As they once more neared the cemetery, he could not refrain from looking for the senorita, although he told himself that, owing to the lateness of the afternoon, she would not be there. His companion, however, who had been giving him a bright narration of some happening at the villa, as told upon the veranda, evidently did not recall the episode until they had pased by the quiet acre, of surpassing tranquility at the sunset hour, before she recalled the circumstance of having met the senorita. "How beautiful she was," she remarked in the first serious tone of the day, and then she added in her happy way, "such eyes—did you notice?"

The young man feigned ignorance.

"Henry Rathbone, I do not believe you!"

Her buoyancy seemed to jar upon him· heretofore her abundant health and spirits had met his full approval, but the unknown stranger with the delicate face and the expression which bespoke something akin to sorrow, had more deeply appealed to him, and he resolved that he must find out who she might be.

As the foothills, with their wonderful trees and rose gardens, their deep, still orchards, and their vast vineyards, might serve as an excuse for any one to remain out of doors, Henry Rathbone had a sufficient reason for spending a great many hours tramping the slopes. He failed, however, to find any trace of the senorita, until one afternoon, realizing that his days at the villa were numbered, he accosted an old man slowly driving a heavy wagon loaded with grapes, and questioned him concerning the residents of the section.

The old man had been raised here, in fact he had been christened in the near-by Mission, and he surveyed the young man with something akin to contempt for his ignorance of such an important section of the country.

"As far as you can see on every side," the old man said, pointing his whip in each direction, "the country once belonged to the Spanish, and there is but one family of this race remaining in the valley. Their home is just beyond the old Mission yonder, the other side of the slope, and between you and me I reckon 'twon't be their home much longer, for old Hast-

ings holds a mortgage on it, and you know how much business sense the Spanish have got."

"Then they will lose their property?"

The old man looked Rathbone from head to foot.

"As sure as you are standing there."

"And then what will become of them? "What has become of the rest of the Spaniards in California?"

"I don't know."

With this, the driver slapped the horse nearest to him with the old, soft whip, and as the wagon with its heavy, fragrant load, creaked away, the young man still stood at the roadside unsatisfied, wondering if the senorita belonged in the quiet farm house over the slope.

Dissatisfied, he turned away and followed the path leading away from the foothills. He paused, when he came to the quiet acre, wrapped in thoughts that had been prompted by his conversation with the old man.

Upon some great occasion he had paid a brief visit to that silent city of the dead within the confines of the city of the living, where was his home, and he could not help but compare it with this, where the promise of "perpetual care," had long since been broken. He stood thus when his eye was attracted by a movement in a far corner, and to his surprise he saw the senorita rise, draw her mantilla about her and advance toward him. He fancied she must have seen him, for she evinced no surprise at his appearance, and quietly returned his deferential greeting.

"The senorita chooses the one sad portion of this beautiful country for meditation," he remarked, kindly, for her face, more beautiful to him than he had believed it, bore traces of tears.

"It is the only portion of the country left us for meditation, and they will soon claim this, too. To-day, these broken and neglected stones are associated with sweet memories, the names imprinted upon them bring back those we knew and love yet cannot see, and the dear cross bids us hope—for soon, almost to-morrow, we shall be gone from this beloved country."

Young Rathbone considered a moment before replying. "You have become too serious from long meditation. You are too young to pass your hours in so solemn an atmosphere."

Suddenly her face took on the distant expression it had borne when he had first seen her.

"I cannot be happy when my aunt is grieving. She has been my mother, and her home my home, and now it will soon be gone like all the other old Spanish homes, and this old Spanish grave yard. You are an American. You cannot understand. Americans are thoughtless, unkind."

"Not all of them—there are those who would gladly render you a service."

"Pardon me, I must be at home when the sun has set," and with her quick, light step, she had passed him by. Standing with bared head, he watched her go up the pathway through the grain and on up the slope whose low summit was crossed with redwood trees, behind which glowed the brilliant sky of an autumn sunset, and against which, for a moment, her straight young form was outlined. It seemed to him she had passed into another world into which he would gladly follow, but from which he was forbidden. On his way home he paused upon a distant portion of the summit and looked toward the tranquil home of the girl he had suddenly grown to love. On all sides, green things were growing and blooming in bright profusion, and nearby the house the fruit was ripening in the drooping branches of the trees. Above all, hovered the gentle peace and calm of the foothills. So quiet, so home-like was the scene that the young man realized why a woman should grieve to leave and lose it.

"It is hers," he thought, as he gazed. "She has tended and raised the trees and flowers; lack of money shall not deprive her of her own." And turn-

ing, he walked back to his temporary home absorbed in thought.

On the morrow took place the long talked of wedding, and there was one among the guests who almost begrudged the day its happiness when the senorita was grieved, and at the twilight, made anxious by the fact that he must be going upon the morrow, he set out, determined to find the senorita. So tranquil was the closing of the day that the twittering of the birds, and the call of the wood squirrels, sounded unusually distinct above his footsteps as he passed along the quiet roads and paths. His mind being filled with thoughts of the senorita, he was not surprised when he came suddenly upon her walking amid the grain.

"Senorita, dear senorita!" Startled by his own voice and words, he would not have been so surprised to have seen her turn away from him as he was to see her lift her gentle eyes to his face and pause not far from him.

"Did you not tell me that you would soon be gone from the foot-hills? I, too, am going perhaps sooner than you, as I leave early to-morrow morning. Tell me, may I not have the right to think of you in my absence?"

For a moment she appeared startled by his earnestness, and fearing she might be about to turn from him, he drew nearer to her.

"Senorita, dear senorita," he repeated, "believe me, your aunt has forbidden all Americans her home. We are not all bad. I am about to leave here, but I shall return and prove to her that while there are many who are callous to the sufferings and misfortunes of others, there are those who are born with pity in their heart, who would help her to save her home, and who would prove themselves worthy of her respect and your love."

The senorita shook her head: "It is too late," she said; "the place has gone, even the roses and the dear old trees are ours no longer. This part of the world is dear to us, each one of the many slopes, each tree, the birds, the quietude, but the rest of the world is strange. My aunt fears the future!"

The young man glanced toward the house.

"Tell her not to fear. It is never too late to act."

There were tears in her eyes.

"She will not believe me."

"Then wait until I return—I will not alone tell her, but will prove to her my story: that her home can be restored to her."

"You are very kind."

"I would be kind to show you that I sincerely love you. Kindness to those we love is the proof of our sincerity." He took a card from his pocket and handed it to her.

"It is a name I would not disgrace," he said, "not only for my own sake, but for the sake of those who have borne it before me. I speak only the truth." He drew near and placed the card in her extended hand.

"I thank you, senor, I thank you."

And finding her white hand so near to him, he bent and kissed it.

Recognizing her shyness, he did not further detain her, and with a steadfast promise in regard to the home, he accepted the senorita's softly spoken farewell, and watched her once more disappear over the slope.

Upon reaching home, fearing to arouse a false hope in her aunt, she did not tell her of her interview with the young man, but as she looked upon their dearest treasures done up ready for departure, she could not help but hope there might be genuine sincerity in his words. On the morrow she knew, for as her aunt, with tears upon her face, went out with a pan of food for the old dog, she met a messenger boy with an envelope in his hand. Aroused by the sound of voices the senorita stepped out upon the step, and turning, the senora handed the envelope to her niece.

"Perhaps some order," she said, wearily, "about our departure—but they need not say more," and she returned indoors.

The girl opened the envelope, as she had opened all of the correspondence concerning the place, with a feeling

akin to fear, but almost instantly the expression of her face changed, and she turned to her aunt. "Listen!" she cried, "the good God has heard your prayer," and after reading the message she explained what she could of its author. The messenger boy, who had been exploring the place and filling his pockets with apples, returned and tapped on the door.

The two women had been so intent upon the contents of the message and its sender that they had quite forgotten about the boy until he called through the screen door: "Any answer?"

The senora, whose pleasant face had lost much of its sadness, turned to the senorita.

"Tell him to come," she said, "at once."

But young Randolph did not wait for the reply. He could surmise what the answer of the two lonely women would be, and that same afternoon he took the train for the beautiful green foothill country.

After the confusion and dust of the city, the foothill country looked greener and more attractive than ever to the young man.

He took the well known path to the quiet farm house, and had reached the last slope when he saw the graceful figure of the senorita walking in the familiar pathway through the grain. Too far away to speak to her, he reached out his arms toward her, and shyly she went to meet him. He covered her sweet young face with kisses, and laid her head upon his shoulder.

"And your aunt, the senora?" he inquired.

"She is waiting for you. She says that you are to come at once."

NINETEEN-FOURTEEN

With a roguish smile on his dimpled face,
He lifted the latch of Time's gate—
But I cried to him: "New Year, tarry not—
I am old and the hour grows late.
Go hence to where laughter and joy await
To welcome you in with a song.
But pass me by, for my heart is cold,
And years do but grief prolong."

With a gay little laugh, a snowy ball
He hurled 'gainst my window pane,—
And pity awoke for the child outdoors
In the chill of December's wane.
But bells chimed out, and a song rang clear,
While a merry voice cried: "I win."
And lo! through the door that I'd thought secure—
The New Year came dancing in.

ALICE LOCKHART HUGHES.

THE CUP THAT TOLD

By Paul Patton Faris

I WAS SITTING on the hotel veranda, basking in the California sun, and scarcely conscious of any sensation beyond the sheer joy of being alive. Suddenly I heard a sharp exclamation at my side.

I looked first at the occupant of the chair next mine, then, following his gaze, was just in time to see the climax of a comedy in high life. A number of sightseers were passing along the drive, including the most notable of the resort's guests, Arthur W. Langland of New York, famed alike for his wealth and for his courtesy. Stopping for a moment to talk with a companion, Langland was approached by a man of striking appearance, tall, broad-shouldered, and with piercing, black eyes. As he held out his hand with a jovial greeting, it did not surprise me that he should be counted a friend of the wealthiest merchant of the land. But what was actually amazing was to see that same courteous gentleman give him one glance and then deliberately, even ostentatiously, turn his back. It was the most complete snub I ever saw.

The stranger, seemingly in no way abashed, dropped the rejected hand to his side and calmly pursued his walk up the Avenue of Palms.

Inquiringly, I turned to my companion. For a moment or two he paid no attention, then, like one longing to unburden himself, he burst out: "Do you smoke? Good! Have this Manila cigar, and I'll tell you a story. I leave for the East to-morrow, or I'd keep silent for a while longer. As it is, just now I feel like talking."

Without speaking, I lit the excellent tobacco, and while its smoke floated away in the Western air, I heard the tale I now pass on.

Did you know that a few years ago we were once on the verge of war with China? No, not the Boxer affair. This little scare occurred several years before those 1900 days. My story really began when Norton Schuyler, son of a prominent New York family, was graduated from Yale. I knew him there, and that is partly why I know of his later career.

Norton had not done well in college. He was brought up in luxury, and was used to having his own way. When he finally learned that he was expected to make a return for the expense of his education by going into his father's firm, he flatly refused; it was not what he wanted to do, that was all.

In short, the boy had a real falling out with the old gentleman, and was soon ordered to get out of the house and rustle for himself. But that was not the worst of it. He was in love with the daughter of his father's partner, who himself began to lose respect for young Schuyler, at last even refusing him admission to his home until he had made good somewhere.

They were easy on him, after all. He was a good enough fellow at that time, clean of body and of morals, but just too eternally set on his own way, and so worshipful of his own opinions that he couldn't even learn to ride a bicycle as he was taught to do it. The partners knew his good points, and told him that if he could only show one real success in any line—business, profession, trade, they were all the same to them—then he'd get his inheritance and the girl, too.

It wasn't much to ask, and Norton knew it. Moreover, he thought that he knew just how to work it. A college friend, and the girl's father, pulled some wires (though, so far as I know, the boy never learned that her family had had anything to do with it), with the result that in a few months he was in the Peking legation, a "sub." to the Minister to China.

Then came a real shock. He discovered that instead of being a world-famed diplomat, he was, for a time at least, nothing more than a hard-working student, trying to master the language of the empire. It was tough work, all right, and Norton soon realized that unless a few miracles happened, he would be several years older before he had had even a chance to make his mark in the world.

There were no miracles. He perforce got down to work on the Emperor's hieroglyphics, and for many a weary month toiled away. Occasional relief came in reading letters from the New York maiden, and in taking a rather subordinate part in the social life of the Eastern capital.

The boy was beginning well. His name from time to time appeared in the legation reports to Washington, and once a despatch to the Herald told of a minor accomplishment of his that brought a chuckle of hope from the older men, and made the girl blush with pride for a week. Still, Norton waited longingly for a genuine opening for his talents.

In 1897 Germany seized the port of Kiao-chou, and in the moderate sensation among the nations that followed, it really looked as though the boy might find his chance, but the excitement rapidly died away, leaving him disconsolate.

And then it happened. Did you ever hear of the New York and Shantung Diamond Mining Corporation? No, I suppose not; the Boxer war disposed of it quite effectually, but it was a most ambitious company in its day.

There is an interesting story in connection with the discovery and leasing of these diamond mines, but all that I can say now is that the concession was finally secured by the New York people. While the corporation was getting out the latest machinery from home, it employed two trusty shroffs from Tientsin to go down to Lan-Shan-Fu to guard the property, for many of the precious stones were to be found lying on the very surface of the ground.

The shroffs reached their post. Letters from them soon came to the Shanghai offices of the corporation, to the effect that they were laying away diamonds in the temporary go-down, and that the prospects were excellent. One message casually mentioned the fact that one of the shroffs, the day before, had noticed two foreigners near the mine site, who seemed to belong to the European nation that was particularly interested in that part of China where the mines were located.

A few days later came a letter that caused the utmost consternation. It read like this:

"New York and Shantung Diamond Mining Corporation, from the Beautiful Land.—Excellent Sirs: With shame your servants confess their failings. We, the base ones, have been overcome. The prefect of Lan-Shan-Fu has been removed from office; yesterday the official seals were taken over by a prefect who knows not the Exalted Sirs from the Beautiful Land. Today his soldiers came with great sounding of war trumpets, and drove away your servants. After sundown to-night, the two foreigners from the Virtuous Land returned, and they are now in possession of the mine. Have mercy on your servants, the base ones. —Wang Lan Djang, Yao Hung Fu."

The other power, "the Virtuous Land," had lost no time after the accession of the new prefect, but had seized the concession at once. The note was undated, like all Chinese letters, and it might have been delayed in transmission. Things began happening at once. Cablegrams went to New York and Washington, but the State Department refused to interfere actively until after unsuccessful pres-

sure had been brought to bear on the prefect himself.

The Shanghai officers of the company hastened north, to be met at Peking by another letter from the shroffs. They had evidently resorted to force on their own responsibility. With a few hangers-on, they had attacked the mine and had wounded a few Chinese, but had been driven away; their American flag was destroyed, and they were now in the official ya-men, facing trial and certain execution.

Washington awoke. An unofficial ultimatum was sent from the legation to the Tsungli-Yamen, backed up by orders to the cruiser Dayton to steam to Chefoo at full speed, the marines in readiness to disembark.

It was at this juncture that that friend of the United States intervened, Chang Shih Yuan. By his influence, an escort of soldiers was secured from Tientsin, and it was promised that full protection would be given to any one envoy that the legation might depute to go down to interview the reactionary prefect.

This is where Norton Schuyler came in. The American Minister was in the States on a short vacation, the Chief Secretary was ill, and there remained only one secretary in charge of the legation, besides two stupid interpreters. These were Schuyler and Jack Rogers, a half-crippled man, only one year out from home, and still without a working knowledge of the vernacular.

It was up to Norton. His heart bounded with joy when the secretary in charge called him into the office to hand him his credentials. The relief to Norton was a double one, for this Jack Rogers had been a school-mate of his back home, and a rival for the hand of the girl whom he himself intended to wed. It seemed good to win over him once more.

"Now, Schuyler," said the secretary, "here is a big thing for you. Be careful. Use threats only if necessary, and not at all until after you have exhausted every art of diplomatic speech and act. Above all, avoid wounding the prefect's old-fashioned Chinese ideas of etiquette. He will probably judge Americans for all time by your conduct, according to his own ideas of what constitutes a gentleman."

"I'll be careful, all right," broke in the boy, flushed with triumph. He hadn't been lying around Peking for two years without learning about all there was to know about the bothersome details of Chinese ceremonial life. In fact, he was so confident that while his chief went on with directions as to travel, vehicles, money and the like, the new envoy's mind was already busy with the scenes of his joyous return to the States, bearing the spoils of victory.

To Jack Rogers was left the task of helping Schuyler with his preparations —and it was Jack's hand that waved him farewell as he started for the coast. Unfortunately, it was Jack, again, who had given him a last admonition to use a Sedan chair on his ten days' journey from Chefoo to Lan-Shan-Fu.

"The old fossil respects the chair, but has no use for horses, you may be sure," he warned. "And besides, you will be in better trim for your interviews with him, if you have coolies carry you."

Wherefore—because it had been Jack who advised the chair—when the envoy started from Chefoo, he went horseback, and was distinguishable from his mounted escort, not by any display of rank such as a Sedan would give, but only by his being quite played out at the end of each day's journey.

The prefect expected him. Letters by runners from Peking gave the Chinese magistrate warning, and on the afternoon of the tenth day of Schuyler's journey, the mandarin sat in his lounging room awaiting word that the embassy was approaching the city. He rightly judged that the American would not waste time going to an inn, but would proceed at once to the ya-men to demand audience.

The message came. Into the outer hall dashed a ya-men runner. "The

foreign devil is crossing the river!" he cried.

The prefect was alert on the instant. "Detain him a quarter of an hour; let him learn how the Great Land of Purity receives the foreigner. Order out the regiment for reception. Fu, see that the tea boils. Ying, my hat and boots!"

Attired in his official robes, he sat once more going over in his mind his reception of the emissary. "I have never yet met an American devil," he mused. "Doubtless they are all savages, even worse than those two from the Virtuous Land who came last moon, with their wretched simulation of our hereditary politeness. I'll watch his manners; if he is a boor, he will soon betray himself, and in that case I shall know how to treat him."

He stepped to the curtained door. "Fu!" he called. "I please to be courteous to the foreigner. Open the central barrier, and let his chair enter in honor."

"But, Great Father," protested the underling, "the devil rides a horse."

"Ai! The barbarian! Then let him come afoot by the side gate," returned the disgusted prefect.

Thus it was that the weary, travel-stained man on his arrival found the gate of honor closed against him. Inwardly fuming, he waited in impotent wrath for a full ten minutes outside the barrier.

At last the small gate swung open, and the American strode down the court, between long ranks of old-time soldiers, Chinese muskets by their sides, banners waving overhead. At the door of the barn-like ya-men, he stood a moment, then entered the reception hall, to find himself bowing low in awkward imitation of the stately prostration of his Oriental host.

Without a word, the mandarin led the way to the seat of highest honor, and bade the envoy be seated. From the attending servant he took an unofficial cup filled with steaming tea, and, politely holding it in both hands, placed it before his guest, the underling at the same time setting a similar cup on a small table near the door for his master. These were the cups of ceremony, not to be touched by either until the interview should be over, and the host should raise his own, as a signal of dismissal.

The reception rites completed, the mandarin seated himself on a low chair, and with clear eyes looked toward the foreigner, prepared to open the conversation, and to watch for the slightest indication that his visitor was the savage that he really thought him. He was conscious that he himself had lived up to the strictest letter of the code. But the American was not quite ready.

Who could blame the boy for what happened? The weather was warm, he was thirsty, the tea appeared inviting. Wherefore, all Peking warnings forgotten, the impetuous Schuyler raised the cup in one hand, and in an instant had gulped down half its refreshing contents. His thirst satisfied, he next looked at the prefect, prepared in his turn for the momentous interview.

There was none. Where a minute before had sat a gentlemanly Chinese, Schuyler now beheld a coarse, vulgar Chinaman. The prefect had found what he had been seeking; the foreigner was but a barbarian devil, after all; wherefore, as a savage he should be treated. Disdain in his features, a sneer in his tone, the mandarin hurled his contempt at the dismayed envoy.

"Ha, Secondary Devil!" he roared. "You low foreigners pretend to teach us civilization, but you are beasts yourselves! Those wealthy devils from the Virtuous Land made some pretense to the conduct of gentlemen, but you——"

His anger seemed to be choking him. The astounded boy leaped to his feet and attempted to defend himself, but the official would give him no heed.

"Wang, Fu! Dismiss the regiment; we have no guest to honor! As for this, this *tung-si*——" He broke into a torrent of profanity. "Take it out and lock the gates. I have weighty

matters on hand that demand the attention of a gentleman.

He stamped into the lounging room without a glance at his guest. Schuyler started to intercept him, but was pounced on by a none too tender soldier, thrust across the corridor and out into the gathering night.

The expedition was a failure. The envoy's very life was in danger, and he did not breathe freely again until, ten *li* beyond the river, he laid his aching head and trembling limbs on the hard bed of a country inn.

A few days later the American minister, soon after his return from the States, received a polite note from the Tsungli-Yamen that made him tear his hair in rage at the folly of the poor fellow in South Shantung. The Foreign Board wrote of its surprise that the Lan-Shan-Fu representative of the Great Beautiful Land had been one who was so unworthy of the nation of the courteous Washington and Lincoln, and of its keen regret that the prefect utterly refused to treat with any American on the subject of the mining concession. The note also expressed sorrow that the Imperial House did not possess sufficient control over the provinces to be able to compel obedience to its most pacific desires, and concluded with the casual statement that the prefect had been unable to prevent the death in the prison by "suicide" of the two shroffs.

The minister got to work at once. The secretary of legation was heartily granted the leave of absence that he requested, and a letter was written demanding Schuyler's resignation. A cablegram sent to Washington started two additional cruisers north from Hong-Kong, and on a certain day a company of marines from the Dayton was given orders to land on the following morning.

It was during that last night that the minister determined on one final attempt at a peaceful settlement before plunging into war. The nations were not too regardful of China's sovereign rights in those times. Hence, it was not considered a declaration of war when, next day, forty American marines started from Chefoo for the interior. They were designed as a protecting force, for in their midst, borne in an ornate chair by eight coolies, was the new special envoy to the prefect of Lan-Shan-Fu. He was the minister's forlorn hope, young Jack Rogers of the twisted limbs and worse twisted knowledge of the native language.

You may be sure that Jack had his instructions. He had a bookful. Implicitly he followed them, with one exception. Just before reaching the borders of the irascible mandarin's territory, he halted the escort, bade them make camp, and calmly set off in his chair by night, accompanied only by his bearers. Behind him, he left a note absolving the force's commander from all blame in case he should lose his life in the prefectural capital.

Outside the great city, Jack entered an inn and made himself ready for a long stay. Daily he sent out two messengers, one north to the soldiers on the frontier, one south to the ya-men, courteously requesting an interview. Meanwhile, acting on the counsel of his head coolie and with strict attention to what little he knew of Chinese customs, he made friends with the people, and in a few days began even to get in touch with the influential gentry. They gradually came to consider him less a barbarian than they had supposed all white men to be. The ya-men remained silent.

Weeks passed, and the legation grew impatient, but still no word came from the solitary envoy. Finally, losing all patience, the corporation forced the despatch of a messenger from the legation with a letter that peremptorily demanded the envoy's immediate return. At that very juncture, before the man had even started from Peking, the long expected message arrived by special coolie, Jack's first word to headquarters. The dignified minister tore it open, read it, then gave a shout of joy.

"United States Legation, Peking," the note read. "The European conces-

sion is cancelled. A new and more advantageous one was to-day granted to the New York Corporation. Protecting force and envoy start for coast tomorrow."

The war scare was over. The cruisers were sent back to their stations, but not before the cheering sailors had joined in a rousing reception to Jack Rogers on his arrival in Chefoo. Soon after, the successful envoy was furloughed home, where, much to his surprise, he was greeted as a hero. He made good use of his time, too, for when he returned to his post it was as the husband of the New York maiden I was telling you about.

Schuyler? Poor fellow, the experience was too much for his self-respect for a time, and before he got it back he went rather far down. He became, in fact, too deeply committed to several men of shady reputation in business circles ever to regain the good opinion of his father, or even of the father of the girl, the old gentleman's partner. The latter is a man of keen sense of business honor, and he cannot forgive Schuyler some of his more recent doings. The man's own father, indeed, at last gave him a small annuity, and ordered him to keep out of sight.

One still hears of him occasionally, however. As a matter of fact, I just now saw him getting a rather noticeable rebuff from Arthur W. Langland on the Drive over there.

The speaker rose from his chair, threw away his half-burned cigar, bade me a courteous good-bye, and with a slight limp started to walk into the hotel.

I was not quite satisfied. Somehow, the story seemed incomplete. I began wondering over its real meaning, and then—opened my eyes and saw it acted out before me.

As my companion was about to enter the door, Arthur Langland himself stepped out with his friend. When he caught sight of the man in front of him his face brightened, his arm shot out, and he grasped the other's outstretched hand.

"Jack!" he cried. "I'm most mighty glad to see you out here. How are Helen and the children?" Then, without waiting for a reply, he turned to the man at his side.

"Senator," he went on, "let me introduce my son-in-law, John Rogers Welton, American Minister to West China."

THE NEW YEAR

Borne on the wings of the Frost King
From the realm of the Winter Skies,
Proclaimed by the blasts of the North Wind
I come as the Old Year dies.

Knowing and serving no master,
Save Time, and the Godhead on high;
Absolute monarch of Seasons,
Child of the Ages, am I.

Deaf to the pleadings of Mankind,
I pass as the Years before,
Majestically treading my pathway,
And passing—return no more.

ALFRED FRANCIS OGDEN.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

By Carolyn Hunter

AS I STEPPED upon the curb of the old street in San Jose, after years of absence, its name, San Salvador, struck me with a new and intimate meaning. Suddenly the old memories and vague longings of the year and a half I spent in this "garden city" came over me with a rush. As I slowly traced the name, its significance burned itself into my brain. Since, as a girl, I had tripped lightly and thoughtlessly over the old walks, trod by so many before me in the olden time, many changes had taken place, and many changes since those who planted the elms, the willows and pepper trees had traveled the shaded streets. Long ago the soft-footed padres had moved gravely along the avenues where bright-eyed Spanish children and Indians, young and old, hastened at the sound of the Mission bell to listen to their words of wisdom and admonition. San Salvador! I trace thy name again. Though not yet old, experience has been mine. The ecstasy of joy and the poignancy of sorrow have mingled, as have mingled the silver with the darker tresses of my hair. Hope and enthusiasm have taken refuge in the shadows of my life; yet, as the world views life, I view it, pleased with its sunshine, thankful and appreciative of its beauties, resigned to its chastening sorrows, and glad in the gladness of its children—all children of one Father. The palms, the roses, the climbing vines still delight and charm me, but the old romantic dreams of my youth are gone forever.

Lost in reverie, and still touching the magic letters with the patent tip of my boot, suddenly I am brought to consciousness of the present by the passing of a lone rider mounted on a chafing mustang. He dismounted at the farthest corner, and hitched the animal. Something in the air and bearing of the young man was familiar, yet I was positive I had never seen him before. He fascinated me. A stranger to the place he seemed. As he loosened the circingle and lifted the saddle slightly, I studied the man. I waited for a car at my corner, but two cars had passed unheeded.. Finally, as he stood back, glancing a moment at the horse and up the street before leaving, his figure, in its absolute perfection of form and bearing, was facing me. It was a hot day and nearly noon. Under a soft, broad-brimmed hat of tan, his fine head was set squarely upon broad, strong shoulders, the whole figure giving the impression of being half-military, half-expressive of the bold, free life of the prairies and mountains of the West. Wavy, damp brown hair touched his forehead above eyes of gray-blue, themselves partaking of the tawny hue of the desert mingled with the blue of California skies. Tanned, even swarthy, was the face, and the soft brown shirt, open at the throat, displayed a neck and chest the tint of the hazel nut. As he stood, half hesitating, half defiant, the bend of his supple back adding to the graceful curve of head and neck, emphasizing the straight, free limb encased in heavy corduroy, he might have been taken for a champion college oarsman, or a graduate of a military academy, or a disappointed suitor turned cowboy, or the rather youthful overseer of a rubber plantation. Whatever he was, he became an object of the most in-

tense interest to me. The strained and unnatural attention I gave him almost frightened me. I could not account for it, and could not bear the thought of losing sight of him. We had come to the parting of the ways. He moved toward San Carlos street. For a moment I stood spell-bound, suffering intense longing. I must speak to him! If I let him go, I should never see him again. I think that I, a woman long past the heyday of youth, should feel such strong emotion and be on the brink of doing something so unreasonable and desperate, was enough to check me, but I did not reason. I forgot my own existence, and became only the creature of a strange impulse that actually dragged me toward him. To be sure, I thought, he would return for his horse; but the possibility that he might not return appalled me. should I venture or should I wait? A hot flush covered my face. I trembled. My heart for a moment ceased to beat, but the impulse to speak to him overcame fear, shame, everything but the thought of possible loss and consequent blankness and despair.

I quickly crossed the street, and begging pardon for detaining him, asked for a certain address, though knowing it well myself, and feeling quite as sure that he did not know it from a location in Thibet. Saint Salvador! What was I coming to! For an instant his eye met mine, a pleased expression lighted his countenance, the firm but tender mouth smiled, the fine, straight figure became supple, almost reverent, as he lifted his hat. He acknowledged that he also was a stranger seeking an address, that of an uncle, a late resident of the city.

Feeling that I might possibly assist him, and welcoming any straw that would point toward a certain knowledge of him, I asked the name of his uncle. My heart stood still. The name he gave me awakened a flood of tender memories, of long evenings heavy with the fragrance of magnolia and honeysuckle, of plighted love and fond adieux beneath the moonlight and the starlight of semi-tropic skies; of plaintive melodies played upon the ukulele by young Hawaiians, in this southern land, of gay laughter and the freshness and beauty of eternal youth. Then came memories of cruel estrangement, misunderstandings, sobbing, and final parting never to meet again—the old, old story, oft repeated, of buried romance.

How I wished that I had gone on, had stepped clear over the fatal street inscription and stumbled on unheeding, thus saving myself the pain of haunting memories. Yet I longed to know what *his* life had been. He had gone to Mexico, they told me, and had never returned. Yet now he was back in the old, historic town, married, perhaps, and with an interesting family. He had probably become one of the solid and influential citizens of the place. He could never become the victim of poverty and obscurity. He was so masterful, so progressive, so determined.

In a moment, my course was settled. I should very composedly come into the presence of the man that once belonged to me. I should greet him cordially, and introduce his nephew, and then, after a friendly interchange of worldly experiences, I should go my way, entering into life's purposes and plans as others do, and have done, who carry a scar to their graves. Telling the young man that I knew his uncle well, and that I should be only too glad to meet him and introduce so likely and welcome a guest, we sought the home of the uncle together, talking commonplaces on the way, commenting with enthusiasm on the beauty of the valley, the mildness of the climate, and the profusion of nature's gifts responsive to the will and industry of man. Before we had time to talk of more intimate and personal relationships, we arrived at the house. He had, however, informed me that he had never met his uncle, and had not heard of him for several years; that he knew only that he was living in San Jose, but nothing of his circumstances. His father had sent him to his uncle for the purpose of completing his edu-

cation among civilizing influences and surroundings.

After presenting my card, we were ushered into the reception hall of a spacious mansion, but when the owner appeared, hurried and somewhat impatient, at the prospect of being detained, to my dismay I found myself in the presence of an entire stranger, who knew neither myself nor my protege, and, worst of all, while my companion could give a good reason for the intrusion, I could give none whatever. Introducing myself, and acknowledging that I had made a mistake as to the identity of my host, and bidding the young gentleman speak for himself, I extricated myself as well as I could from the entangling mesh of the net I had woven, hoping the young man would not expose my ignorance, even of his existence, less than an hour before. To my amazement, the gentleman was not long in acknowledging the young man as his nephew, and I soon found that his name was Edmund instead of Edward Montgomery. In my nervous haste and anxiety, I had misunderstood the name given me by my Apollo. A feeling of strangeness and desolation came over me, for which I could not account. The young fellow had found his own, but I had not only made myself ridiculous, but must appear in his eyes either as a sad blunderer or an impostor.

Still frankly acknowledging my mistake and congratulating both uncle and nephew on the happy meeting, I was about to withdraw, as gracefully as possible under the circumstances, feeling almost ill at the forlornness of my errand and the strangeness of the attraction I had felt, when my eye chanced to rest momentarily upon a portrait that rooted me to the spot! What could I say? What could I do? The picture was that of my love, long since dead to me, Edward Montgomery just as he looked the day we quarreled —just as I had seen him a hundred times in the dear old days, when he took me to his heart, and I had run my slender white fingers through the wavy brown locks of his hair. All at once the truth dawned upon me, and the meaning of the strange, irresistible attraction. It was the son of Edward Montgomery that held me obedient and responsive. The son of Edward Montgomery my old love, stood before me!

But I had claimed to know the uncle, and made an awkward blunder. Could I claim to know the father now, without appearing doubly ridiculous, perhaps suspected of being an adventuress? No, I could not. With one last look at the boy, really and truly near and dear to me, and with a lump in my throat, I passed on out into the street, to lose him at last forever. Arching over my head, the ancient elms met to form the long aisle of a natural cathedral. The shade was deep, and the soft, cool zephyrs fanned my burning cheeks. Dazed and humbled, I walked on, heeding them not. The incense of flowers, and the twitterings of nature's songsters did not rouse me. At last peace and quiet came to my turbulent spirit, and I walked on and on, murmuring San Salvador, San Salvador, O salve my wounded heart!

The errand that brought me to the old place again having been accomplished, I sailed soon after for my home in the North. Time heals over old wounds often without leaving even a scar, and the almost martial music of youth and enthusiasm lies dormant. Some unusual and unlooked-for experience sometimes touches the old chords, and vibrates in unison with the really unforgotten harmonies, for nothing is ever really forgotten, not a single note that has thrilled the depths of being has been lost, but is carried on even to the throne of the Infinite.

To the well balanced, the cheerful and dutiful, life pours out its compensations in fullest measure, and I was truly glad to reach home again and greet my husband and family. All were there to meet me, except one son who was still at college at Palo Alto, having about half finished his junior year. His sister, her father's pride and

joy, had been his solace and comforter in my absence, as well as a most capable little housekeeper. In fact, her love of responsibility and practical ability had made up for my absence. She so loved to rattle her keys and manage and supervise that I really believe she liked to have me go away occasionally. Though I often gave her full rein, it was not at all like taking responsibility, and the proud curve of her pretty mouth and the maternal care she bestowed on everything, from the supervision of the house from attic to cellar, to that of the weekly wash and the proper feeding of the poultry, was beautiful to see. She was no less fond of society, was very fond of display in a limited way, and though punctilious to a dot, she was withal a charming hostess. To do the ordering, direct the servants and attend the house and garden, was the height of her ambition. Even music, in which she excelled, was but secondary to the high art of housekeeping and homemaking.

As the college vacation approached and Ted was expected, an unusual amount of preparation was manifested. During the three summer months every year, our home was given up to merry-making. Tennis, boating, fishing and hunting, besides a month at the Log House at Sunnyvale on the beautiful Van Duzen river, were all in order. The majestic old Sequoias in noble grandeur shaded many a picnic party. Mountains, wooded to the water's edge, walled the winding river for miles up the canyons, and to follow its windings and watch the deer at evening come daintily down to drink from its cool depths, was a sight for poet and painter, not for the gun of remorseless cruelty. June had come again. Every flower of late spring and summer was at its best. The redwood lily, the scarlet columbine and the tulip graced the knolls and hillsides. Wild blackberries were ripening; huckleberries gave promise of a rich harvest, and their waxen foliage was everywhere. Wild grapevine and salal, with its glossy leaves, lent beauty to wood and bank, while ferns of many varieties waved gracefully over cool, shaded pools, and caressed the mossy stones.

Strawberries were ripe, and busily hulling them into a colander, preparatory to washing them, and heaping a cut-glass dish with the luscious fruit, Ida sat with the dish in her lap.

As the golden head lifted at the sound of approaching footsteps, "Hello, Sis!" rang out a merry voice. "You didn't expect me quite so soon, did you? Well, I found the boat sailed a day earlier, and here we are."

As her brother took her face between his hands and gave her a resounding kiss, he introduced his new chum, his latest and best, as he called him, the chum of a single term, but he hoped for a life time.

Ida lifted her sweet face and started to apologize for not rising under the circumstances, and not extending her hand, stained and discolored with the berries. One glance was sufficient, and like Copperfield's surrender on meeting Dora, the aim of Cupid's dart was quick and sure, and capitulation immediate. In that moment they were as solemnly bound as if the holy words had been said at the altar and the benediction given.

Entering from the porch, I was just in time to witness this tableau, catch the interchange of their awesome glances, for both were really frightened at the lightning stroke that revealed themselves to each other, and to hear the name of the new guest, Edwin Montgomery. No need to introduce him to me. My heart sank, as my son embraced me and presented his chum. No evidence of recognition, however, was in his pleased expression. Whether he recognized me or not, I shall never know. To my great relief, he greeted me as a stranger, as the mother of his new chum should be addressed. He had seemingly forgotten me, perhaps had forgotten the incident of our meeting. Sadly reminiscent as his presence was to me, and feeling a deep affection for him, I was greatly relieved that my family would

never know that which to them would be but a laughable mistake, to me a tragic experience. Besides, no explanations of mine would clear me in the eyes of my husband, whose respect and love I could not bear to lose. Never had I inquired into his past before he met me; never had I divulged the secret of my own. Besides, I had no right to peep into the grave of dead hopes. My punishment had followed fast on the footsteps of curiosity, and I was glad to leave the grave, shaded and flower-decked, in the farthest recesses of my beautiful garden of memory.

If in the delicate perception of Edwin Montgomery, he divined my secret he has most chivalrously and mercifully kept it to himself. The summer was idyllic. If two people ever were intended for each other, he and Ida were. Real happiness on earth is rare, and death cannot part such lovers, nor annihilate such affection. Their children play about my knee, and I see reflected in baby eyes the love unquenchable.

Of course, I learned all about the Montgomerys, and the life of the family in Mexico. I have seen the pictures of his mother and sisters, and know that his father's life has been tolerably happy; that he has prospered on the coffee plantation he owns on the slope of a beautiful mountain there. I do not expect ever to see him. He knows that his blood and mine mingle at last, and that our children are very happy. Though we both know that the machinations of a false friend were successful in changing the whole current of our lives, and that a misunderstanding separated us forever, though we loved each other dearly, we realize that it were better never to meet, never to divulge our sad story to those now near and dear. Fate has conquered at last. She has skipped over a generation to final victory. It has been said, "There is a Divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may." It is the rough-hewing that is in the hands of the Almighty. Can you remember, at some great crisis of your life, how you seemed helpless to decide, and how you were carried away by the current, drifting helplessly upon its tide? Do you remember a time when your hands fell limp and idle at your side at the moment when greater things were expected of you? It is great to have decision and firmness, and the ability to grasp a fleeing opportunity. You believe in this. You admire a man or woman of that kind; but do you remember at least one time in your life when the rough-hewing was done before your eyes and you but a helpless looker-on? The "shaping of the ends" you did. It was all there was left for you to do.

The great plan was in the mind of the Creator "in the beginning." In man's narrow circle he is a free agent. Many things we do apparently of no consequence. They have no bearing on the deeper current of our lives; but in the great things, though many times the result is attained through human agency, even through the will and decision of a human agent, all is in harmony, first or last, with the Divine plan —else existence would be futile and life a farce.



On the Way to the Preacher

By Rebecca Moore

DO YOU MEAN you're giving me away, dad?" Sadie asked, forlornly.

"I'm givin' ye away in marriage," snapped old Jim Banks. "A fine match, too. Sile's got a good place, and he never has no company 'round that you're so 'posed to. You're eighteen years old, and it's time you was married."

"But, dad," protested Sadie, pausing in her work of sweeping the rough floor of their cabin in the logging camp, "I don't like Sile Drawt. He's so old and yellow and wrinkled." As she stood now with one hand on the top of the broom, the other midway, the soft slenderness of her form was apparent. Out of her cotton dress her neck curved into the round chin and faintly pink cheek. "Why, Sile must be forty years old," she said, after a time, as though it had taken her that long to estimate so great an age.

"Lemme tell you, miss, they's too many things you don't like." Jim took his pipe from his mouth and spat on the floor. "You don't like your home, and you don't like my ways, and you don't like when the boys from the camp drop in here. You don't like cussin' and you don't like drinkin'. I'd like to know what you do like. A man can't have no peace in his house, and I'm tired of it. I've wished more'n a hunderd times you'd been a boy."

Sadie had heard the last too often to point out its futility, but she knew her father meant it when he announced that she was to marry Silas Drawt.

"Sile don't want anybody," she argued. "He's too stingy."

Jim chuckled. "He sure is that. In all the times he's been here I've never knowed him to treat once. But he's got his house comfortable and he said he reckoned he might as well have a wife to cook and clean. I sh'd think that would suit you. You're always tearin' round here with your scrubbin' and such foolishness." And Jim spat again on the floor to show his contempt of it all. "Ike Stover is comin' to supper. He's goin' to stop with me while we're gettin' out Black's logs."

Sadie's heart sank. She knew Ike for the coarsest, most drunken of her father's cronies. At Sile's, she would at least be free of that, and could have a clean house, though she did wish she need not have Sile with it, and she sat as far away from him as she could when he took her in his wagon to drive twenty miles to the preacher who should marry them.

They rode three miles in silence. During the fourth, Sile brought out: "Think we're goin' to have an early winter?"

Sadie didn't know—and was too wise to predict.

He put up on the dashboard a wrinkled boot that made Sadie think of his neck. He studied it the course of the next mile.

"Think your dad's goin' to be lonesome without you?"

"No."

The greater part of the following mile passed.

"Think you're goin' to like—to like bein' married?"

No reply whatever.

Sile glanced sideways at the pretty cheek across which the yellow-brown hair was blowing; but the mouth and eyes looked pouting. Sadie was too much of a baby to conceal her feel-

ings. Sile turned away and chewed and slapped the reins. He had never quoted, "if she be not fair to me," but he probably knew what it meant, and he looked relieved when Ed. Daniels—a newcomer in the camp—hailed him for a ride.

The man balanced himself in the rear of the wagon on feet widespread, and let his bold eyes rove over the curve of Sadie's sullen, averted face and fresh young form.

At Lawton's, ten miles from town, they stopped to feed the horses, so Sile explained, and clambered out on the right side of the wagon. Daniels gracefully leaped out on the left, and with an impudent flourish held up his arms to Sadie. She glanced once into the offensively intimate eyes, and then deliberately turned to Sile, who stood awkwardly by, and clumsily offered her one hand. Daniels' black eyes snapped and his cruel mouth boded no good to the giver of the slight.

When an hour later Sadie came out of the cabin, Sile was nowhere in sight and Ed. Daniels was putting the horses to the wagon. He did not look at her but stepped easily about the team. From his top-boots to his back-tilted hat he was a lithe, well-formed animal. Click went the tugs, slip the girth into its buckle, snap the check-rein, lines thrown over to the seat and he came up to Sadie, slender, defenseless, soft-mouthed, the pout gone and instead a growing uneasiness. "All right," he said briskly, and offered to help her in.

Sadie drew back. "Where is Sile?"

Daniels smiled maliciously. "He's gone back. Changed his mind about getting married."

"What are you doing with his team?"

"It's mine now. I bought it—two hundred dollars in good gold. I didn't want these yellow brutes, but I guess I can get back my hundred dollars for them and the wagon." He slapped the near horse, who started skittishly, but at Daniels' low command, stopped and trembled.

"You said two hundred dollars," argued Sadie, after her childish manner.

"But I bought the whole outfit." He smiled again while his eyes enveloped her from head to foot. "Come, girlie. It's time to be moving." And he put a hand on her arm.

The girl made a motion to resist, looked toward the house with its drunken owner, remembered the trembling horse, and then allowed him to help her into the wagon, where she sat a little farther toward the edge of the seat.

Neither had spoken when they came into an open bit of prairie, and there dashed from the far side a panting little cottontail rabbit. It could go no farther, and it crouched in a tuft of grass just ahead of the wagon, gasping, in its eyes deadly fear. Almost instantly the pursuing dog was upon it, and as he buried his fangs in the palpitating throat the little spent thing gave one piteous cry, and that tragedy was over.

When the dog bounded into sight, Sadie had sprung to her feet. In her alarm for the peril of the hunted, she forgot her feelings toward the man, and she put her hand beseechingly on his arm.

"Oh, the poor little thing," she cried.

The man looked into her face where the soft color came and went, right into the tender eyes that now had in them no aversion, and the lust of chase and conquest sprang up in him stronger than in the dog.

With a sudden motion he put the lines between his knees and seized her in his rams. His quick breath was on her face as he bent to the sweet, pitying mouth.

But swift as some small animal, Sadie slipped under his arms, and grasping the whip, gave the yellow ponies a fierce cut. They plunged, as one horse, and tore down the road. Daniels, cursing, snatched the lines, braced his feet against the dashboard and with set teeth threw all his weight on the bits.

On they careened at a frightful rate, the ponies now in a dead run. Sadie, clinging with both hands to her seat,

watched them with fascinating eyes. She noticed even then how the tugs slackened between each leap of the lean bronchos.

Gradually, Daniels' powerful arms were bringing the excited animals under control when they rounded a sudden curve, dashed into a stump, and over the bank went wagon, horses, man and girl.

Fortunately for Sadie, she was on the upper side, and while Daniels struggled to extricate himself from the wreck, she, with the instinct of escape still in her, scrambled up and slipped into the woods; down the road, into a by-path, from that to a faint trail—anyway away from those eyes and that devouring mouth. On she sped for the deepest woods, thinking, even in her flight, that the rabbit had done better to keep—— There was a crashing in the bushes, and in panic terror she knew he was coming her way. Instantly she fell silent, crouching down beside the huckleberry bushes, and holding her very breath. Nearer he came, thrashing here and there. She could hear him panting. Down, down she cowered, one hand on her horribly thumping heart, the other over her eyes. In a moment the tragedy of the helpless animal and the bloodthirsty dog would be re-enacted. She shrunk away from the hand she almost felt on her shoulder. A moment passed, while she heard only the sickening thumps of her heart, and then the crashing retreated—he was going in another direction—the sounds grew fainter and at last all was still.

Cautiously, Sadie arose and made off in the opposite direction. She would try to regain the road and make her way to town. There she surely could find a place to work—not back agains amongst her father's degrading surroundings, nor yet in yellow Sile's house any more than in Ed. Daniels' embrace. Sadie had learned some things since morning. She wasn't the little girl who had climbed into Sile's wagon thinking only of a white kitchen floor and a "front room."

Again there was a crashing in the bushes, and with dull despair she knew her pursuer had stumbled on her path. This time she made no effort to flee. She stood and waited for him.

A broad shoulder parted the dense growth, and she was confronted—not by Ed. Daniels, but by a big young stranger with a rifle over his shoulder. Contrary to his evident murderous intentions, he whistled softly and musically, then stopped and gazed with respectful surprise into the uplifted face of the girl.

Sadie had stood with whitening cheeks until she looked into the merry gray eyes and saw the half-opened, clean, boyish mouth, and then with a wave of color into her face, her eyes sent him a look of relief, of friendliness, of appeal, that went straight to the bottom of his clean, boyish heart.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she breathed.

"Can I help you?" he said, smiling and taking his cap from a head of slightly curled hair.

Sadie, who went in deadly peril, had kept her head, now broke down and wept.

"Oh, don't do that," begged the stranger in a soft, slow voice, yet full of anxiety.

But Sadie had sunk down on a log, and her slight shoulders heaved with deep sobs. She wept not as one in vexation or passing grief; her sobs were those of the helpless who fight against cruel odds.

The young man was keenly distressed. "Now, I wish you wouldn't," he expostulated, sitting beside her. He touched her shaking shoulder timidly, and then colored.

"Don't," he pleaded. "I never knew it hurt so to see a girl cry—a little bit of a thing like you that ought to be taken care of. I'm such a big, hulking thing I don't know what to do. Now, if there was anybody I could fight for you."

"There is," sobbed Sadie.

"Well, then, tell me!" he cried, and courageously raised her bent head. "I never thought such things before, but seems to me I could just live and die in the pleasure of taking care of you. My

name is Benjamin Sylvester Dudley, and I live right over there with the best mother that ever was. Now tell me about it."

Sadie dried her tears, pushed back her hair with two slim hands, and told him all her pitiful little story. When she had finished, Benjamin knew that he wanted to fight, and as blessings as well as troubles sometimes travel in pairs, Ed. Daniels at that moment appeared through the bushes and stood before them.

"Don't let him take me!" Sadie cried, and moved toward her new friend.

Ben placed her back of him, and before he met her one-time purchaser he looked deep into her blue eyes, and a joyous something that Sadie had never known or dreamed of sprang to life in her innocent heart. Ben's gray eyes darkened, and a look went over his face that seemed to change the handsome, big boy into a man. "I'll take care of you," he said solemnly as a vow. Then he turned.

But Daniels, in a rage, had caught that look, and his sneering remark as to Sadie's frequent change of men gave Ben the chance he was aching for. A blow from his powerful arm sprawled Daniels on the ground before the remark was well finished; a rapid succession of the same kind temporarily cured him of cursing, a few extra heavy ones cured him completely of any desire for certain softly curved cheeks, and then reminding Daniels of the one hundred dollars he had paid, he doubled the whole amount of good blows that Ed. might get his money's worth. That finished to his entire satisfaction, Ben rejoined Sadie, whither she had retreated up the road, and his voice was again soft and slow.

"It's too late to go on to the preacher's to-day. You are coming to my mother's house," he said.

GOLD POPPY

Dear gold poppy that I dream of,
On the hills a world away,
Where the blue bay lies below you,
Do you dream of me to-day?

Of my lips that loved you softly,
Kissed your gold and sang of you?
See, I dream above my ledger;
Are you dreaming, poppy, too?

Dear gold poppy, with your sisters,
Romping, swaying, wild and free,
When you close your eyes and slumber,
Poppy, dream of me, of me!

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

MR. DORSEY'S FARM

By J. deQ. Donehoo

FAST SETTLED the darkness; the trail through the red, piney hills, miscalled a road, grew worse and worse. Lovingly did Athanasius O'Reilly linger in the rear with Daphne, and under favorable auspices, as he conceived, continue his unceasing siege of that maiden's heart.

"Oh, answer yes, and make me forever blest, sweet Daphne," he sighed. "It is at such a time as this that I feel in all the depths of my being how dear you are to me, and how gladly I would die, if that were necessary, to protect you."

"Oh, horrors, Ath, please cut it out," was the young lady's rejoinder. "Do, that's a dear, good boy. This is the fifth time to-day, and it's Friday, you know. Haven't we had enough already, without getting engaged, to crown our misfortunes? Isn't it sufficient that the diner was *not* picked up at Little Rock, as it ought to have been, that the train was two hours late when it reached this awful hole, and that that unspeakable washout had to tie us up for all night? I certainly should not have left the cars on this wild goose chase if I had thought that you would keep up this foolishness. I had rather starve, as we have been doing, or subsist on the train boy's wormy apples, imitation figs and impossible candy. Now just look at Billy, there, with mamma; observe how nice he acts. He hardly ever proposes and talks about dying for me; that's the reason I like him so much."

"Billy be blowed," viciously retorted Athanasius.

In a short time, however, the young man rallied from his state of depression, and remarked: "It's funny, isn't it, Daphne, that nobody else on the train had the nerve to come along with us and try to reach that house back in the hills, from which we could see the smoke rising?"

"Maybe it won't turn out to be so funny, after all," the girl replied. "Hasn't it impressed your gigantic intellect as perfectly possible, Ath, that the rest of the passengers happen to know more about this part of Arkansas than we do? It is even conceivable that not one of them has less gray matter in his brain-pan than the Person who Proposed this same trip for us four——"

"Who was, it is only just to remember," interrupted Athanasius, "the rippingest girl that ever left New York for the City of Mexico."

"How can you say that, Ath? It was you who first proposed that we go; you know you did. But, for heaven's sake, don't let us quarrel. That's nearly as bad as proposing and being engaged. But what's that?"

Billy and Mrs. Marston, who were in front, had stopped; and the former was addressing a long, shambling youth who had emerged from the gloom:

"How far is it to the first house up the road, and who lives there? Do you think we could get anything to eat there?"

"I reckon it's long 'bout half a mile up to Old Man Dorsey's," drawled the youth; "and some calls it a mile, and yit othahs two mile and moah. It kindah depends on how the roads is and the way a feller is feelin'. Shoah, yeh all could git somethin' to eat thah, ef yeh could only git thah."

"I don't see any earthly reason why we can't get there," retorted Billy.

"But where are you going? Wouldn't a dollar induce you to show us the way there?"

"Ya-as, I reckon mebbe it mout," was the cautious reply. "I ain't gwine nowhah now; I dun been whah I'se gwine. But I shoah ain't gwine into Old Man Dorsey's lane wid yeh all." The youth grinned, suggestively.

"What's the matter?" asked Billy. "I suppose the old man don't like visitors—won't have them on the place?"

"Oh, yes he does; he's real friendly like but I don't nevah go up thah no moah, leastways at night."

This was all the party could get out of the youth, even by dint of much additional quizzing. They therefore concluded that it was merely a case of some private quarrel existing between him and Mr. Dorsey; so they plodded on with renewed hope.

Their trusty guide finally brought them to a point where an exceedingly rough and hilly lane seemed to join the road. Here he indicated, as marking Old Man Dorsey's dwelling place, a faint glimmer of light which appeared in the distance. Then with the dollar, which Billy had given him, he vanished, chuckling.

Blindly the party floundered into the lane. They had not gotten far before Mrs. Marston exclaimed: "Gracious, what was that?"

A buzzing sound, not unlike that made by the rapid paying out of a fishing reel, assailed their ears from the side of the road.

"Pshaw, it's nothing," Athanasius reassured the party with ostentatious levity of manner. "Probably some species of locust or grasshopper peculiar to these benighted parts."

Yet, even as he spoke, the valiant Athanasius gave evidence of the fact that the sound mentioned made him extremely uncomfortable; and the rest of the party openly confessed to the same feeling.

Not less than a dozen times, now nearer, now farther off, did the same buzzing noise make the night air vibrate. Meanwhile, the party stumbled along over the rough and craggy lane, avoiding as best they could the sources of the mysterious and frightful sounds, in terror that none save the doughty Athanasius labored to conceal.

Great was their relief when at last they reached the house. There a gaunt looking man, holding a kerosene lamp in his hands, appeared at the door and hospitably saluted the party.

"I'm glad to see yer, I'll swan," he protested. "Come right in. How did yeh all git heah? Didn't they pestah yeh all none?"

"Oh, we just took a little walk up here from the railroad," jauntily replied Athanasius, as he shook hands with the old man and proceeded to introduce the rest of the party. "But what should bother us? There is nothing dangerous around these parts, is there? We didn't run across anything unusual except those funny locusts, or whatever they are, that kept buzzing away as we passed. They did make some of us feel kind of creepy, but I jollied the crowd along and kept them from losing their nerve."

"Dog my wild cats!" exclaimed Mr. Dorsey, in his amazement almost dropping the lamp. "Didn't yeh all know about 'em, and didn't any of the varmints hit yeh all?"

"Varmints! What varmints? Oh, what is it? What is it? Tell us quick!" exclaimed Mrs. Marston and Daphne together.

"Rattlesnakes!" Mr. Dorsey ejaculated, with explosive violence.

The ladies shrieked and simultaneously gathered up their skirts. Athanasius visibly paled, and suggested that they immediately depart. But as the quarter in which safety lay was extremely uncertain, Mrs. Marston and Daphne pitifully pleaded with Mr. Dorsey for further particulars.

Billy, however, broke in with the question: "Are we to understand, Mr. Dorsey, that rattlesnakes are so plentiful in this region that they prowl around everywhere at night in this manner?"

Athanasius emitted a groan in anticipation of the answer.

"Oh, Lord, no," rejoined Mr. Dorsey. "It'd shore save me a heap of trouble if they wuz. Fur what with the hatchin' of 'em, and the pullin' of 'em through the first summer, they's wuss than turkeys to raise. Why, we have a lot of young 'uns in the house now that plumb pestah the life outen me and the old woman. Yeh jest can't keep them rattlers outen anything. But come on in yeh all, and set a spell."

"No, no," shrieked both the ladies. "Thank you, sir, but we must be going. Billy, Athanasius, come on."

Then did Billy do his best to calm the fair members of the party, meanwhile trying to extract some additional morsels of information from Mr. Dorsey.

"But rattlesnakes are unusually plentiful on your farm, then, I take it?" he asked. "And I gather that you are even trying to increase their numbers. May I ask the purpose of this?"

"Gash! I thought yeh all knowed befoah ye come heah. Why, this is a rattlesnake farm—that's what I raise —cotten being sorry in these parts and corn no good, owin' to the razor-backs. Some of the puttiest snakes I sells to museums and sich, but most of 'em I renders out for oil, the same bein' good to knock out the rheumatiz, and then I sells the skins and rattles to strangers, 'specially the Yankees that come ovah heah from the railroad, havin' hearn tell of my farm. I reckon I've got nigh onto three thousand of the critters hangin' round these premises."

Renewed screams from the ladies greeted this last bit of information, and Athanasius, under the light of that lamp, looked as sallow as Old Man Dorsey himself. Billy, however, bravely proceeded at once to tackle the problem before the party.

"We've got to get away from here, Mr. Dorsey," he declared firmly, "and mighty quick, too, or those ladies will have hysterics; they have an inborn aversion for rattlesnakes that you, with your familiarity with these creatures, can perhaps scarcely understand. Of course they can't walk back in the darkness down that lane swarming with these reptiles. Haven't you got some kind of a rig in which you could transfer us to the railroad? We'll pay you well for your trouble."

"There ain't narry a beast round the place," replied Mr. Dorsey, "exceptin' my old white mule; and he's shore more than a mile away, back in the piney hills. There wouldn't be no chanst to ketch him this late, pardner."

"Well, couldn't you at any rate, take a lantern and show us the way down to the road?" Billy pleaded. "You could sort of shoo the snakes out of the way, couldn't you?"

"Mighty sorry, young man," was the regretful reply, "but we haven't got no lantern. This lamp'd go out before we got ten feet. And it wouldn't do no good for me to go along with yeh all in the dark. But why won't yeh all come in and stay heah till morning?"

"No, no. Oh, Lord, no! Those snakes that get into everything. Billy, Athanasius! We must leave this place at once." The voices of the ladies sounded as if there were at least a dozen of them.

Just then, Billy, stung by the splendor of a sudden thought, asked: "Have you not at least got some kind of a buggy or light wagon about the place, Mr. Dorsey? If so, we could put the ladies on board, where they'd be out of reach of the snakes, and Athanaisus and I could pull them out of here in a jiffy. I don't think we'd be bitten any more than we were in coming."

Athanasius seemed by no means enthusiastic over this proposition, and started to interpose an objection, but the old man cut short his remarks with an interruption:

"That's the ticket, shore, young man. Therere's my old buckboard. I'll git it in a minute, and I'll git yeh all a bottle of tamarack that'll fix yeh all right, even if them varmints does hit some of yeh."

Mr. Dorsey handed the lamp to his wife, who appeared further back from the door, surrounded by a brood of nearly a dozen tow-headed children,

then he disappeared around the house. Soon he returned, dragging a vehicle as shackly as ever rattled over the hills of Arkansas. Its visible parts had reached the last degree of dilapidation —and its bolts and other iron parts clattered like a shingle mill in a cyclone.

"Just wait a minute," he shouted, as he ploughed through the tow-headed throng in the house, and shortly after reappeared, brandishing a big flask that contanied perhaps a quart of some dark and sparkling liquid. "If so be that any of the varmints should hit yeh all, jest one of yeh all suck the place fust; that won't hurt yeh all none. And then let the feller that's hit jest pull away at this here bottle like hell —pull away till there ain't a smell left in it."

Billy accepted the bottle and cordially thanked Mr. Dorsey, who positively declined any payment for this, or for anything else. Then Mrs. Marston and Daphne climbed into the buckboard with great alacrity; but Athanasius was rather inclined to balk when asked to push, whilst Billy pulled on the shafts.

"What's the use of more than one of us being exposed to the reptiles at a time?" he asked. "More than that, what's the use of any of us inexperienced people fooling around with those snakes? Why couldn't you pull us down to the road, Mr. Dorsey? You certainly know more about them than any of us do. There's a good fellow; won't you help us out? I wouldn't mind coming down with something handsome if you do."

The old man grinned as, in a most exasperating tone he replied: "Afraid, son? Shucks, they hain't gwine to huht yeh all, and if they does, that bottle'll fixe yeh all up in two wags of a calf's tail."

Billy also began to offer a few well chosen remarks anent the position of Athanasius regarding this matter, but the sting of these, and of Mr. Dorsey's observations, was as nothing to what Daphne proceeded to inflict:

"Why, Ath.," that young lady piped up, "didn't you tell me this very night that you would gladly die to protect me? And maybe it isn't as bad as that, after all. It's possible you may get through alive; and even if you do not, you will have saved mamma's life as well as mine. Why, you're getting off remarkably easy, if you could only see it in the right way. Do as Billy tells you."

Thus urged, Athanasius did begin to push, and the things he said were fortunately drowned by the awful clatter of the buckboard. Old Man Dorsey waved his left hand; a cheer went up from Madame Dorsey, and her brood. They were off in the darkness.

The vehicle offered one great advantage for their purpose; all the rattlesnakes in Arkansas couldn't have made themselves heard above its infernal racket, to frighten anybody. And, since the road was down-hill the entire way, the trip could easily be made in one big spurt.

Daphne laughed from the exhilaration of that sonorous and meteoric ride, and even Mrs. Marston, with her skirts tucked closely about her feet, felt more than cheerful. But suddenly, when they were not more than a score of feet from the main road, a fearful cry arose.

"I'm bit, I'm bit," wailed Athanasius. "Oh, Daphne, tell my mother that I died bravely trying to do my duty."

Billy stopped the vehicle as quickly as he could. It had already rolled out upon the main highway.

"Where? Where's the wound?" he panted. "Here's the bottle; drink, man, drink. For God's sake, drink every drop of it."

Athanasius, weak of voice and trembling, utterly collapsed. The first few swallows, however, lent him enough strength to make him capable of showing Billy in the darkness where the reptile had struck him in the calf. The pain was frightful, he moaned; and he told how he was scarcely able to shake off the monster who had fastened his fangs in his quivering flesh.

The two women had by this time

dismounted, and Daphne was sobbing: "Dear old Ath., how could I ever tease him as I did? Billy, you must suck that wound at once, as the old man said. It won't do to let the brave boy die here this way."

Well, Billy did suck the wound. He wouldn't have done it for the whole State of Arkansas; but when Daphne spoke about Ath.'s dying, and when that suffering individual groaned in agony at the word, his friend's sympathies were so worked upon that he would have done anything.

Athanasius had finished the contents of the bottle by the time this interesting operation was completed. He admitted that he now felt much more cheerful.

Billy proposed that the patient should get into the buckboard, and the three of them would then haul him to the railroad as fast as they could, where they would probably find a physician to take charge of the case.

And a good thing it was that they had that vehicle, for by this time Athanasius was certainly unable to walk. A marked change seemed to be taking place in his symptoms. He no longer had any pain; he even once declared that he felt "bully," yet at the same time he complained that things were going around. His limbs had become alarmingly relaxed, and his speech thickened until it became absolutely impossible to understand what he said.

Greatly alarmed by these indications, the trio frantically labored to get to the railroad as soon as possible.

There seemed to be much reason to fear the worst, for indications of delirium, or final collapse on the part of the stricken man, were now audible through the darkness. He had become despondent, and even wept in the depth of his depression. Probably he thought he was dying; for he burst forth in the most melancholy of ditties. And though Daphne tried to cheer him from time to time, with words of hope and encouragement, his replies, when intelligible, were disjointed and often strangely irrelevant.

Heavens, how they toiled, but the lights of the train were now in sight. Three minutes more, and this strange equipage burst upon the astonished gaze of the delayed passengers. By this time, Athanasius certainly was delirious, for he was swaying from one side of the buckboard to the other, meanwhile declaring in a raucous voice that he loved everybody in general, and Daphne in particular. He also indulged in certain side-remarks to the effect that he considered himself the best man in Arkansas.

"For heaven's sake, is there a doctor here?" Daphne frantically called out. "Athanasius is dying—dying of a snake-bite!"

All was at once excitement on board the train. Passengers poured out, and in an instant a stylish-looking young fellow dashed out of one of the sleepers, saying that he was a medical man. He rushed up to the patient, felt his pulse, examined for a moment the wound in the calf, then said something under his breath.

"Oh, doctor, is there any chance that he will recover?" Daphne gulped, her eyes full of tears.

"There is a very encouraging chance that he will, Miss," the physician replied, a broad and very unprofessional grin overspreading his face, "after he has slept off the effects of what I should take to be about half a gallon of forty-rod whisky. Where in the world did he ever get such a souse."

"That has entirely overcome the effects of the rattlesnake bite, then, has it?" asked Daphne. "Oh, how grand. Brave old Ath."

The unprofessional grin broadened. "Snake bite? Nonsense! Nothing but a briar scratch, or something of that kind. This is, Miss, simply a case of plain drunk, with fancy trimmings, and no other complications. Bromo-seltzer in the morning is the only treatment I would suggest."

With an indescribable look upon her face, Daphne tossed her head and flirted into her Pullman, where the rest of the passengers saw her no more. And she and Billy were engaged the next time Athanasius saw her.



SHANGHAI DURING THE REVOLT OF 1913

By

Roger Sprague



THE place was Shanghai. The time, July, 1913. The hour, 9 p. m. on the public park which borders the river bank. A crowd was assembled to listen to the music of the band.

Imagine the occasion—a sultry summer evening in one of the great commercial cities of Eastern Asia, the crowd in the public gardens sitting, promenading, moving to and fro as they enjoyed the fresh air and com-

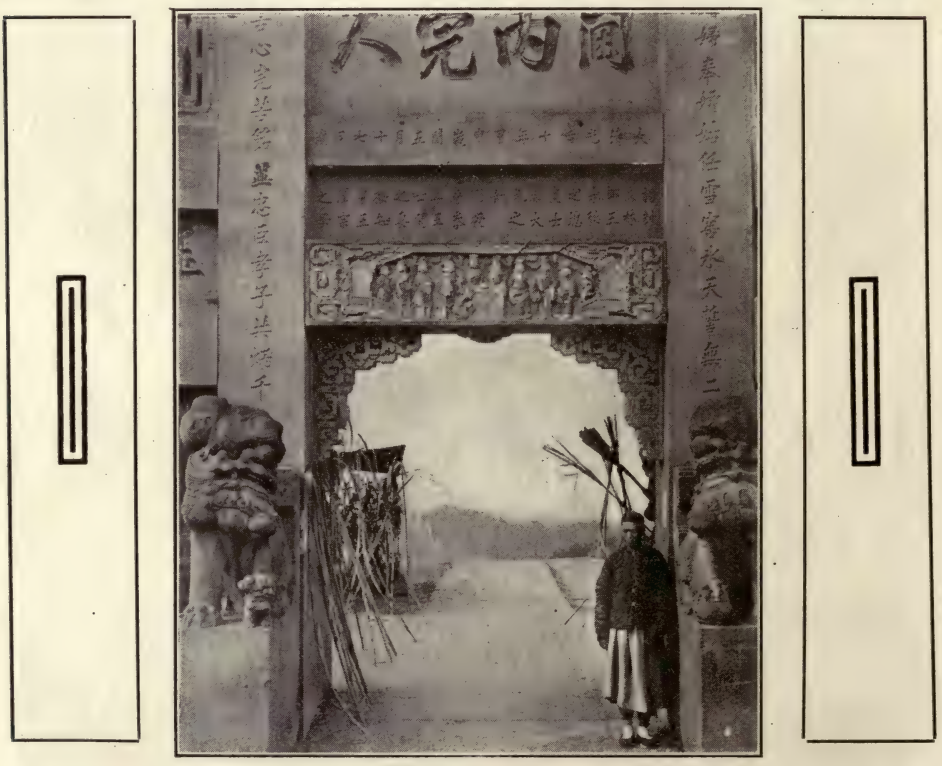


Rebel recruits; these men had never before handled a rifle.

parative coolness of the city's breathing place, a crowd made up of Europeans from the International Settlement.

On one side of that park flows the river. On the opposite side, there rises a spectacular array of banks and hotels and office buildings, for a seaport city in Eastern Asia puts its best foot foremost. Especially is this true of Shanghai, which glories in its bund or river front as the finest in the Far East. The picture the city presents when seen from the river is particularly attractive—the foreground of smooth water possibly crisped by a gentle breeze, the middle ground a green and graceful park, while the background consists of imposing structures which speak of substantial wealth. It was in this narrow strip of park, lying between the river and the commercial quarter, that the band was playing on the evening in question.

Without a minute's warning, cannon were heard booming from a point up stream; shells began to fall in the International Settlement, and presently a shrapnel shell exploded in the very center of the park. A pell-mell flight ensued. When the smoke had cleared away, a little Portuguese boy of nine years was seen lying on the gravel walk. A rescue party returned, and found him desperately wounded. Within a few minutes the scene had shifted from peace to war.



On a Chinese road.

The above was an incident in the recent revolt—a revolt affecting all the lower portion of the Yangtze Valley. Shanghai's previous experience of actual warfare—during the revolution eighteen months before—had been nil. Only the distant echoes of the battle of Hanyang, of the seige of Nanking, of the burning of Hankow had rolled down the river—the citizens read of those stirring events



A striking portal spanning a Chinese highway.

as of other incidents transpiring at a distance. In the immediate vicinity, the change of government was effected without any clash of arms.

But the uprising which took place last summer was engineered in the very province in which Shanghai is located. It was in that city that the murder of the revolutionary leader, Sung, took place—a murder which aroused the central and southern provinces to attempt to throw off their allegiance to Peking. It was widely rumored that the president of the republic, jealous of Sung's popularity, had plotted his assassination. So it came about that in the middle of last July eight provinces declared their independence.

As a consequence, the residents of the International Settlement—as the great commercial city, commonly known as Shanghai, is called—found themselves in the active center of hostilities, for beyond the settlement there lies a native city, and beyond the native city an arsenal. This arsenal, held by fourteen hundred northern troops, was the bone of contention.

In the camps round about were three thousand soldiers, recruited in the Yangtze Valley, and whose sympathies were with the revolt. Half a dozen naval vessels lay in the river—their affiliations doubtful.

The struggle for the arsenal forced the conflict upon the attention of the residents of the International Settlement—a community which has no immediate interest in the changes of government in China, for it stands on ground over which the Chinese do not exercise jurisdiction, and is governed by a council from which Chinese are rigorously excluded. The heavy native population in the settlement lives under European rule.



Driveway, Shanghai.

Active hostilities did not break out at once, for a week was spent in negotiations. The arsenal was subjected to a rapid fire of attempts to persuade the commander to surrender. But

these overtures were repulsed by that daughty warrior in the most positive fashion. And then, early on Wednesday morning, came the first attack.

The assault was led by the "Dare-to-Dies," who had arrived from Nanking the day before, bringing with them several field guns as well as quick-firers; in the course of the engagement, these came into play against the heavier metal of the arsenal.

The plan was to make an attack by land simultaneously from all sides, except of course the side of the river on which the arsenal fronts, for the sake of the docking facilities. But, in case the navy should co-operate in the attack, the defenders would be completely surrounded.

The navy remained loyal to the northern side. When, at one point, the attack was progressing most auspiciously, the defenders being heavily outnumbered, a cruiser came to their rescue. By a heavy shell fire, it scattered the assailants, who fled in the utmost disorder.

Such was the nature of the attack and defense—the southerners advancing from all directions by land, the northerners firing from behind barricades of sandbags and wire entanglements, with which they had surrounded the arsenal, the navy firing from the river whenever matters seemed doubtful, scattering the assault by shells from the big guns. As the attacking forces fought in the open, their losses were heavy, while those of the defenders were trifling.

When the fighting came to a practical cessation towards Wednesday noon, the position of the combatants was such that the southern men formed a great semi-circle around the arsenal, from the river bank above to the river bank below. However, the garrison had not only repulsed the assault, but had captured eight of the southern guns.

Meanwhile, the booming of the big guns had wakened the International Settlement long before daybreak. Shells from the cruisers, skimming



The Bund, Shanghai.



Race Course, Shanghai.

over the heads of the southern troops, had fallen in the French concession.

The Shanghai Volunteers, corresponding to our national guard, were mobilized, for when an outbreak comes in China, looting is always likely to occur. An armed force was necessary to guard the wealthy concessions.

The consequences were hurry, bustle and excitement. Sightseers were moving everywhere—to view the effect of bursting shells on French residences; to crowd to the bund, where they could see nothing, or to embark in sampans and launches for points up stream, where lay the Chinese cruisers. So the day passed.

At 10 p. m that night, hostilities were resumed. Another ineffectual attack, more property destroyed, more ill-directed shells sailing through the sky and falling in the French concession, where one death was reported—that of Mr. Levy's cat—such was the story. Out in the country, in the district held by the rebels, a college building was situated in the very line of the arsenal fire. It is stated that over one hundred shells struck it, probably all shrapnel. Its walls were riddled. Within, there did not appear to have been any destruction of life, but there was a most tremendous destruction of laboratory apparatus—beakers, retorts, condensers, distilling flasks involved in one cataclysmal smash.

Disheartened by two reverses, the rebel troops were only held in place by the expectation of reinforcements. These arrived on Thursday. The new rebel blood thus infused was responsible for a still more vigorous attack on the following night, the forces again selecting the dark for fighting.

The first reinforcement had consisted of twelve hundred Hunan troops. These were sent out to the attack about 10 p. m. At midnight another fifteen hundred arrived, and at 4 a. m. these came into action. About this time, the rebels would appear to have made a furious assault. All along the line their guns opened fire



Shanghai Railway Station and Head Office.

on the arsenal, and for about twenty minutes every piece of ordnance and every rifle in the battle area seemed to be in use. The arsenal troops replied with equal vigor, and then for a time the fury died away.

It was the same old story. Protected by their barricades, the northern soldiers had been able to scatter their assailants, while themselves suffering practically no loss.

A repeat performance followed on Friday. After the engagement, not a solitary soldier could be seen in much of the contested territory. This particular district had been the scene of the most vigorous engagements for the previous three days. Now it was absolutely free from fighting. So secure did the country people feel that bleachers could be seen putting out their clothes on the grass. Obviously, confidence was being regained. The conflict seemed to have burned itself out. And then, after a cessation of two days, there came the incident mentioned at the commencement of this account.

The shell which landed in the public gardens was only one of many. Shrapnel bullets fell freely in the road behind the British Consulate. Two or three shells passed close over the roof of the Palace Hotel, where a large number of people were assembled. Other shells, too numerous to mention, burst in many directions all over the settlement.

The native city was being punished for having harbored the rebels. The missiles above-mentioned were only those which overshot their mark—the old walled city, lying to the south, from which there was a tremendous exodus on the part of the population. Fires broke out, and whole blocks of houses were destroyed. The wonder was that, with the scanty means of

fire-fighting at the disposal of the native brigade the areas destroyed were not greater.

Such was the closing scene in the siege of the arsenal. When daylight came, the besieging force had vanished. Later, it was possible to visit and inspect the svstem of defenses against which the rebel forces had hurled themselves night after night in vain. At the same time, the arsenal did not welcome visitors. Only those with passes could enter, and even they, and they were very few indeed, were subject to constant challenge.

Approach could be made from the river side by launch. On going up stream, past the Chinese cruisers, each launch was subject to sharp scrutiny from every ship—batteries of field glasses were trained upon it from very deck.

From the jetty, the way led along the river front to the extreme west end of the arsenal. Just outside the west gate, deep trenches had been dug, and behind these in earth works were two or three machine guns. The reeds had been cut down for a distance of about three hundred yards around the gate, and this ground was covered with wire entanglements, while away to the right, inland, there could be seen more earthworks, guns, sentries and wire entanglements. The walls of the arsenal buildings were full of loop-holes for firing. This gate was the scene of the third attack, but that was not a heavy assault.

All around to the north gate and on to the riverside, the attack was increasingly heavy, and the defenses could hardly be excelled by the best engineers. In particular, beyond the north gate, there was a series of intrenchments not to be surpassed, with wire entanglements spun one within the other. These entanglements were so cleverly arranged that while the government troops knew their way through them, no stranger could move a yard without being tripped up.

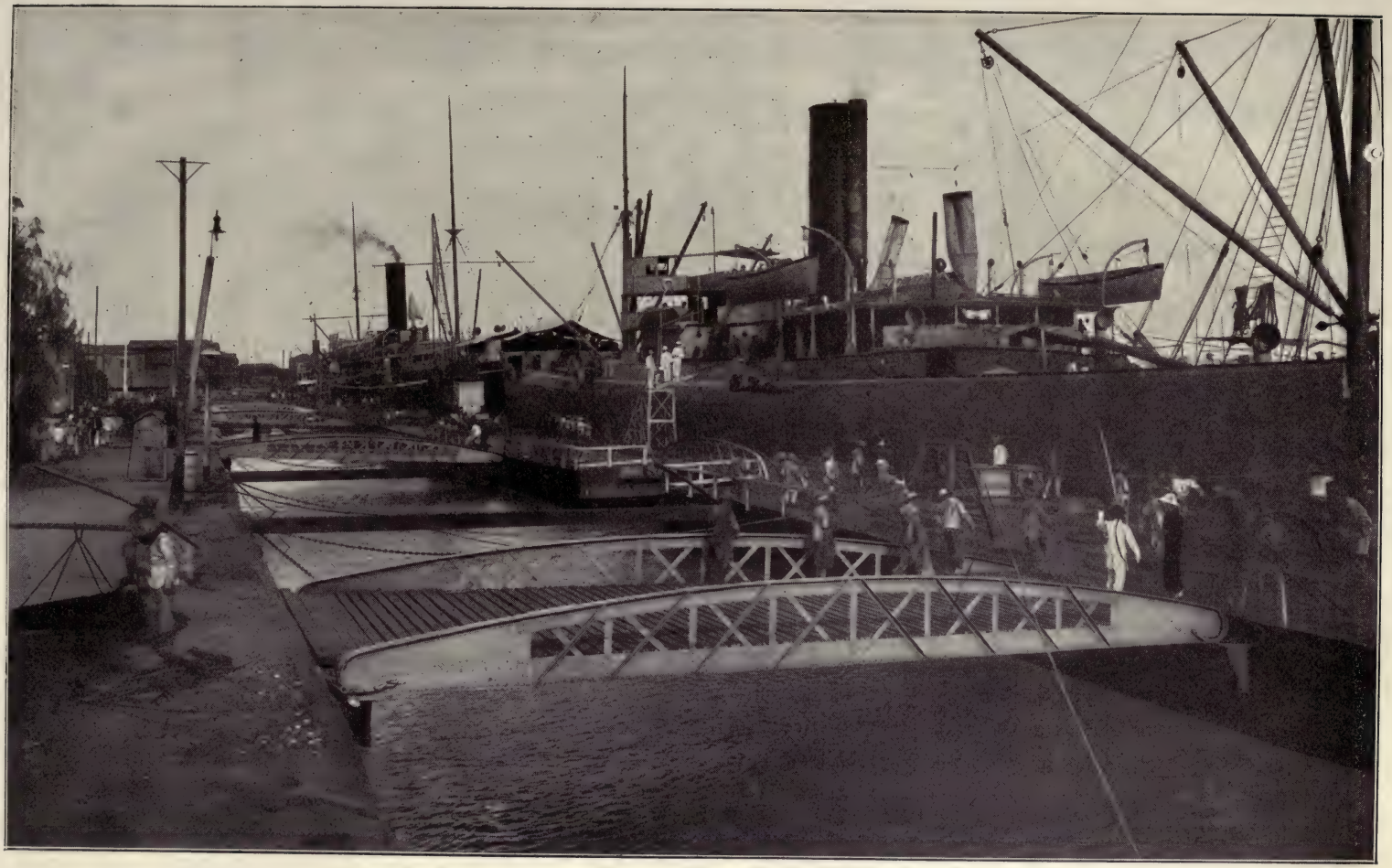
It was clear that the attack was pressed very closely here, and there was no question that it was repelled with very great loss. At the same time, none of the buildings of the arsenal proper appeared to have suffered in any way.

The last desperate attack, which took place on the night the shrapnel fell in the public gardens, had been directed against the main gate and the north gate. The scene of destruction there surpassed description. Outbuildings had been mowed down or riddled with bullets, trees and telegraph poles had been cut away, and yet it has to be recorded that of the defenders not two dozen in all the week's fighting were killed or wounded.

The trenches themselves merit a word of description. They were dug about four feet deep by three wide, while on the outer side there was an additional rampart of closely packed bags of earth. Above, they were shielded by matting, with a low space through which the men might fire, and planks were placed at intervals on which the men stood. The visitor was struck by the curious irregularity of the lines, some curved, some straight, some in huge zig-zags—until he realized that every angle and curve was so disposed as to cover some particular point, and to expose the occupants of the trenches as little as possible.

In many places, there were small encampments behind the earthworks, mat sheds about four feet high, and here the soldiers could be seen cooking, eating and sleeping. They seemed thoroughly comfortable, with good mats to sleep on and an abundance of very excellent food. Pets they had in quantities, kittens innumerable, chickens, dogs, and in one place at the edge of a dock a dozen men were bathing, while a large goose watched them meditatively, one leg tucked up beneath it.

The men were all in the highest spirits, and appeared to be quite at their ease, but discipline was strictly preserved. Men sprang to attention as the visitor passed, and sentinels stood ever on the alert. Although the scene suggested rather a holiday than



China Merchants' Steam Navigation Company's steamers alongside wharves, Whangpoo River, Shanghai.

warfare, the visitor felt that if there were a rebel left to venture another attack, the first sound of a rifle would snap every soldier to his post, as the lights of a large hall spring out at the pressure of an electric button.

The physical superiority of the men called out many comments. A visitor to the encampment summed up his impressions as follows:

"Here were men who bore the stamp of fighters visibly about them. They were smart in person and manner. They moved with the spring and decision which only comes of long discipline. Probably not one was less than twenty-five years of age. Many of them could look back on eight and nine years of service. While they were abundantly merry and genial, they were not at all the kind of men with whom it would be wise to take liberties, especially as they are unusually large and muscular.

"In contrast with them, I recall the figures of a party of rebel soldiers, for the most part mere boys, slouching along the road, no order, no discipline among them, a handful, one would say, of the rawest recruits. Of course, that would not be a fair description of the whole rebel force, which returned again and again with wonderful determination to the attack on those deadly intrenchments.

"But the difference between the two opponents was not only one of so many years' training. It was also a difference of race. On the one side the descendants of fertile lands and a soft climate. On the other, those who, from time immemorial have had to contend with nature for their very existence, and whose bodies have grown hard in the struggle. The sturdy camel drivers of the bleak north had been pitted against the men of the southern rice swamps."

While the fighting in the immediate vicinity of the foreign settlement was at an end, the siege of the Woosung forts—where the stream on which Shanghai stands flows into China's great river, the Yangtze—was still in progress. These forts were held by the rebels, who now had a chance to show their ability as defenders against the northerners as assailants. But the defense was of a very different character. After a few days' bombardment by the navy, the northern troops prepared for an assault. The report runs that the commander of the forts made a proclamation to his men, telling them of the glory they would win if they resisted successfully. The besieging general offered them two hundred thousand Mexican dollars as an inducement to surrender. The men preferred to take the cash and let the credit go. Whether the above be true or false, the fact remains that the forts surrendered.

At the end of August, with the surrender of Nanking, organized armed resistance to the government at Peking came to an end. It was the last sputter of the dying revolt.

* * * *

On the 10th of August, 1913, a long, black steamer, flying the American flag, was lying at anchor off the woosung bar, fifteen miles below Shanghai. The vessel had arrived in the grey of the early morning, and would remain there taking freight until the dusk of evening. Meanwhile, a party of tourists, bound for Hong-Kong, were breaking the monotony of their journey by a trip up the river in the powerful tug or tender which descends to the bar to meet the large steamships.

From the deck of the tender, the tourists watched the picturesque and curious city of Shanghai come into view—that modern commercial metropolis which European and American enterprise have combined to build on the coast of Asia. With its hundreds of rubber-tired rickshas, its thousands of busy wheelbarrows, and its long residential avenues, bordered by lines of delightful shade trees that shelter the sumptuous mansions, the city gave an impression which was at once half-Oriental and half-Occidental. Sitting in rubber-tired rickshas, which gave no sound save that made by the softly padding feet of the

coolies, who draw them, the party drifted through long avenues out to where rises the shrine of the Laughing Buddha. There they watched the worshipers prostrating themselves before the portly idol, while droned the chant of the priest who tapped the drum and waved the lighted punk sticks.

From the temple, they were whirled back to the bund, where stalked the Sikh policemen, made conspicuous by their height, their long black beards, and their scarlet turbans. There they lingered, watching the files of wheelbarrow men and marveling at the weight of their burdens until the last minute came and the party must return to the steamer.

While walking on the bund, one of those tourists had noted a ragged excavation in the lawn of the public park. When descending the river, he mentioned it to their guide, who explained its origin, and told the story of that night of alarms when shrapnel swept the road behind the British Consulate, and shells flew over the Palace Hotel. Before the steamer was reached, he had gone on to give the whole history of Shanghai during the revolt.

His story corresponded to that which we have briefly outlined in this article. As the party prepared to board the steamship one of them said: "Your experience was very exciting, Mr. Guide, but—I prefer peace."

SAITAUA

'Tis a name a king once gave her
 In a far-off tropic isle,
Where the palm trees seem to beckon
 And the moon-beams to beguile;
Tho' the king may lay forgotten,
 Not the Isle-maid and her smile;
'Tis a name the breezes whisper;
 Saitaua—all the while.

Fair Oahu, charm compelling,
 Would enchantment be the same
If the echoes did not murmur
 Saitaua—o'er again?
Would your mountains and your valleys
 Yet retain their ancient fame
If the sea-winds in their passing
 Faintly lisped no gentle name?

Tho' I've wandered, Pearl of Ocean,
 With a pilgrim's traveled shoon,
Yet I'd linger with you longest
 'Neath your tropic, silver moon;
And I feel that through the yeardrift
 I shall ne'er forget the croon
Of the surf and monsoon lisping
 Saitaua—Rose of June.

CASSIUS GRIFFITH.

TRINIDAD CROSS

By Morris De H. Tracy

AN EVENT in history which affected the career of the entire western coast of the United States and one far too often forgotten, was remembered September 9th when a granite cross was erected on Trinidad Head, a menacing promontory on the northern coast of California, to mark the spot where Haceta Bodega, a Spanish navigator, landed and took possession of the surrounding country in the name of King Charles III of Spain. And it was remembered in a lasting way—for all time to come.

June 9, 1775, Bodega, playing the



Inscription:

Carolus III Dei G Hyspanarum Rex, June 9th, 1775.

Replaced by the clubwomen of Humboldt County, on September 9, 1913.

role of explorer and seeker of fortune, passed up the coast and anchored in the little inlet to the leeward of Trinidad Head, now known as Trinidad Bay. With the larger portion of his crew, he landed, and on the highest pinnacle of the great rock and earthen point which towers over the sea, erected a cross, proclaiming the land under the rule and sway of "King Carolus III," and of the Christian faith.

Bodega's cross was a rudely hewn oaken affair, and on it were carved the words "Carolus III, Dei G. Hyspaniarum Rex." With its planting, the country now forming California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico became a part of the domain of King Charles. So it remained until the close of the Mexican War, when it was ceded by Mexico to the United States.

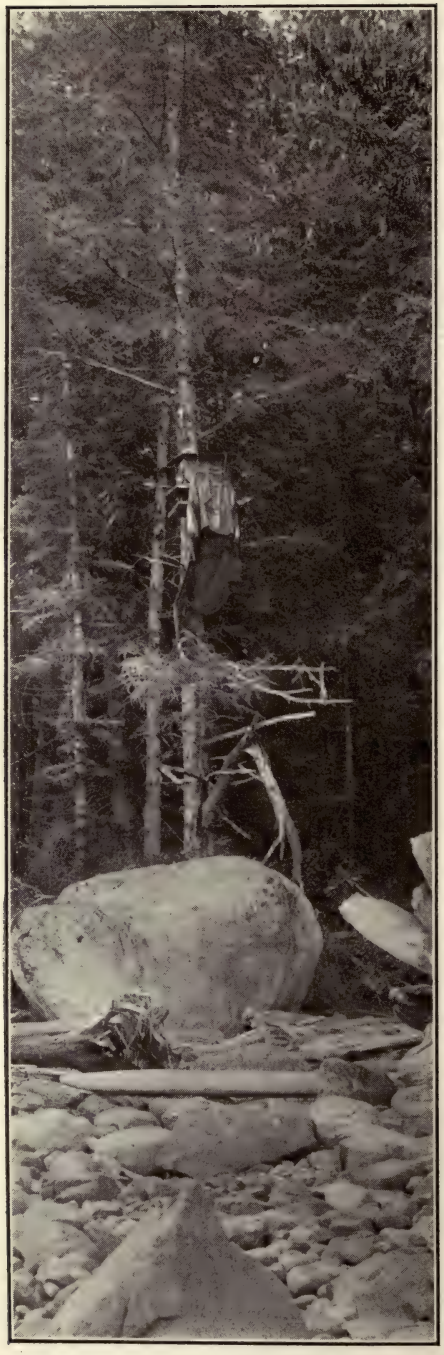
The Oaken cross stood during all the years until about fifteen winters ago, when a storm found it growing weaker and weaker, and finally carried it away. But its location and its inscription were remembered by the older residents of that vicinity, and were kept free from corruption.

A year ago the club women of Humboldt County, California, decided that a spot which really played such a part in history should not be allowed to go through the ages forgotten. A movement was quickly organized, and as a result, on the anniversary of the day on which California was admitted to the union of States, the new and more lasting cross was unveiled. Made of Rockland white granite, it stands four hundred feet above the ocean, looking seaward. For miles around it stands forth against the horizon, and for years to come will be a constant reminder of one of the most romantic phases of American history.

THE CLAVICHORD

You were the master melodist, and I
A long-forgotten clavichord, so still
I had not answered to the music will
Of any less than you. I know not why
You paused to list the yellowed keys' reply
In faltering tones unto your fingers' thrill
Nor why you woke the music that doth fill
My world with harmonies that may not die:
The master you, and I, a thing forgot
Your hands have wakened unto life and love.
Then play, and fear not I will question make
If, dreaming of the chords that rise above
All earthly joy, it will be your will to wake
The mighty overtones by Grief begot.

VIRGINIA CLEAVER BACON.



Grave in high tree, a custom of the Bella Coola Indians, British Columbia.

Remarkable Monuments of the Bella Coola Indians of British Columbia

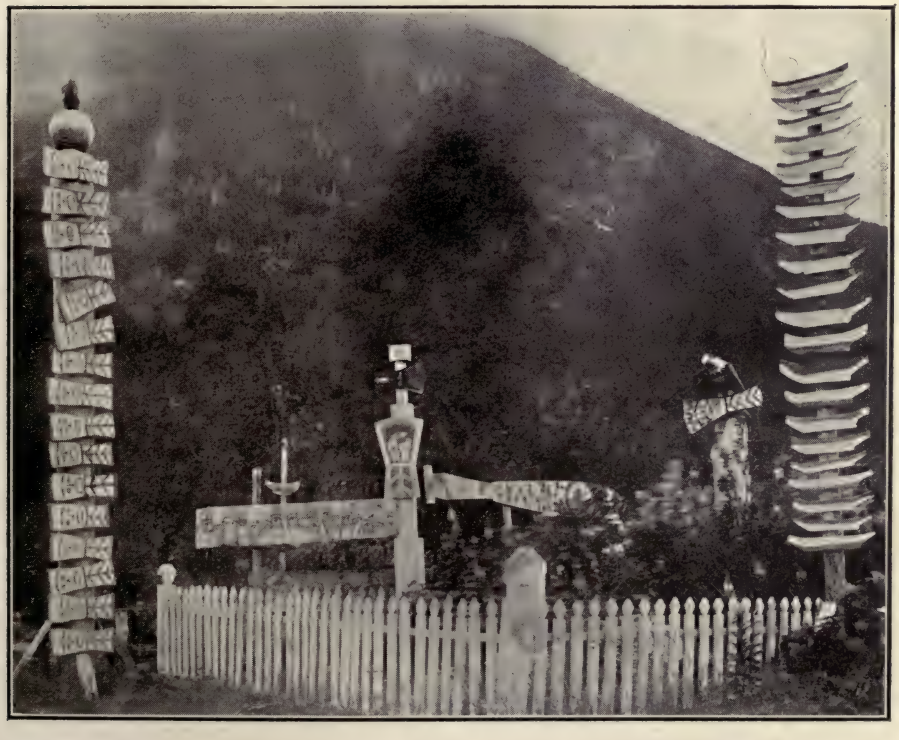
By Lillian E. Zeh

(*With photographs by the author*)

THE curious monuments found in an Indian cemetery of the Bella Coola Indians, British Columbia coasts, invariably excite the curiosity and wonderment of the many tourists who visit that section every summer on their way to see the natural wonders of Alaska. The wooden representations of "coppers" and canoes indicate the wealth and hospitality of the deceased. The canoes are intended to represent his generosity and wealth of having given away many canoefuls of blankets and property of ceremonial feasts. The coppers are pieces of metal of distinctive shape and markings. They are of no great intrinsic value, but when bought and sold among the Indians there is always a gathering and a feast. The Indians value a copper so highly that the white store keeper takes the pieces of metal as credit and advances groceries and dry goods to the Indians for perhaps a whole year until they are able to go to the cannery and earn money. On coming back from the canneries the Indians always redeem their copper securities and again use them, buying and selling them at enhanced values and with special ceremonials.



Grotesque carved totemic posts of Bella Coola Indians.



Native Cemetery, Bella Coola, the wooden representations of "copper" and canoes indicate the hospitality and wealth of the deceased.

In spite of the influence of several other races living and working in their midst the Indians in many ways keep to their old methods of living. For instance, although there there has been a missionary among them for a long time he has not been able to stop burials in tree-tops. The Indians must have practiced this custom very recently, as some of the bodies were doubled up in common cheap trunks which can be bought only in the white man's stores, and are of a sort not made until a few years ago. In the older graves the bodies were placed in boxes made of three pieces of wood split from red cedar. One of the pieces served as the bottom, another as the top and the third was notched and bent around to form the ends and sides of the box. Where the edges of the boards met, they were sewed together with spruce roots. Sometimes the boxes were painted and occasionally both painted and carved with the characteristic animal pictures of the region.

Some of the Indians bury their dead in the Christian cemetery, but even then show remnants of old customs. Near one of the graves a fine bureau stood in the wind and rain. Perhaps it had been owned and highly regarded by the woman interred, or it had been an object she had longed for —and now that she was dead, her relatives were showing the greatness of their grief by sacrificing their most valuable piece of property to the elements.

THE LITTLE NEW HOUSE

O little new house of mine,
Silent, empty and bare,
With your roof to the quiet stars,
In the long years, how shall ye fare?

Shall Life or Death dwell with you?
Or Sorrow mount guard at your door,
A watch-dog old as the world,
Who hath guarded all gates before?

Shall mine own dwell with you to love
you,
My little house, silent and bare,
Or shall strangers chaffer and quibble
With alien step on the stair?

Brand-new from attic to cellar,
Shavings thick on the floor—
Yet as cave and palace and wigwam,
Ye have lived for ages before.

Dark-haired Arabian women
Doomed forever to roam,
Have loved the hanging tent-folds
That meant to them peace—and home.

Father, with may mansions,
Take under thy special care,
This little new house of mine,
Silent, empty and bare.

ALICE WINSTON.



"Half Dome," Court of the Four Seasons.

PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION,

SAN FRANCISCO, 1915.

Photographs Copyrighted, by the Panama-Pacific International Exposition Co.

WHEN the main buildings of the Panama-Pacific Exposition to be held in San Francisco in 1915, are finished, an army of landscape gardeners and workmen will begin setting out upon the grounds and in the courts millions of trees, flowers, palms and rare shrubs; these include innumerable orange trees in fruit and in blossom, bulbs from Holland, giant tree ferns from Australia, rhododendrons from West Virginia and England, banana plants from Central America. Hundreds of thousands of cuttings are being raised in the Exposition greenhouses. The Exposition palaces will be set as in a semi-tropical paradise; in the vast inner courts, wonderful floral effects will lend warmth and color and beauty to the colossal groupings of statuary and huge colonnades and peristyles. Many strange exotic plants will be shown in the great south tropical garden.

As rapidly as the exhibit palaces and their intervening courts are completed, the installation of the groups of sculpture will begin. Sculptural models are now being executed by a number of the world's foremost sculptors, and many of the important pieces of sculpture are being reproduced in the sculptural warehouses upon the Exposition grounds. The sculptural work as a whole will review upon a prodigious scale the effort of four centuries to find a passage between the oceans, and will exalt the spirit of energy which has completed the building of the Panama Canal. Statuary sym-



Colonnade Court of the Four Seasons.

bolical of the Orient and of the Occident, of the explorers of the oceans and effort, and its crowning fame, will be given an imaginative and forceful rendering.

The installation of the world's displays will follow the completion of the exhibit palaces. The preparations for the presentation of exhibits are far advanced. The displays of foreign lands will, it is anticipated, be the most comprehensive and selective ever shown. Of the countries that have accepted the United States' invitation to participate in the Exposition it is probable that the majority of them will be represented upon a more extensive scale than at any universal exposition held outside the boundaries of the participating nation. All but three of the South American countries have extended official acceptance. During his visit to the Exposition site, Dr. Lauro Muller, Brazilian Minister of Foreign Affairs, pledged that the South American Republic would attest its regard for America in the comprehensive display of its resources. The Argentine, now one of the great agricultural countries of the world, will make a wonderful showing. The displays from Europe and the Orient will be especially interesting and instructive. Commercial emissaries from foreign lands will, at the Exposition, arrange for future trade with America and the products of the farms and ranches and factories of the United States will find new and greater markets in foreign lands. Many exhibits will be seen for the first time in America, and will be unloaded directly at the Exposition ferry slips and thence transported by rail into the exhibit palaces. The Exposition company operates its own railway lines.

Great progress has been made in the concessions division. More than six thousand applications for concessions have been received. Of the concessions so far granted, seventy-five, the largest ones, will involve an expendi-



Machinery Hall will be 368x968 feet and will be decorated with more than a mile and a half of ornamental cornices. The architectural design of the building is based upon the Roman arch motif, prototypes of which may be found in the big Roman baths of Hadrian and Caracalla. The interior arrangement consists of three naves of 75 feet in width, 135 feet in height, reaching throughout the length of the building.

ture on their installation of approximately $6,800,000. The concessions will be unusual, not only for their high artistic value and great educational worth, but also for the large outlay required in their presentation. The Santa Fe Railway will present and operate a concession depicting the Grand Canyon of Arizona in all its scenic glory as viewed from an observation car. It will cost something like $350,000, and some of the most notable scenic painters in the United States are engaged upon the canvasses. An expedition has spent several months in the Grand Canyon, but



Part of Education Palace and Court of Palms, looking toward Horticultural Palace.

it will take almost a year to complete the paintings. The work was in charge of Mr. Walter W. Burridge, the famous artist, who died a few weeks ago in Los Angeles. Another concession will be a working model of the Panama Canal, with a capacity of handling two thousand people on a voyage through the canal every twenty minutes; the outlay for this concession is estimated as requiring $250,000.

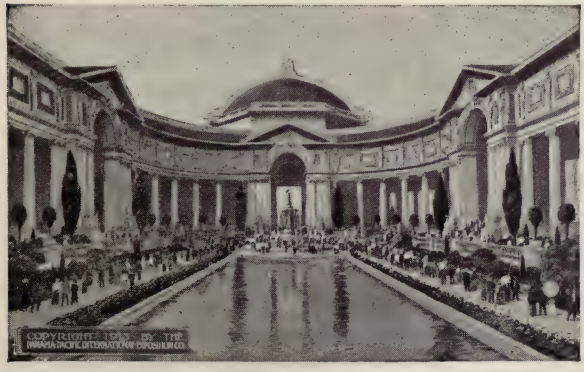
Many notable European concessions will be reproduced. A glimpse of the historic city of Nuremburg, Germany, perhaps the quaintest spot in all Europe, and certainly the only great city of the German Empire that has preserved its medieval aspect, will be



Horticultural Palace will be 630x295 feet, and will be one of the most notable structures of the kind ever built, being composed almost entirely of glass set in the west end of the south garden opposite the Palace of Education, its glittering dome 165 feet high, will be seen as one of the striking features by those who enter the exposition from the tropical south garden.

shown in a replica of the famous market place of old Nuremburg. It will be recalled that the "Iron Maiden," in whose embrace unfortunates in the torture chamber were gathered, first made her grisly appearance in Nuremburg. In this historic city the robber barons of medieval Europe held undisputed sway, and levied toll upon the land. Here, too, Durer, the artist, first brought his genius to the world, and some of his work, the decoration of the municipal chamber of the "Rathhaus," will be reproduced.

Closely allied in rich historical interest to the old Nuremburg concession, which will require an expenditure of $225,000, will be a reproduction of the Trianon at Versailles, built by Louis XIV for Madam de Maintenon. In this concession the paintings of the Versailles gallery will be re-



The west south court of Palms, looking north. From this court, the visitor will pass through the arched portal seen in the center of the picture to the great west court or Court of Four Seasons, whose theme will symbolize the march of the Saxon to the West.



produced, and fifty artists in Paris are now engaged upon the reproduction of the canvasses. The panoramas will depict the historic battles of Napoleon, and, adding verisimilitude to the scene, in the foreground will be seen manikins of Napoleon's famous aides appropriately garbed in the costumes of their rank at the period. Among the more modern concessions will be the "Submarines," in which visitors will dive in submarine boats into a large lagoon in which will be gathered strange fish and marine plants from tropical waters. The boats will run under water on a track, and visitors will view the undersea panorama from the portholes of the boats. An ice hippodrome will provide an area for international skating matches.

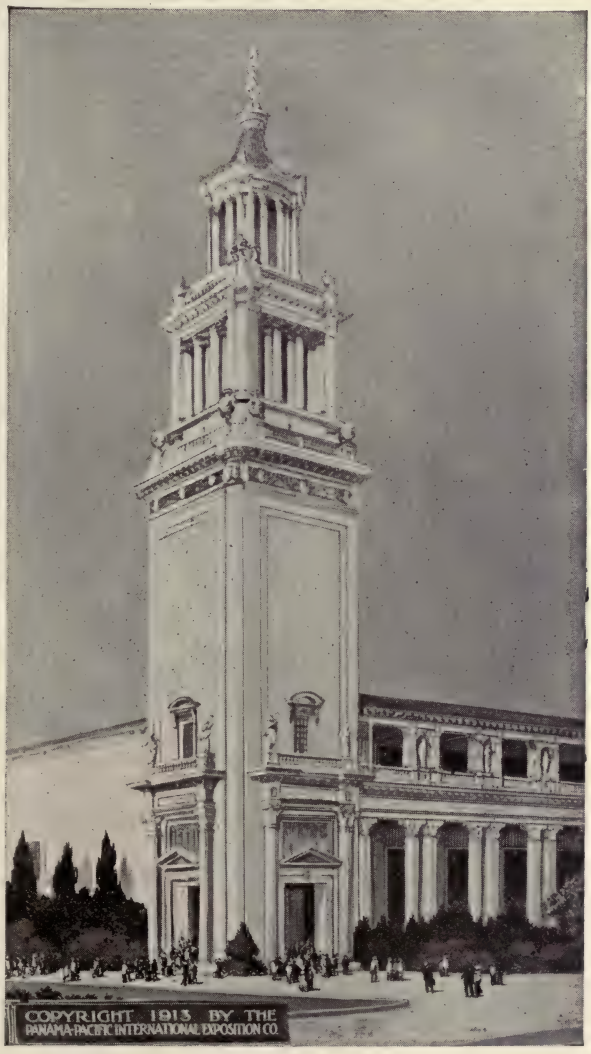
The concessions area will be a long, narrow strip of sixty-five acres. Through its center will run the street of concessions, along which familiar scenes of the Panama Canal will be reproduced; in the center of the district will be a great "Plaza of Wonders," in which will rise the highest flagpole in the world, a giant fir 246 feet in height, five feet in diameter at the base; this enormous pole was donated by the citizens of Astoria, Oregon.

Director Frank Burt, of the Division of Concessions, has offered a prize for the best name for the section. Who can think of a name that like the "Midway" or the "Pike," will catch the crowds everywhere?

While the work of construction, of the adornment of the grounds, and preparing for the installation of displays, and for the presentation of concessions is proceeding on schedule time, the important work of prepar-

Figure ornamenting the Court of Sun and Stars.—There will be 110 of these figures, each 14 feet in height, that will surmount the colonnade encircling the Court of Honor. Each figure will be crowned with a star-studded with jewels which, at night, will glitter with the reflected light from masked batteries of searchlights.

ing for a great international program of events is far advanced. This program or calendar is just as much a part of the celebration as any of the more material features of the Exposition, and it is being undertaken upon a scale that will render the series of events something never to be forgotten by those who participate in or see them. At this time, a year and a few months before the opening of the Exposition, the interest of the foreign nations in the Panama Canal and in the celebration to which they have been invited by the United States to commemorate the undertaking, promises that the greatest international program of the world's history will



The beautiful Italian tower of the Court of Palms, looking towards the Horticultural Building.

take place in 1915. Assuredly more people from different lands will take part than in any friendly gathering ever assembled in the United States. There will be great song festivals, as well as operatic and instrumental music renditions. The sports societies of the world will participate in a sports program that will include all sports from automobile, yacht, motorboat and aeroplane races to athletic contests of all kinds. Detachments of the crack cavalry and infantry of America, Europe, the Orient and South America will vie in feats of strength and skill. It is anticipated that fifty thousand soldiers, both regulars and militia, will be assembled on the grounds during the course of the Exposition. Important conventions and international congresses of all kinds will be held, and 130 great congresses have already decided to meet in San Francisco and its environs during the Exposition year.

An interesting feature of the program will be an international live stock show; as premiums for this event, the Exposition management has set aside $175,000; $225,000 will be offered in prizes for harness races. Work has started on the race track, on the left flank of the Exposition site, and nearest the Golden Gate.

The pavilions of the States of the Union along the Avenue of Commonwealths will be in keeping with the part which each State has played in bearing the cost of the construction of the Panama Canal. The section to be devoted to the foreign nations and to the American States is one of the most attractive parts of the Exposition grounds; paralleling the harbor will be the pavilions of the States, and rising tier upon tier up the slopes of the Presidio military reservation will be the pavilions of the foreign nations. Japan has made thus far the largest appropriations of any foreign country, and will expend $600,000 upon its pavilion, a huge edifice, to be built in the architecture of Nippon, and at the conclusion of the Exposition, to be turned over to the United States, the gift of Japan to America. New York has appropriated the largest sum of any of the commonwealths, and will expend $700,000 upon its pavilion and representation.

IN ARCADY

The wind is blowing low in Arcady,
 In sun-blest Arcady men call the West,
 And purple mist is clinging to the crest,
And stealing down the hollow's depth to me.
O world with pulsing heart of coming spring,
'Tis good to live and love and hear you sing.

And living, loving, hearing, shall I pray
 For deeper joy, for greater love than this,
 Or seek for heaven other than your kiss,
When all the world's athrill to-day, to-day?
O lover of the earth and sky and sea,
'Tis good, 'tis good to dwell in Arcady.

DOROTHY GUNNELL.



The complete flag outfit on an American battleship costs $2,500.

Making Flags for the U. S. Battleships

By Lillian E. Zeh

(*With photographs by the author.*)

FOR MAKING the flags of every land used by the big American battleships to salute and to show the proper naval etiquette and honors when entering foreign ports, the Government has a unique plant. This novel naval flag-making establishment is in the New York navy yard, which is little known to the outside world. To supply the several hundreds of vessels, ranging from the great battleships down to the small submarines and destroyers, with their prescribed quota of bunting, requires a constant manufacture of many thousands of flags. To cut out, sew and complete these, the Navy Department mountains an extensive plant going at full blast all the year round, and employing nearly half a hundred skilled needlewomen and a few men. The flag room is on the third floor of the Bureau of Equipment Building. On entering the large room, the visitor's first impression is a blaze of color. Rolls of bright bunting are heaped up, waiting to be cut, while long lines of electrically driven sewing-machines, with women operators, are reeling off and putting the finishing touches to American and foreign ensigns of many different hues and patterns.

Last year this flag factory cost the goverment $60,000; $45,000 of this



A group of women sewers in the New York navy yard.

amount was for material alone, and $17,000 for labor. The number of flags turned out during the year was 50,000, including 300 distinctive and special kinds. A good idea of the number of flags that must be carried by a single ship can be gathered from a large pole shoulder high and 13 feet long, just finished for the new battleship Wyoming. About one-half of the lot is composed of the foreign flags, encased in thick paper bags. The name of the country is stenciled on the bottom. The remainder, including the flags for ordinary use, signal sets, the international code, etc., are not wrapped, but tied in round bundles and lettered.

The pile contains 250 different flags, the regulation number every ship of our navy has to carry, the material and making of which cost Uncle Sam just $2,500 for each ship. This sum, multiplied by the number of ships in the service, foots up to many thousands. It is necessary to equip them for all forms of ceremonial and official occasions, saluting and signaling, both at home and in foreign waters. With an extensive array of flags stored on board, the ship is prepared to meet all high-rank officials of any nation who may come aboard or into whose waters the vessel may enter while on a cruise, and to observe the proper etiquette. The foreign complement contains three flags, each 25 feet long and 13 feet wide. Certain of these are full of animal shapes, curious designs and marine landscapes. They are, therefore, difficult to make, and require a surprising length of time to finish. This flag manufacturing establishment is under the supervision of Mr. Thos. Maloy, officially termed Master Flagmaker, and Miss Woods, Quarter Woman Flagmaker. Besides critically inspecting the finished output, these officials also test all the bunting. This comes from Lowell, Mass., in lots of several thousand yards at a time. One day a sample lot of bunting is soaked and washed in soap and water. The next day the same process is followed with salt water. It is then exposed to the weather for ten days, thirty hours of which time must be in the bright sun. This is for the color and fading



Measuring and stitching flags on the floor. The President's flag in the background requires the longest time of all flags to make.

test. The last test is for tensile strength. For this test a strip two inches wide of the warp is placed in the machine, and must withstand a pulling strain of 65 pounds, while two inches of the filling must sustain a 45-pound strain.

The flags are cut out from measurements arranged on chalk-mark lines and metal markers on the floor. Large strips and certain designs can be more conveniently stitched in this way. Daily this checkered section of the floor is covered at all hours with several different flags, with the men and women cutters at work. The final sewing is done on the machines by the women. Each machine is swiftly run by a small electric motor. Some of the women excel in sewing on the stars —others are skilled in finishing certain other parts of the flag. Nearly all have been many years in the establishment. The pay runs from $1.20 to $2 a day.

The thousands of white stars used on the flags are cut out by an ingenious machine, especially devised for this purpose, operated by electricity. Only a few years ago the stars were cut out by hand. Now a plunger, fitted with steel knives the shape and size of the star wanted, with a single sown strike, cut out from 50 to 100 stars at a time. Pressing the foot on a pedal operates the machine. Some eight different sizes of stars are used, each having a special cutting die. Running the machine for only an hour a day, furnishes enough stars for several days. Two men sew on the flax raven heading, and the wooden toggs to the finished flags. Afterwards the heading is stamped with the name of the ensign and date of contract. The largest flag made is the United States ensign No. 1, which is 36 feet long by 19 feet wide, and costs $40 to turn out. The President's flag requires the longest time of any to make, as it takes one woman a whole month to finish it. This consists of a blue ground with the coat-of-arms of the United States in the center. The life-

sized eagle, with long, outstretched wings, and other emblems, are all hand-embroidered and involve the most patient work. This flag is made in two sizes, 10 feet by 14 feet, and 3 feet by 5 feet. The embroidery silk used upon this and other designs costs $9 a pound.

The foreign flags are the most showy and difficult to make. This is notably true of the flags of the Central and South American republics, two of the most tedious being those of Salvador and Costa Rica. The former has for a center piece a regular landscape consisting of a belching volcano and a rising sun, set in a varied design of draped banners, cactus branches, cornucopias and a swastika, or symbolic design, in the ground of a rayed diamond, with the date of the independence of the nation inscribed at the top. Costa Rica has two ships in full sail on each side of a dividing chain of mountains rising from the sea, with the morning sun just appearing in the background. The whole is surrounded with draped flags, with staffs surmounted with spears, battle-axes, swords, trumpets, etc. From 100 to 200 different pieces are used in these different ensigns, all of which are patiently sewed on by hand. A separate corps of hand embroiderers do nothing but this kind of work, and it occupies the time of one woman sixteen days to complete the Salvador design. Each ship is entitled to a new supply of flags every three years, although some wear out in less time.

THE BOY WITH A TWINKLE

In the little old red school-house, where you used to spend your time,
When the fishing wasn't tempting, or the swimming not "jest prime,"
Don't you recollect the red-haired boy who sat across the aisle,
Who was always in some mischief, and who took it with a smile
When he got a well-earned licking? Other boys were studious, bright,
And the teacher praised their work, and in their goodness took delight.
Still, you couldn't quite help thinking that the teacher, on the sly,
Liked the boy who had a twinkle in the corner of his eye.

There were boys of all conditions, boys of almost every kind,
Boys who always wore white collars, and whose shoes were always shined;
Who were well-behaved and courteous, most serious and polite,
Whose dress was quite the latest, and whose manners were just right.
And the mothers of the pretty girls approved, complacently,
The steady boys of sterling worth and dogged industry;
But at parties, and at dances, the girls would pass them by,
For the boy who had a twinkle in the corner of his eye.

And in this good old world of ours, I notice it's the same;
For the fellow who can whistle when he's beaten in the game,
And, instead of losing courage, and whining when he's broke,
Without a cent to call his own, can take it as a joke,
He's the chap who makes friends easy, and they all stick to him, too;
And when he's in a hole, they're always glad to pull him through.
For folks just can't help liking, no matter how they try,
The fellow with a twinkle in the corner of his eye.

He's the chap who's going to win out in the marathon of life;
He's the one who's sure to, somehow, get the prettiest, sweetest wife;
Because he has a way with him that to us makes him dear,
Of turning troubles right-about, and always scattering cheer.
Yes, that fellow sure has got things coming his way every time,
And he'll never lack a friend, a job, a square meal, or a dime.
For the old world sort of likes him, though I really can't tell why—
The fellow with a twinkle in the corner of his eye. MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

Man's Fall From Divine Favor

By C. T. Russell, Pastor Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"What is man?"—Psalm 8:4.

WE HAVE chosen for our topic on this occasion what we believe is an important, yea, a vital question of deep interest to all humanity: "What is Man?" This great question the Bible alone answers distinctly and satisfactorily, as we hope we shall be able to demonstrate. The answer of Science to our query is at least in one respect right and in full accord with the Bible. Science tells us that man is an animal of the highest order—genus homo. The Bible agrees with this, and declares man distinctly different from the lower animals, and also distinctly separate from angels and spirit beings. He is terrestrial, "of the earth, earthy" —he is not spiritual, not celestial or heavenly. The earth, not heaven, was made for his home.

The Bible does tell of man's fall from Divine favor and of his Divine condemnation, but his fall was not from a heavenly condition to an earthly condition, but from an earthly condition of perfection to a dying condition of imperfection. The Bible teaches that if man had not sinned, his life would have been everlasting, in earthly perfection, and that his home would have been an earthly Paradise in which he would have enjoyed the blessing and fellowship of his Maker.

The death sentence did not alter or change his nature, but merely forfeited his life and all of his blessings and rights which were dependent upon life. The penalty was not, "To eternal torment shalt thou go, to suffer eternally at the hands of demons," but, "Dying, thou shalt die;" "Thorns and thistles shall the earth bring forth unto thee;" "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread until thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." And of the faithful execution of this Divine penalty against the sinner we are all witnesses.—Genesis 2:17; 3-17, 18.

And Yet How Grand is Man!

As we stood by the ruins of ancient Memphis, where Joseph rose from being a slave to being the Governor, next to King Pharaoh, we were impressed with some of the mighty monuments which persist despite the ravaging hand of time. We said to ourselves, What is man? What a king of earth he is, and has been, notwithstanding his deterioration through sin and the fall! As we noted the sculptures of thirty-five hundred years ago we said, Truly the Bible is right when it declares that God made man in His own image—that to man, the highest earthly creature, the great Creator, Himself a spirit, imparted an impress of His own character and a measure of His own power, so that man really was created a god of earth toward the lower creatures which were put under his care, as his Creator is the God of the universe.

Our admiration for our race and its skill was greatly enhanced as we thus cogitated. The pyramids, and especially the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, near Cairo, impressed us similarly. When we considered the wonderful accomplishments of that long-ago period and reflected that we could scarcely do more to-day with our most improved

machinery, our appreciation of our ancestors was enhanced, and we said, It would be very difficult for many to accept the modern scientific theory that our forefathers but a short time ago were cousins to the ape.

Some of the temples of India and China similarly impressed us. Athens, too, with its museums and ancient structure, similarly said to us, Truly man in his original perfection must have been created in the image of his Maker! Our visits to Rome impressed upon us the fact that although the work of death has progressed in our race, nevertheless, in a measure the decay of the masses has by Divine providence found compensation; for although we have no Michael Angelo to-day, we have legions who are inspired by his example, and who have copied him with wonderful success, so that to-day our treasures of art are not only multitudinous but grand beyond those of any previous day.

The great St. Peter's at Rome is itself a treasury of art such as never before was known in the world, besides which all the great capitals of Europe abound with art galleries which illustrate the power of the human mind and the skill of the human hand in the appreciation and execution of the beautiful. And in this connection we must not forget the similar treasures of our home land, America.

Utilities of Our Day.

But, dear friends, you and I are living in a specially utilitarian age. The skill of humanity has during the last century been turned into a new channel, which is making for us a new world. Instead of the narrow streets and lanes of a century ago, we have broad asphalt avenues and boulevards; instead of ordinary houses of a century ago, our cities are replete with handsome and commodious residences that in comparison are palaces. Beautiful, graceful bridges span our great rivers and serve to consolidate our interests. Wonderful tunnels pierce our mountains and facilitate the movement of luxurious railway coaches. Palatial steamers with regularity connect port with port.

Often of late we have found ourself admiring some of our grand hotels and palatial capitols and engineering feats of bridge work and tunnels, saying to ourselves the while, What is Man? Then we reflect, If man in his fallen condition has learned gradually to accomplish so much, what may we reasonably expect would have been the ultimate capacity of perfect man had not sin entered into the world, and had the experience of centuries been accumulating in many brains! By now, how wonderful a being Father Adam might have been!

Times of Restitution.

Then our mind reverted to the great Creator and the message He has given us in His wonderful Book, the Bible. We remembered the inspired message of consolation, that God looked down in pity on us as a race in our fallen condition and that He planned even before our fall for our recovery as a race from the curse, from sin, from death. We hearkened to St. Peter's words of encouragement respecting the glorious blessings to be ushered in by the great Redeemer when at His second advent He shall take unto Himself His great power and begin His Messianic reign for the blessing, recovery and uplift of our race. We will remind you of His words although you are familiar with them. He said, "Times of refeshing shall come from the presence of the Lord, and He shall send Jesus Christ, who before was preached unto you, whom the heavens must retain until the times of restitution of all things which God hath spoken by the mouth of all His holy prophets since the world began."—Acts 3:19-21.

Ah, God is better than all our fears! During the Dark Ages a terrible nightmare became associated with the glorious gospel of God's love and mercy revealed by Jesus and the Apostles. Under that nightmare we lost sight of

all the glorious promises of the Bible and lost our confidence in God because of the terrible propositions declared to us to be His intentions toward our race. True, all acknowledged the hope that a saintly few would attain an eternal weight of glory on the heavenly plane, but all the remainder except the saintly ones, the elect, were consigned either to a terrible purgatorial fire or to an eternal holocaust of torture. What blasphemies against our God, the God of Grace, we thus unwittingly, undesiringly entertained!

The effect of these teachings in all parts of the world, in every religion, has been to convert man's natural quality of reverence for his Creator into a terrible fear, and this fear has more and more separated us from God and the Bible.

Mankind and the Church.

We are now coming to understand more fully the Bible doctrine of election, and we see it to be not unjust and cruel as it once appeared, but beautiful and blessed, for both elect and non-elect. The Divine Plan was, and still is, a universal plan—a plan granting universal opportunity to Adam and to all his race for a recovery from the penalty of sin—for a recovery from sin and death to all that Father Adam had in the beginning, and which he lost through disobedience, and which Jesus redeemed for him and his race at Calvary, and which all the willing and obedient may have back again at the hands of the Redeemer, if they will, during the period of His Messianic reign.

This is the restitution which St. Peter tells us God spoke "through the mouth of all the holy prophets since the world began." And the blessing will not be merely restitutionary, but indeed all the experiences of the present time with sin and sorrow, pain and death will be blessed, helpful lessons for the future—guards against any repetition of the scenes of disobedience against the Divine regulations made for man's comfort, happiness and everlasting joy.

The work accomplished by our Redeemer at Calvary was merely a preparatory one. His death provided the ransom-price for Father Adam, and hence for all Adam's race who share his condemnation. The work of Divine grace which has progressed since Jesus' death and resurrection is also a preparatory work. During this period of more than eighteen centuries God has been gathering out of the world a special class, willing to pass through specially severe trials and testings of faith and obedience, under the inspiration of certain "exceeding great and precious promises" (2 Peter 1:4)—of a share with Jesus in the Divine nature and glory, honor and immortality.

This selecting work began with natural Israel, and has extended now gradually the world around, gathering from every nation samples and representatives, but all saintly; all in heart, at least, copies of God's dear Son, the Redeemer. With the dawning of the Seventh Great Day—the Day of Christ—this work of electing or selecting a special class of saints to constitute His bride and joint-heirs in the kingdom will be complete. Then will begin the salvation of the world—the reclamation or restitution of the world from sin and death conditions, made possible by the great redemptive work of Calvary.

"Glory in the Highest."

From what we have seen of the Divine provision for man's recovery we grasp the force of the prophetic declaration following the question of our text—"What is man, that Thou art mindful of him—the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" When we think of the greatness of our God, and the littleness of ourselves, even in our best estate, and especially when we think that we are all sinners, we are amazed that our great Creator was mindful of us—mindful of preparing a great plan of salvation—willing to provide for our redemption, and making preparation for the Kingdom which is to bless the race. Can we doubt that He who

has so loved the world while they were yet sinners will bring His plan to a glorious consummation? Can we doubt that He will do all that He has promised, exceeding abundantly more than we could have asked or thought?—Ephesians 3:20.

Do not understand us to say that the Bible teaches a universal salvation of our race to life eternal. No, that would be unreasonable. That would imply Divine coercion of the human will, and such a coercion would be contrary to the teachings of the Scriptures—that man is created in God's image and likeness. An essential feature of the Divine likeness in man is the freedom of his will—his body may be coerced or enslaved, or what not, but the human will is indomitable, like that of man's Creator.

It is evidently not the Divine intention to destroy the human will, but to educate it—to allow it to develop as a will, along the lines of experience, so that it may be voluntarily submitted to the Divine will because of appreciation of the wisdom of all the Divine arrangements, regulations, laws, etc. The Divine proposition, therefore, is that as all mankind shared by heredity the sentence of death which came upon the first man, Adam, so the redemption accomplished by the Second Adam shall be co-extensive with the fall, so that all Adam's race who will do so may return to God and be abundantly pardoned and finally restored to all that was lost in Adam and redeemed at Calvary.—Matthew 18:11-13; Luke 19:10.

And what, you ask, will be the fate of those who willfully, deliberately, persistently, intelligently resist the Divine will and refuse the glorious opportunity of restitution? The Bible answers that all will be on trial for life eternal or for death eternal, and that those who refuse the conditions of heart loyalty and obedience will bring upon themselves afresh the sentence of death. But this second sentence will differ from the first, not in the kind of punishment, but in the duration thereof.

The first or Adamic death God from the first foreordained should be set aside, and from the very beginning He made preparations for the Lamb of God to take away the sins of the world, and to consequently make possible for our race a resurrection from the dead and a further opportunity or trial for everylasting life. Wilful sinners under the light and opportunity of the New Day, when condemned to death, will die no more thoroughly than before, but their death will be a hopeless one; no Redeemer has been apportioned for them and none will be apportioned; no redemption for them will be effected and no resurrection will be granted. As St. Peter declares, they shall perish "like natural brute beasts made to be taken and destroyed."—2 Peter 2:12.

RESIGNATION

If I drank of joy too soon
 And the cup is spent of wine,
Fool were I to taut the moon
 For the folly that was mine!

If I loved you, dear, so well,
 That the world is not the same
With you gone, could I foretell
 Whose the sorrow, whose the blame?

Now I tread the weary mill
 For the wages that are life,
Dreaming dreams that needs fulfill
 All the prizes of the strife. JAMES OWEN TRYON.

BISHOP EDWIN HOLT HUGHES

By W. C. Evans, Superintendent San Francisco District, M. E. C.

ONE of the most interesting personalities in California, whether you meet him in private intercourse, or hear him in public speech, is Edwin Holt Hughes, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and resident Bishop at San Francisco since 1908.

Born forty-seven years ago, at Moundsville, West Virginia, in the humble home of an itinerant Methodist preacher, he was educated in the various schools of that State, as, according to the fortunes of the itineracy, his father was moved from place to place, and later in Iowa, to which State his father was transferred, finally graduating with the highest honors from the Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware, Ohio. Continuing his scholastic career, when but twenty-five years of age, he graduated as First Honor Man from the School of Theology of the Boston University. Thence after four years as pastor of one of the largest churches in New England Methodism, he was appointed to the largest church of his domination in those States. Remaining there for eight years, he was elected as President of De Pauw University, at Greencastle, Indiana, and was in the fifth year of a rapidly increasing popularity when only forty-one years of age he was elected to the Episcopacy by the General Conference of his church at its quadrennial session at Baltimore, Maryland, in May, 1908.

The average observer is apt to lose somewhat of the perspective when judging a public man, because that judgment is so often based upon public appearances, and upon that alone, but the clearest conception of personality and character is gained when one approaches the public by way of the years of preparation passed in the silences of service, rendered in the taxing routine of daily demands, without any of the accompanying cheer or inspiration of public applause.

Bishop Hughes was born an orator, and trained a logician, and in his college career gave early evidence of that peculiar charm of rhetoric that makes him such a prime favorite on the public platform to-day. It is no surprise, therefore, that the record runs that he was winner of the State oratorical contest for the State of Ohio during his graduating year, and that later won the Inter-State contest at Grinnell, Iowa.

However much he excelled in the pulpit, which was true even in his earliest pastorate, he was markedly successful as a pastor. Unfortunately for their largest success, there are many of the members of the ministerial calling to-day who think that to be a good preacher one cannot be a great pastor. No more insidious fallacy was ever born of laziness. This is the testimony of the really great preachers of all history. Beecher, Cuyler, Hall, Phillips Brooks, Simpson, Babcock, Jefferson, Jowett were or are, all great pastors. So also we write the subject of this sketch. So true is this that men and women, wherever he has been, delight to remember him as a preacher of rare gifts, but they bear him in their hearts as the man who was the first to ring their doorbells when they were in sorrow; the constant caller in days of sickness and suffering; the careful counsellor in days of doubt or difficulty; the tender shepherd in hours of temptation, until a secular newspaper, in a city of one of his former pasto-

rates, and five years after his departure from that city, said of him, "He seemed more like the good shepherd of all Malden, than the pastor of the Center Church." It was the privilege of the writer to stand at his side in a receiving line, and hear the greetings of former parishioners. They were the voicings of love for a brother and dearest friend.

Called from the pastorate to the presidency of one of the largest schools of his denomination, he was yet the tireless and sympathetic worker, devoting "himself to the new tasks with skill, tact, shrewdness and sleepless energy," watchful of every detail; conspicuously successful in counsel to the student body; while eminently justifying his election as president by fulfilling the unwritten law of De Pauw that its president must be a man greatly gifted in public speech. He quickly, and with rare skill, won the enthusiastic support of the alumni, "which for some reason had been for years rather alienated from their alma mater." His ability as an educator was rapidly recognized by appointment as a member of the State Board of Education, and by his election as president of the Indiana State Teachers' Association, and when in 1904 he was chosen as a trustee of the Carnegie Foundation, from which he resigned on his election to the Episcopacy in 1908.

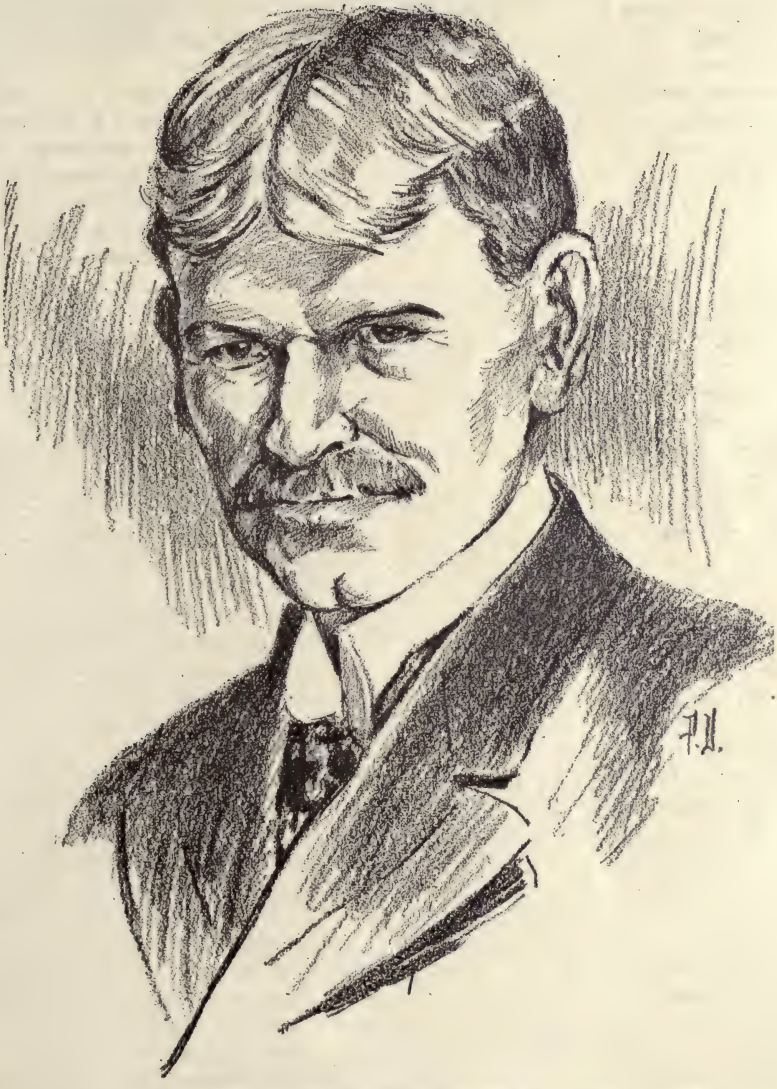
But Bishop Hughes, on the public side, is preeminently a preacher. While one of the most attractive speakers on the lecture platform, or before gatherings of various kinds, where he always has a new and particularly appropriate message for the occasion, it is as a preacher that he will be remembered in the history of his times. Have others particular intellectual power? He also treads fearlessly the same heights of technical and scientific knowledge. Have others the peculiar power of sympathetic interpretation of life's deepest problems? He too sounds the same limitless depths of human experience. Have others that rare gift of language in which they suitably clothe their appeals? He also uses language as a great General uses soldiers; skillfully choosing words, using none but will contribute to clearness of speech, he marshalls them with such mastery as to sweep his hearers irresistibly with him as he reaches compelling conclusion. So markedly is thus true that one of the publications of his denomination says, "he is now the greatest preacher in his church;" and from "Brass Tacks," the University of California student paper, we quote the following concerning a series of addresses delivered before the student body: "No man has more quickly and completely won the heart of the entire University, and no man deserves keener listeners. His messages leave a life-lasting impress."

Champion of the "common people" who hear him gladly, he is the welcome preacher to scholars of his day. Frequently at Stanford University and at the University of California he has, for the past two years, been chosen as resident preacher, for two weeks, at Harvard University.

He is profoundly religious in nature, exceedingly practical in his application of religion to the problems of everyday living, and thoroughly progressive in thought. He is very positive in his sympathy toward every student who would explore the newest avenues open to ripest scholarship, while he is likewise tremendously positive in his personal faith in the fundamental truths of revealed religion, but he has positively no sympathy whatever with those who preach, or teach any negation of the fundamentals of the Christian faith.

If now we are to ask: "What is the explanation of such appreciation? What manner of man is this?" the answer must be, "It is not in outward seeming, but in inward charm."

Some newspaper writers, with that easy familiarity, so well known to all public men, in attempted description of characteristics, often choose certain points which they magnify by way of emphasis, in discussing them. Some years since, the writer was one of a large company spending some days in



Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes.

one of the larger cities of the great Northwest. One of the late bishops of the church was among the number. Local church pulpits were to be filled by the many visiting clergymen on the Sabbath day.

A local paper spoke of one of the appointments thus: "The biggest bishop will preach in the smallest church!" It served to attract attention, which was what the reporter desired. Had the same writer been referring to the subject of this sketch, he would probably have said: "The smallest bishop will preach in the biggest church!" On the occasion of Bishop Hughes' presidency of one of the conferences in the same region, the local paper characterized him as "the homeliest man in Methodism." That morning as he took his place to preside at the session of the conference, the grinning faces told him that the description in the paper was uppermost in the minds of the members of the conference, and he said: "I see that the brethren have been reading the morning paper," to be greeted with a perfect gale of laughter, in which he heartily joined; then continuing, he said: "I am reliably informed that nearly every member of the conference has this morning been addressed as Bishop Hughes!" He has a saving grace of humor which is equal to every emergency, and like Lincoln, to whom he has been favorably compared, wit, humor and pathos are exquisitely blended in his speech in public and in private life. "When you go to hear him," says one, "take your handkerchief, for if you are not shedding tears of laughter, you will be shedding tears of sympathy," or your very soul may be writhing under the lash of his scathing scorn, as he denounces some outstanding hypocrisy of everyday life. He is a good story teller, and apparently has a never failing supply, and frequently uses one to prepare the way for skillful thrust at some current fallacy. On one occasion, speaking of the bugaboo of "higher criticism" as pictured by some anxious champions of orthodoxy who always interpreted "my doxy" as "orthodoxy," he was reminded of the ancient couple who visited the circus for the first time, "just to see the animals," and who after going the rounds, found themselves viewing the giraffe. After looking him over very carefully and critically, comparing his elongated forelegs with the rather short ones behind, viewing the long, lanky neck, the old gentleman impressively said: "Mandy, there ain't no such animal as that!"

His domestic life is beautiful. Happily married to Miss Isabel Ebbert, at Atlanta, Georgia, in 1892, eight children have been born to them, six of whom are yet living here. Compelling admiration abroad, he is adored in the home. Showing rare insight and sympathy in public, even more so is it true of the domestic circle. Tasks for greatest brain are unhesitatingly set aside for the moment when little "man" or "lady" unerringly hunts "daddy" for sympathy in moment of childish grief. Prayers regulated in length and language to the limits of childish patience and understanding, transform the dining room into place of sacrament, and lift children and adults into the upper realms of devotion where human spirit with divine doth meet. A limitless lover of his home and family; loyal in his friendships to surpassing degree; true to his convictions as the needle to the star; to hear him is an intellectual treat; to know him is a delight; to possess his friendship is a great joy; to have his love beyond words, for in the words of one of the ex-Governors of Indiana: "No one can do him full justice in speaking of him," and so this scribe lays down his pen, conscious that he has attempted the impossible in essaying description of Edwin Holt Hughes, who at thirty-five was chosen as president of a great university; at forty was in the front rank of educators; at forty-one was elected Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church; at forty-seven stands in the foremost rank as administrator, counsellor, scholar, preacher, in the church of his father, and of his own choice.



"A Traveler at Forty," by Theodore Dreiser, author of "Sister Carrie," "Jennie Gerhardt," "The Financier," etc. Illustrated by W. Glackens.

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The book is, of course, in the first person; and as he made the trip largely in the company of two well-known men, a litterateur and an Irish knight, a patron of art, the book takes a sort of narrative form of distinct human interest. Three men more diverse in personality would be hard to imagine, and their experiences, romantic and otherwise, in London, Paris, the Riviera, and elsewhere, have that fascination that comes only with an intimate writing of personal observations.

Sixteen full page illustrations by Glaekens. Tall 8vo, 350 pages. Price, $1.80 net, postage 14 cents. Published by The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

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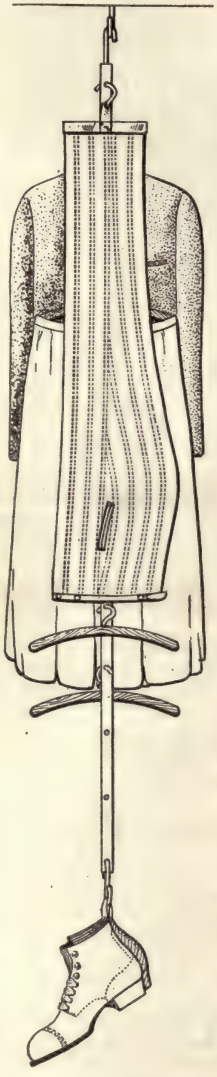
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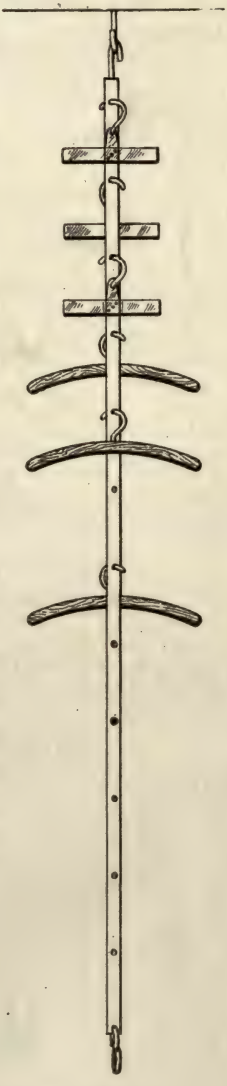
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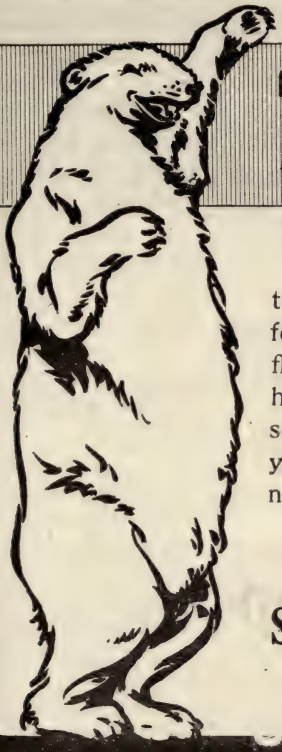
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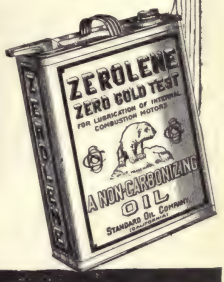
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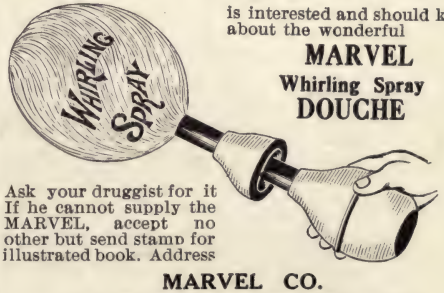
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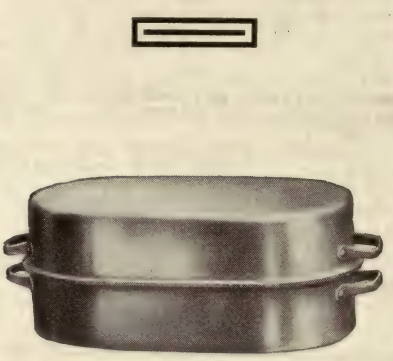
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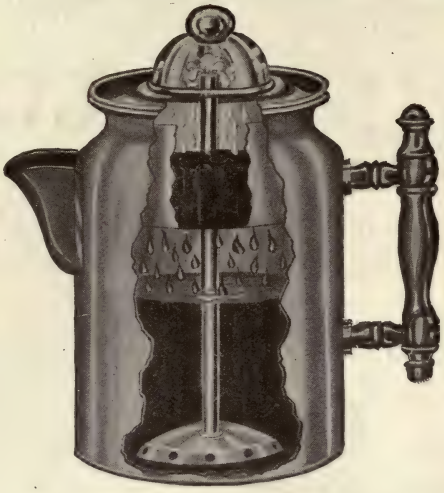
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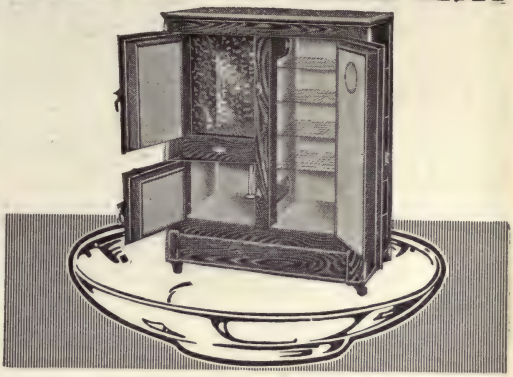


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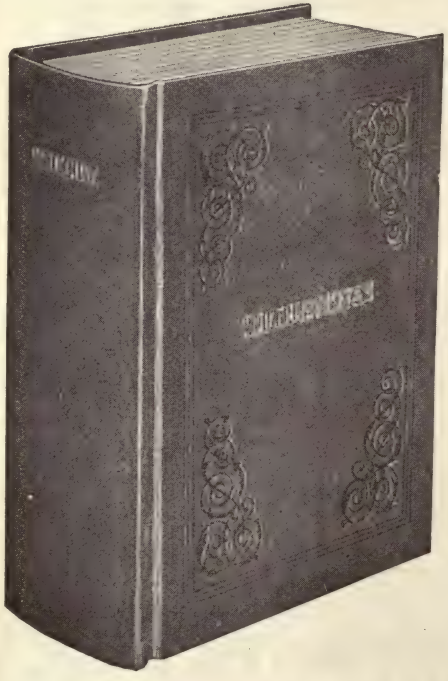
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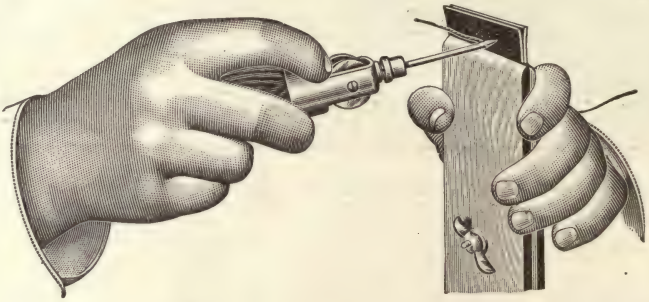
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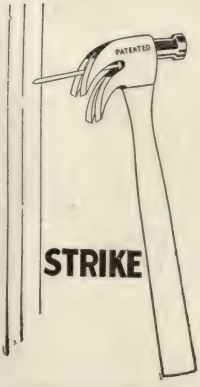
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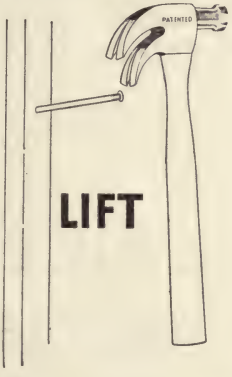
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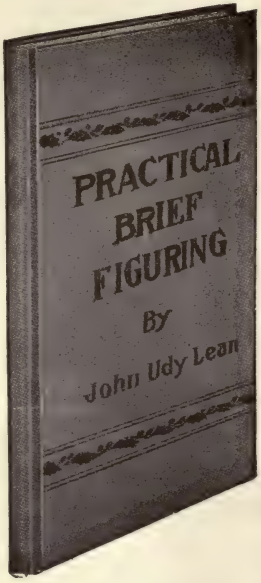
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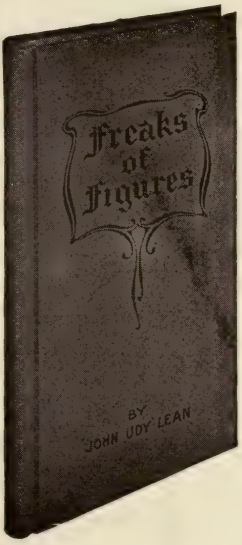


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California and The City by The Sea

By Elizabeth Vore

Oh favored land thy face is toward the sun!
 Thy feet are planted on the wave kissed sand,
While yet thy fair career was but begun,
 Thou wert indeed, to us, the promised land.
Swing wide the gates that guard thy flower-gemmed
 shores,
 And stretch thy welcoming hands to other climes---
From out the crucial test of fire and pain,
 O city of the hills, ring out thy silvery chimes!
Unfurl thy flags! thine is the victor's palm!
 Arise, with voice of song, and proudly stand---
It is thy hour of triumph---don thy crown!
 And be to all the world, the promised land!



Joaquin Miller. From a sketch made several years ago.

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Joaquin Miller and wife. His room and the bed in which he died.

JOAQUIN MILLER, POET

AN APPRECIATION

By Marian Taylor

We find these words in Joaquin Miller's poem entitled "Finale"—

"Ah, me! I mind me long agone,
Once on a savage snow-bound height,
We pigmies pierced a King. Upon
His bare and upreared breast till night
We rained red arrows and we rained
Hot lead. Then up the steps and slow
He passed; yet ever still disdained
To strike, or even look below.
We found him, high above the clouds next morn,
And dead, in all his silent, splendid scorn.



Juanita, daughter of Joaquin Miller.

"So leave me, as the edge of night
Comes on a little time to pass
Or pray. For steep the stony height
And torn by storm, and bare of grass
Or blossom. And when I lie dead,
Oh, do not drag me down once more.
For Jesus' sake let my poor head
Lie pillowed with these stones. My store
Of wealth is these. I earned them. Let me keep
Still on alone, on mine own star-lit steep."

How true it is that history repeats itself! In life, pigmies oft-times pierced the kingly poet who "ever disdained to strike back or look below." And even in death he is not free from the criticism that carps because his ashes rest on his "own star-lit steep," pillowed on the stones he loved so well, his "store of wealth." If only those who cavil would stop to pray, as he pleads in the poem, then would understanding come to the soul.

We have heard it said that the burning of the ashes of the poet was a heathenish ceremony, but it all lies in the point of view taken. Personally, the thought of being put in a grave was abhorrent to him, and he was opposed to the wasteful expenditure of an elaborate funeral. To quote him:

"Poor old women are often down on their knees scrubbing to pay monstrous ghouls for tawdry funerals, while the wishes of Dickens, Hugo and the like great men are ignored: people catering to the dead in their grave rather than to the living God over all." Could Joaquin Miller have had his way, funerals would be in the hands of the State; rich and poor alike having choice only as to the kind, not the price of their burial. In what we might call his last will and testament, we find reference again to the disposition of his remains:

"But storied lands or stormy deeps,
I will my ashes to my steeps—
I will my steeps, green cross, red rose,
To those who love the beautiful—
Come learn to be of those."

The twenty-fifth of May was a superb day. The glory of the spring-tide upon the land: the fields were studded with innumerable wild flowers, richest of them all the golden poppy, the famous copa de oro about which the poet wrote:

"The gold that knows no miser's hold,
The gold that banks not in the town,
But careless, laughing, freely spills
Its hoard far up the happy hills—
Far up, far down, at every turn—
What beggar hath not gold to burn?"

Never had we seen so many people on the road that leads to Redwood Peak, popular though it is with health-seekers on the first day of the week. Many had crossed the bay; some had traveled from greater distances to be present, and The Hights, being far removed from any restaurant, lunch-baskets were much in evidence. Our destination reached, we scattered, some of us to call on the widow and



Latest bust of the poet executed since his death from a seven years' life study of him, recently on exhibition for the first time at the Hotel Oakland. The artist and her husband are shown with it.

daughter of the poet, others to wander over the hills till service time. The exercises—in compliance with the poet's wish—were conducted by the Bohemian Club, of which he was a charter member, its splendid chorus of picked voices supplying the music. The brilliant sun shining down on matchless scenery, the surging crowd of people, hushed and expectant, all eyes riveted on the square stone funeral pyre—erected by the poet himself—upon the steps of which tributes of flowers were laid, and upon the top of which the fagots were ready for the torch; the waving trees reaching out, as it were, loving arms to the spirit of him who loved them—all combined to make it a never to be forgotten sight. The speakers included Charles B. Field, President of the club; Prof. Wm. Dallam Armes, University of California; Richard Hotaling, who read a poem by Ina Coolbrith, friend of the poet's earlier years, and Colonel John P. Irish, for thirty years his closest friend and confidant, who, in brief but choice language, touched the chord of feeling in every heart. On him was bestowed the honor of taking the ashes from the ceremonial urn and scattering them on the fagots. Then to the tender words of the chorus, "Good-bye, Joaquin Good-night," he added the lighted torch, and the flames leaped forth with a mighty bound like a spirit loosed from the tomb. There was a stirring of the people, like the rustle of many leaves, and eyes became wet with a sudden rush of tears, not altogether of sorrow, but mingled with thanksgiving for the man of genius who had left imperishable words behind him. A message calculated to lift men and women God-ward! Peculiar interest attached to the setting of the poet's "Goodbye, Goodnight!" it having been written as a farewell to Bret Harte, his friend of former days.

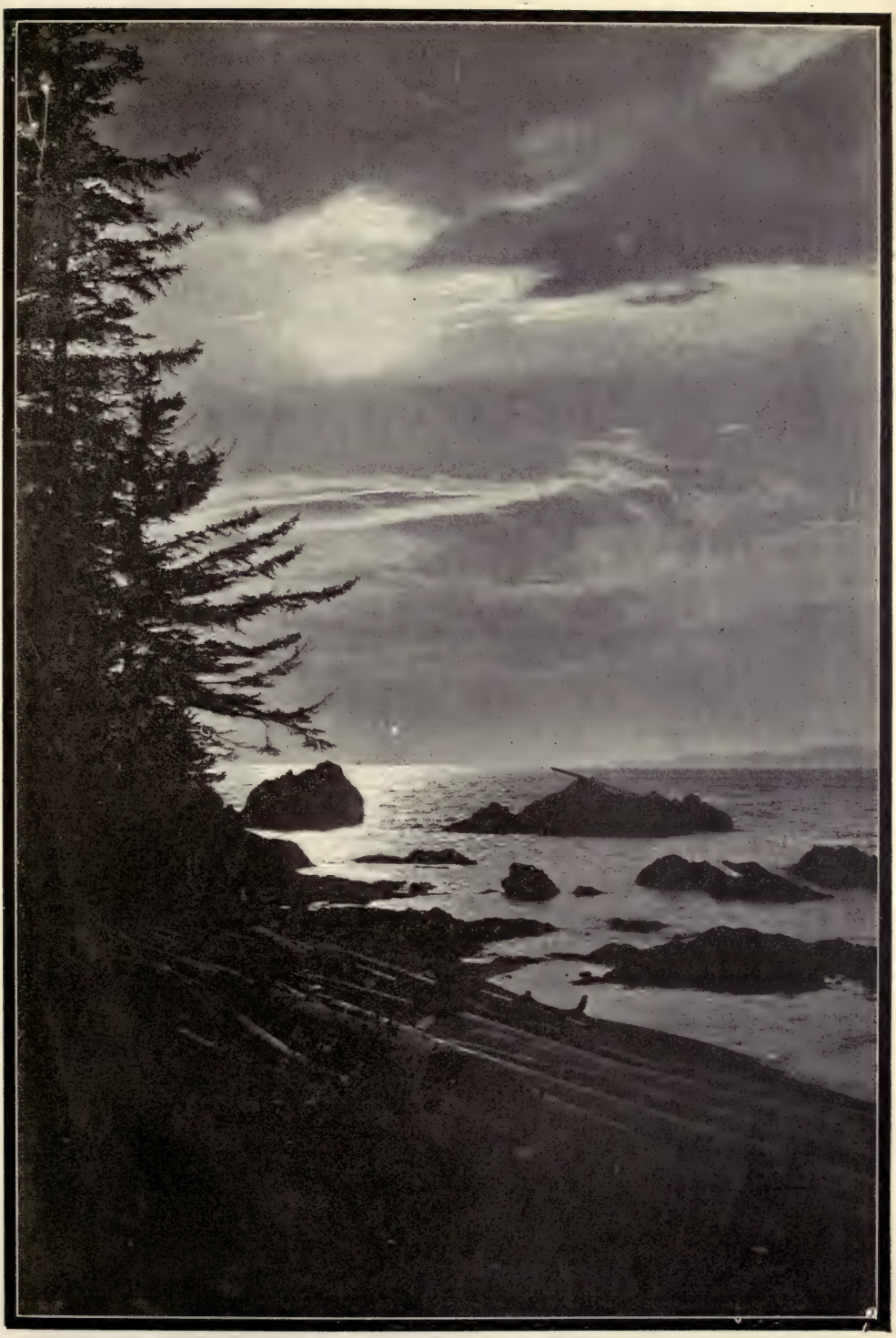
The poet was so universally known as Joaquin Miller that the question naturally arises as to the origin of a name so dissimilar to his baptismal one of Cincinnatus Heine. The answer is very simple—it was the outgrowth of his love of daring and romance, and he adopted it from the title page of his second book of poems. This led to a great deal of misconstruction, unfortunately, as people confused him with the Mexican bandit of whom he wrote; whereas, although a high spirited and venturesome man, never at any time did he have tendencies in such a direction.

His father was a Scotch Quaker, his mother of Pennsylvania Dutch origin. He was born in Union County, Indiana, and when he was about ten years old, the family worked its way across the mountains to the Pacific Coast, eventually settling in Oregon, where the father later died through an accident.

In his early life, Joaquin Miller's avocations were manifold. He taught school, rode the pony express one season; took part in Indian wars; was wounded and cared for by the Indians for a time; went twice to the gold mines, being very desirous of helping his parents, who were heavily burdened at the time, and every seriously considered taking up the study of the law. Fortunately, however, for the world, the muse would not be quenched, but claimed the right of way. His first efforts were severely criticised in America, so he crossed the Atlantic, and it is a matter of history that success and fame come to him with the appearance of the first book he published in London. After that, life became easier, and he was sought after by the great both in Europe and his own country.

Twice did the poet attempt a home, once at Florence, Italy, and once at Washington, D. C., but in 1885 he purchased a hundred acre tract of land on the rolling hills, east of Oakland, California, smitten with the grandeur of the panorama stretched out before him.

"Steep below me lies the valley,
Deep below me lies the town,
Where great sea-ships ride and rally,
And the world walks up and down.



On the Oregon coast where Joaquin Miller spent several years before he came to California.



Joaquin Miller at his home, "The Hights," Oakland, Cala., to the right the chapel, to the left the famous guest chamber. The poet, clad in his customary attire of sombrero, high leather boots, soft shirt and corduroy trousers.

"Oh, the sea of lights far streaming,
When the thousand flags are furled,
When the gleaming bay lies dreaming
As it duplicates the world."

The land at that time was bare and barren in the extreme, but, with the indomitable courage of a pioneer, he gave himself to the herculean task of converting it into a forest garden, and with such marvelous success that today it is, without exception, the most unique place of its kind on the American continent. Both in planting and the carrying of water for irrigation purposes, the poet himself did the lion's share of the work. He made a gigantic cross of the cypress—sacred tree of the Buddhist—on the face of a hill overlooking the bay cities: a symbol of the two religions of the East and West.

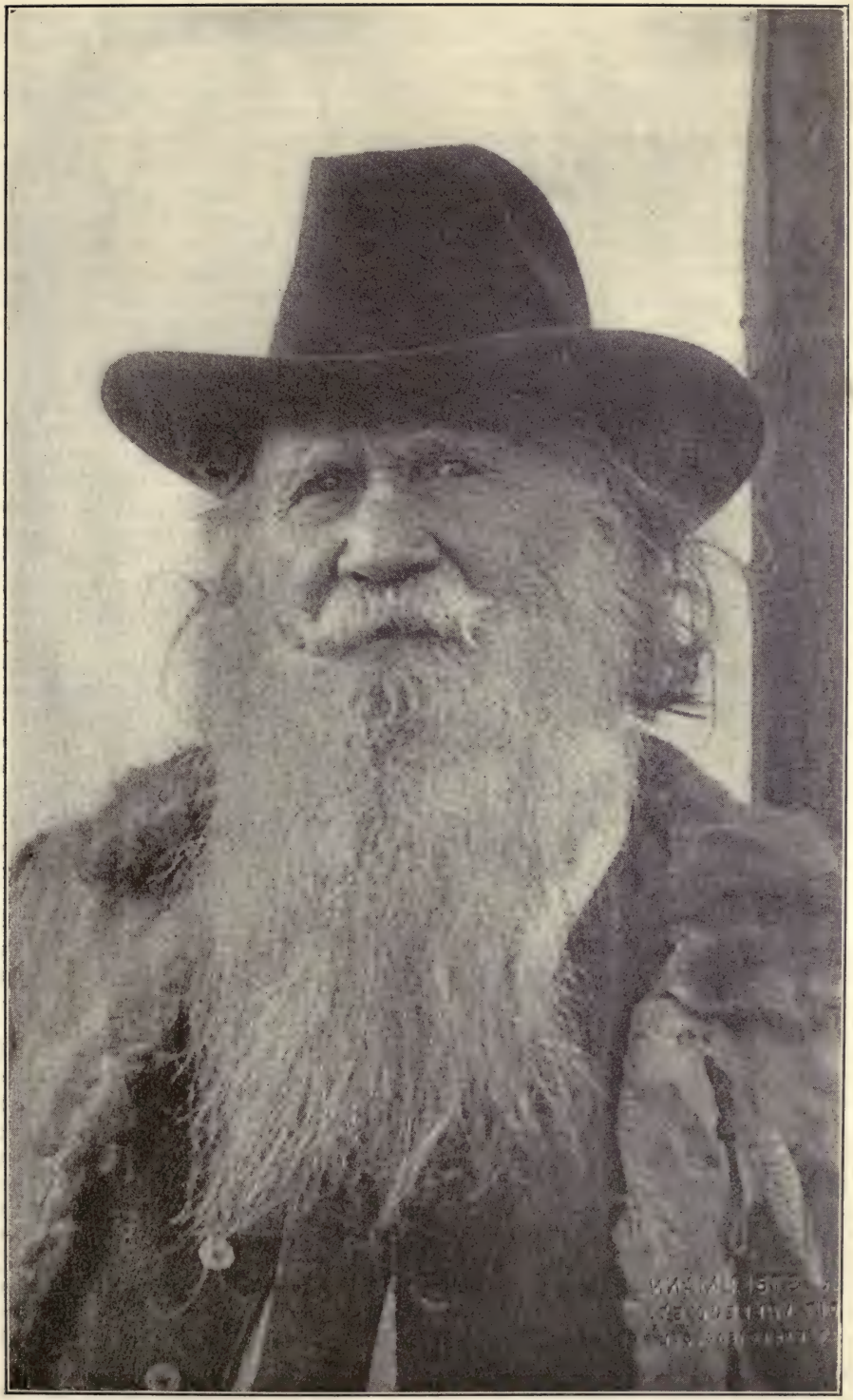
On the historic spot where John C. Fremont camped when—on the trail across the Rockies and Sierras to the sea—he first caught sight of the narrow strait connecting San Francisco bay with the great Pacific and called it "Golden Gate," he erected a square tower, the base of which is covered with clinging mosses and flowering plants.

Farther up the hillside and commanding a magnificent view, is another stone landmark, one dedicated to the memory of the poet Browning, and round in design; while yet another monument—shaped like a pyramid—is a tribute to Moses, the great Hebrew prophet and law-giver.

"But why Moses?" we asked.

"I'll tell you," answered the poet, with a twinkle in his eye. "No man knows where he was buried, and why not here as well as anywhere else!"

At the end of an upward path, de-



Joaquin Miller. A late photograph taken by L. J. Stellmann.

signated "The Last Trail," is the little cemetery where lie the poet's beloved dead. No monuments are there; neither name nor date mark the grassy mounds. Simple to the point of austerity is it; the most pathetically touching "God's acre" one could possibly conceive. A spot that brings a blur of tears to the eyes.

Then there are the cottages built for the poet's little colony of friends and followers, his students of poetic philosophy, whose four great principles were a belief in divinity, in the immortality of the soul, in the brotherhood of man, in the love of beauty.

The quaint building with the chapel in the center, which prior to his illness the poet made his own place of abode, is modeled after Byron's home, Newstead Abbey, on a miniature scale. The room to the right was formerly occupied by Maud McCormick, a daughter of the poet by his first wife, who now rests in the little hill cemetery.

On the left is the famous guest chamber in which it is said more celebrities have slept than in any other room in the West. To the right of the Abbey is the rose bower where the poet loved to entertain his guests at luncheon, and a short distance away is Willow Cottage, formerly used as a dining room, from the windows of which a most entrancing view may be had. A lily pond near by bears the charming name "Juanita's Mirror," and recalls the beloved daughter who nursed her father so devotedly during his last long sickness of two years.

Perhaps the quaintest of all the cottages is the one formerly occupied by the poet's mother till her death at an advanced age. A pioneer woman, she preferred a tent, so it was made of canvas in deference to her wishes, but roofed over to protect it from the rains of winter A tiny cabin—smallest of them all—was the original habitation of the poet. Built of logs, it was taken apart and conveyed to the great Chicago Fair for exhibition purposes, and afterwards returned.

There is also a picturesque bungalow with arbor dining room occupied by Takeshi Kanno, Japanese poet and philosopher, successor to Yone Nagouchi in the affections of Joaquin Miller. A descendant of the Samurai, a man of culture and literary ambition, author of "Creation Dawn," recently dramatized at Carmel by the Sea, Takeshi Kanno is married to the Western sculptress, Gertrude Boyle, whose modeling of distinguished men has made her famous. Yet another Japanese is a resident on the estate, the artist, Noto, whose work is distinctively Oriental in spite of his Western environment. One of Joaquin Miller's most marked characteristics was his love of the little brown people of Japan, and both in his poems and life he spared no expression of it. It was eminently fitting therefore that when he lay dead at "The Hights," his faithful Japanese friends kept watch beside him.

For many years the poet's wife found it necessary to live in New York, that she might superintend the education of their daughter, Juanita, the husband-father visiting them as he got opportunity. But when his health gave way, they hastened to "The Hights" and remained with him, prolonging his life by their care for nearly two years. A more beautiful family trio it would have been difficult to find, and the courtesy with which they received a never-ending stream of visitors—for at all times was the poet accessible, even to strangers—was truly remarkable.

Mrs. Miller was Abigail Leland, daughter of a Major on General Grant's staff, who became afterwards the wealthy owner of the Metropolitan Hotel, New York. She was married to the poet in 1878, after a romantic courtship of two years, and was considered one of the most beautiful young women of her time. Oscar Wilde, who was a guest of the Millers during their early married life, was enthusiastic in his praise of the attractive and clever bride.

"Juanita," the poem, was an expression of the father's tender love

for his child, and well does she deserve it, for she has a rarely beautiful character, prodigal talents and great charm of manner and face.

Among the visitors who found their way to "The Hights" shortly before the death of the poet was the celebrated "Jersey Lilly," Mrs. Langtry (Lady de Bathe.) She recalled to him the time of their meeting in London, when, at a great reception held in the home of one of the nobility, he scattered rose leaves upon her that he had hidden in his sombrero for the purpose.

"Has life been thus to you, rose-colored?" he asked.

"Is any life all roses?" she answered.

His poetic tribute to this beautiful woman was written years ago:

"If all God's world a garden were,
And women were but flowers,
If men were bees that busied there
Through endless summer hours,
Oh, I would hum God's garden through
For honey till I came to you!"

It is expected that the classic heights, so inseparably connected with the life of America's greatest poet—as Lord Tennyson and Sir Edwin Arnold did not hesitate to call him—will be purchased by the city of Oakland and set apart as a memorial park with a museum for the many relics. The Laird of Skibo, Andrew Carnegie, was an intimate friend of the late bard, and many have thought that he is likely to donate a building for that purpose. Even before Joaquin Miller knew him he was a great admirer of the canny Scot, and expressed himself to the effect that there was only one Carnegie, the most level headed and best-hearted man in America. Asked to write a tribute to Carnegie for a dinner given in his honor, he produced the following:

"Hail, fat King Ned!
Hail, fighting Ted!
Grand William,
Grim Oom Paul!
But I'd rather twist
Carnegie's wrist—
That open hand in this—
Than shake hands with ye all!"

Many have criticised the poet on account of the absence of books in his home. Various reasons have been given, but the true explanation is pathetic. In his earlier days he overtaxed his strength. Without knowing it he was working and starving himself to death. Under these circumstances, the London damp and fog got hold of him, and his eyes were the first to suffer. The many letters that came to him from the great had to be read to him by friends. The climax of misfortune came, however, through reading the works of Walt Whitman one night in bed. Ever after it caused him much pain to read, which explains the "egotism" of having no books around him. That is why, also, he used unruled paper, yellow in color. It was impossible for him to bear the glare of white, and his irregular hand writing, so difficult to read, was caused by a crippled arm, the work of Indians. To refer to another so-called "eccentricity," we might mention that the poet wore his hair long to cover the scar of an arrow wound.

In his poem, "The Larger College," he says:

"I count that soul exceeding small
That lives alone by book and creed—
A soul that has not learned to read."

And again:

"Man's books are but man's alphabet,
Beyond and on his lessons lie,
The lessons of the violet,
The large gold letters of the sky;
The love of beauty, blossomed soil,
The large content, the tranquil toil."

This rhapsodie, dedicated to his mother, makes a fitting sequel:

"And, oh, the voices I have heard,
Such visions where the morning grows.
A brother's soul in some sweet bird,
A sister's spirit in a rose.

"And oh, the beauty I have found!
Such beauty, beauty everywhere;
The beauty creeping on the ground,
The beauty singing through the air.

"The love in all, the good, the worth,
The God in all, or dusk or dawn;
Good-will to man, and peace on earth;
The morning stars sing on and on."

It generally takes the perspective of Time to place a genius in his proper relationship to the race, and it may be so with Joaquin Miller; but even to-day he is not altogether without honor in his own country. Already with Walt Whitman, and with Tolstoi of Russia, he is numbered as a prophet by the thoughtful.

He taught by practice the dignity of labor; he preached the sermon of God's great outdoors; he cherished the old and cared for the young; the little children, like the flowers, were his friends; he was akin to the whole of the universe through love for God and man. His was a message to the race. The following brief poem covers the missionary question:

"It seems to me a grandest thing
To save the soul from perishing,
By planting it where heaven's rain
May reach and make it grow again.

"It seems to me the man who leaves
The soul to perish is as one
Who gathers up the empty sheaves
When all the golden grain is done."

"The Ideal and the Real," and "The Dove of St. Mark," from his songs of Italy, are the most touching and exquisite poems on our fallen sister ever written. They are calculated to transform the self-righteous Pharisee, thanking God he is not as other men are into the publican, beating his breast and crying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" And ah, how he defended the oppressed! How fearless he was! First in regard to the Chinese on this coast, and then reaching out to the Japanese:

"You spurned the heathen at your feet
Because he begged to toil and eat;
Because he plead with bended head
For work, for work and barely bread.
Yea, how you laughed his lack of pride
And lied and laughed, and laughed and lied!
An mocked him in your pride and hate,
Then in his gaunt face banged your gate!"

The following he hurled at Russia, for a cosmopolite he was:

"Who taught you tender Bible tales
Of honey lands, of milk and wine;
Oh, happy, peaceful Palestine?
Of Jordan's holy harvest vales?
Who gave the patient Christ? I say
Who gave your Christian creed? Yea, yea,
Who gave your very God to you?
Your Jew! Your Jew! Your hated Jew!"

It has been said: "Faithful are the wounds of a friend," and in his magnificent defense of the Boers he was most heroic of all, because feeling ran so high amongst his friends in England. It meant something to write these words:

"Defend God's house! Let fall the crook.
Draw forth the plowshare from the sod
And trust, as in the Holy Book,
The Sword of Gideon, and of God!
God and the right! Enough to fight
A billion regiments of wrong.
Defend! Nor count what comes of it.
God's battle bides not with the strong;
And pride must fall. Lo! It is writ!"

And were the poem, "Columbus," taught to our children and to our children's children, the spirit of it woven into the very fabric of their being, it would go far toward obliterating the suicide list of our country; for what we need is stronger men and women. We need to know how to endure; how to rise above every obstacle, determining at any cost to "sail on, and on, and on."

Remembering these things, let us lay our laurel wreath upon the funeral pyre of the illustrious dead, leaving his ashes to rest on his own beloved heights, thankful that his imperishable words live on to inspire and uplift.

"Come here when I am far away,
Fond lover of this lovely land,
And sit quite still, and do not say,
Turn right or left, or lift a hand,
But sit beneath my kindly trees
And gaze far out yon sea of seas:—
These trees, these very stones, could tell
How long I loved them, and how well,
And maybe I shall come and sit
Beside you; sit so silently
You will not reck of it."



The End of Life. From a painting by Gittardo Piazzoni.



Reindeer used for bringing supplie s to the herders' camps.

ALASKA, THE WORLD'S MEAT SHOP

By Emil Edward Hurja

TO SEE millions of reindeer feeding on the tundra of Central and Northern Alaska, to see trains and shiploads of reindeer carcasses moving southward to the Puget Sound ports, thence to be distributed to the people of the West, to see the people clamoring for the cheaper reindeer meat in preference to the high-priced cuts of beef, all will be common sights within another five years. That is the opinion of those Alaskans who have studied the question of meat supply and are conversant with the reindeer industry in the North, as it has been carried on for the past decade.

The history of reindeer in Alaska is not much more than twenty years old. Reindeer were first introduced in Alaska to provide a means of subsistence for starving Eskimos along the western coast of the territory. With their aid, the government has brought the Eskimo from squalidness to comparative cleanliness, and has enabled that Northern race to build up wonderfully. The industry of reindeer breeding promises to increase henceforth as it has during the past ten years—by leaps and bounds.

Already, instead of simply keeping the Eskimos and natives supplied with food, reindeer furnish the principal diet of miners and prospectors in certain of the mining camps of Alaska. The meat is nutritious and palatable, and many men prefer it to the beef, mutton and pork which, by necessity, must be kept in cold storage for a long time in Alaska. Merchants in Iditarod and Nome, for several years past, have advertised regularly in the newspapers, offering reindeer meat to the miners.

Juicy *Appetizing* *Tender*

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REINDEER MEAT
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(*From Iditarod, Alaska, Pioneer*)

What is true of Alaska will hold true with the rest of the outside world. Alaska's vast inland empire, at least that part which is not available for agriculture and the raising of cattle, sheep and hogs, is due to become utilized for the propagation of reindeer.

To Dr. Sheldon Jackson, missionary, Alaska owes the start of the reindeer industry. In 1891, when making a trip through the northwestern part of the territory, he found a great deal of poverty among the Eskimos. As soon as he reached the States, he asked Congress to make an appropriation for the purchase of reindeer from Siberians, with a view towards encouraging the Alaska natives to raise them for food. In the fall of that year, sixteen reindeer were brought over from Siberia. They were ob-



Herds of reindeer in Alaska, grazing under the care of a herder.

tained only after a great deal of difficulty because the Siberian natives had no desire to sell their reindeer. They were willing to trade a limited number, however, and by this means, after Captain M. A. Healy had sailed for a distance of 1,500 miles from village to village, enough were bartered to insure the nucleus of a herd. Reindeer moss was taken on board ship, and all but a few of the reindeer stood the trip to Alaska well.

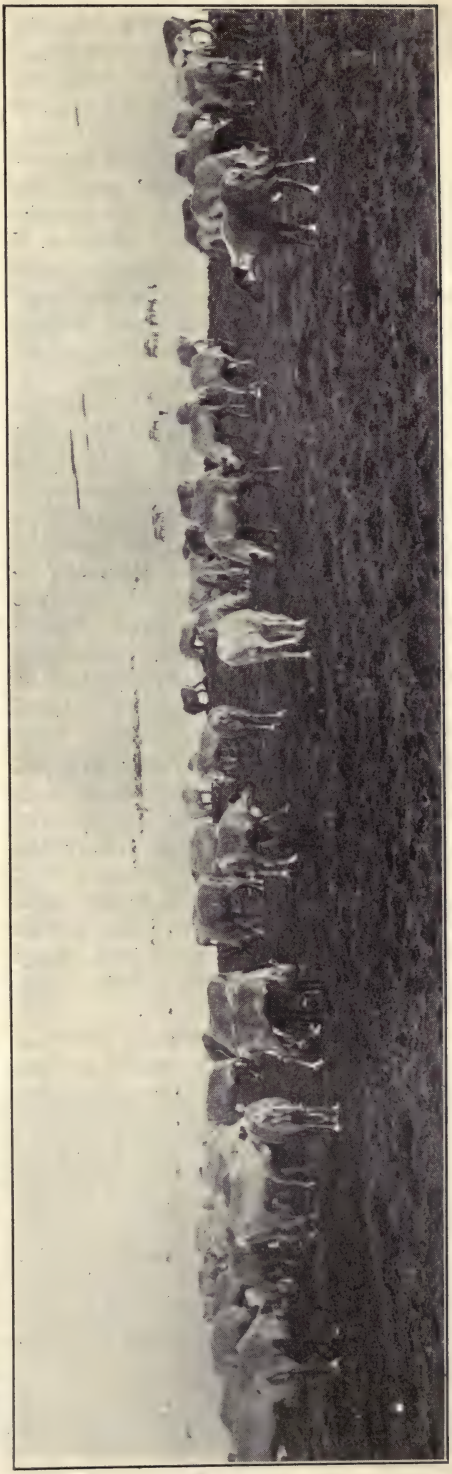
Slowly the reindeer increased, and the supervision of the government helped the natives to secure small herds for themselves. It was not until 1909, however, that the beginning of the period of full utilization of the reindoor owned by the government started. The natives derived the direct benefit from the domesticated animals of the Arctic.

The work of Dr. Jackson has been taken up and continued by other government officials, all capable and efficient. Particularly active in the work has been W. T. Lopp, with the Bureau of Education, who still is connected actively with the uplift of the Eskimo, and thus, incidentally, the furthering of the reindeer industry.

Dr. Jackson was scoffed at for suggesting such a thing as utilizing Alaska for any purpose such as raising reindeer. "Was not the country but a mass of ice and snow, devoid of anything nourishing? Was it not known as 'Seward's folly,' a useless area?" Dr. Jackson was impractical, they said. Only a few had faith in his work.

Some interesting suggestions were made to him at this time by outsiders concerning a suitable substitute for reindeer in the North. One person who had traveled believed that to domesticate the Thibetian ox, the yak or the grunting ox would help to relieve the starving Eskimos more so than would the reindeer.

From sixteen reindeer in 1891, the animals have increased in almost inconceivable numbers. Despite death through disease and slaughter, there were, by the end of 1912, a total of 38,000 reindeer in Alaska.



Reindeer in spring; in the dim background other herds are grazing.

In 1907, the government derived $9,543.30 from the reindeer industry through the sale of meat and skins. In 1909, $26,270.92 was obtained, of which $18,212.03 went to the natives directly.

When the reindeer industry showed signs of becoming an important factor in the life of the natives, the government began to give more attention to the work. Larger appropriations were made, harder efforts were made to get useful legislation, and more money was devoted to the advancement of Dr. Jackson's plans.

The white settlers began to use the reindeer in a practical way. When the discoveries of gold in the sands of the North were heralded to the world, hundreds and thousands of prospectors and others flocked in to seek fortunes. Reindeer breeding came most opportune, for its meat, obtained from the natives, was delicious and wholesome. Again, when mail had to be carried across the bleak stretches of trail to distant settlements of isolated empire builders, the reindeer were used as carriers. On the northernmost mail route in the world, between Kotzebue and Point Barrow by way of Point Hope, a distance of 630 miles, reindeer drew the mail pouches with great success. The trip is a most difficult one, as the trail invariably has to be broken anew with each trip. Stops along the trail are made in huts made of snow.

In the present day, with the increase of reindeer in Alaska, many mining camps depend on reindeer meat for their annual supply.

Reindeer are dependable as good sled animals, and the government has now 860 trained reindeer in its herds. Some government employees who have had occasion to use both dogs and reindeer in their travels in the North, say that the reindeer are better on the trail and more reliable than the Alaskan malamute.

A reindeer is prime when six or seven years of age. Then its carcass will approach that of a young steer in weight. The fawns, during the first four years, cost less than $1 a year to keep. The does are prolific after they are two years old, and will add a fawn to the herd each year for ten years.

The animals feed on a lichen-like moss that covers the hills and uplands of fully one-sixth of the territory of Alaska. This fibrous growth serves as the food for the caribou, which roam the hills wild, and this fodder is greatly relished by the reindeer. In the spring the reindeer abandons the diet of moss for willow sprouts, green grass and mushrooms. Sometimes, during the winter, when the hills are covered with snow, the reindeer have difficulty securing food. Usually they break through the crust with their wide hoofs—larger than those of a good-sized steer—and seek out the lichens with their peculiarly shaped snow-burrowing nose.

The government has exercised a great deal of care in formulating the rules and regulations that cover the reindeer industry among the natives. Experienced men were brought into the territory with the introduction of the industry, and they have been training the Eskimos, so that now the work of herding is almost entirely in the hands of the Alaskan natives. According to the regulations, an apprentice gets six reindeer at the end of his first year. Four of these are females and two males. At the end of his second year of apprenticeship, he gets five females and four males. At the end of his fourth year, he is given six females and four males, and when the fourth year has expired, he gets a like number again. At the end of four years the native is given a herder's license, if he has proved himself capable in his work. Then he can go into business for himself, but he must not sell reindeer except with the permission of the superintendent.

The reindeer are very timid, and it is said that one herder can easily guard one thousand head.

So pronounced has been the success of the government's industry that foreign countries have commenced to look

to the United States for information, with the ultimate aim of instituting a like industry in their own possessions. In 1911, Captain Jennings, of the Northwest Mounted Police, conferred with the Alaskan authorities, with a view of placing a herd of reindeer in that barren stretch of country lying between Herschel Island and Fort MacPherson, both in the northern confines of Yukon territory.

Similarly, the attention of the Russian government has been attracted, and it is stated that it, too, is contemplating similar methods among the natives of Northwestern Siberia, from which section Alaska got the sixteen reindeer that was the start of the present 266 herds located throughout the lower Yukon and Kuskokwim and Bering and Arctic Coast districts.

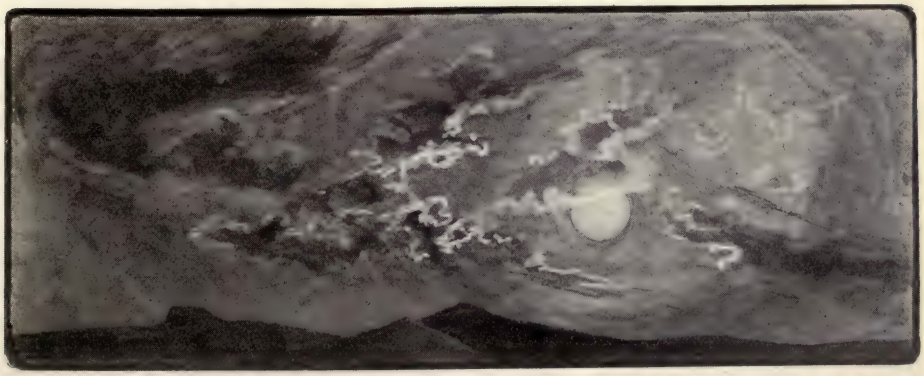
Computations made from the rate of increase for the past decade show that the reindeer can be expected to double in number every three years. According to this estimate, the reindeer in 1915 should number 76,000. In 1918, there would be 152,000; in 1921, 304,000; in 1924, 608,000. It is expected that the rate of increase will diminish after the herds reach into the hundreds of thousands on account of the feed supply.

It is pointed out that the reindeer industry is a profitable one in Northern Europe, so why can it not be made so in Alaska? Russia sends frozen reindeer meat by the carload to Germany; the skins are utilized in making gloves and military trousers; and it is likely that the reindeer carcass will furnish several very profitable by-products of the beef industry.

There is an immense territory available in the North for reindeer grazing grounds. There is considerable barren tundra, where horse, sheep, cow and goat could not find pasturage, but which would readily support reindeer. It is estimated that there is fully 100,000 square miles of lowlands and upper foothill country in Alaska that will be utilized in raising reindeer. The zone of usefulness of the reindeer is entirely outside that in which agriculture is possible.

With the coming of better transportation for Alaska, settlers believe that the next few years will see the territory adding another product to its present list of exports of gold, silver, copper, furs, skins and timber.

Enthusiastic Alaskans declare that reindeer soon will be raised in numbers large enough to contribute largely to the meat demand in the States, and at cheaper prices than those now prevailing for beef. They believe the territory is rapidly approaching a period when it will demonstrate to the commercial world that it is not a lonely, colossal icebox, but one of the world's largest and cheapest meat shops.





The oldest baptismal font on the American continent, Tlaxcala, Mexico. From this font, Cortez (1516) baptized four native chieftains of Tlaxcala. —Photo copyrighted by C. B. Waite, Mexico City.

Tlaxcala and the Oldest Church on the Continent

By George F. Paul

SOME FEW miles on the hither side of Puebla, Mexico, lies the ancient city of Tlaxcala, where stands the oldest church to be found west of the Atlantic. It was the desire to see with my own eyes this city of the past that brought me over the mule tram-way from Santa Ana to its very self. Even if Tlaxcala were not famed in song and story, yet its serene quaintness should bring to it many a wayfarer who seeks relief in rest. There is no hurry here. Business cares are not so pressing that men must scurry by with only a word. The peasants come to market to stay all day. They will leave when all is ready for departure, not hurry away—haste would be undignified and perhaps inconvenient, especially if during the market hours a love affair has been blossoming amid the peppers and the pineapples.

No wonder that the two mules at Santa Ana stand dozing in their tracks until the hour of departure; the sleepi-

ness is infectious, yet last night, be it known, these mules did not dream upon a bed of roses about a Valhalla especially for mules, nor even on a bed of straw, but upon a bed of flinty cobblestones with the hard side always turned up. The Mexicans tell us that the mule needs no better. *Quien sabe?*

In a few minutes a man of sixty appears, carefully guarding five mail sacks, the contents of which, judging from their extreme flabbiness, would probably aggregate two letters and a paper. This, however, does not make him feel a whit the less his supreme importance. What with rearranging the mail sacks and caring for a mysterious book that contains much ancient history of the postoffice system, he is the busiest man in all the country round.

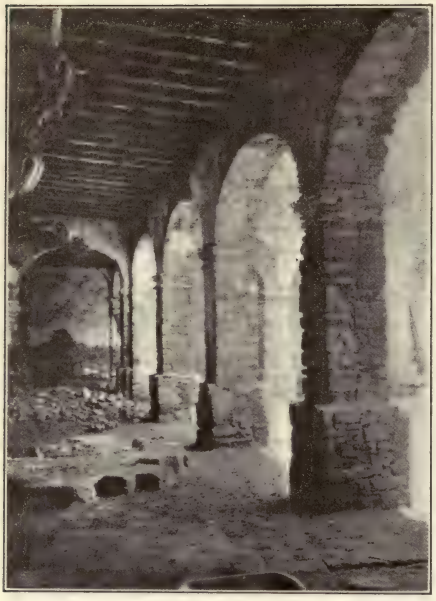
Then, too, there is a young fellow who is enfolded in a long blue overcoat with cape attached. He employs himself in reading with great gusto a bunch of letters, pausing to point out to the conductor who sits beside him a select phrase or perhaps some gushing term of endearment which assured him that in spite of his kindergarten mustache he is still somebody's *dulce corazon.*

The conductor is not overworked, yet for fear that he should skip off to Honduras with a portion of the two fares collected, an inspector rides along and takes up the receipts with a grasping hand. After the deliberate preparations for departure are completed, the driver takes his place while his friends, the enemy, bend stubborn necks, dig in their tiny toes, and get the car under good headway. Down the narrow street it goes to the tooting of the driver's brassy horn. The whole outfit—jangling bells, clacking hoofs, rumbling flanges, rasping horn—makes such a commotion that even white-headed old Popocatepetl is moved to say: "Dear, dear, what a noise they do make! I haven't heard anything quite so persistently odious as the commotion Cortez made when he came up and blew a ton of sulphur right out of my neck, but this street car racket grates on my nerves so that I've aged perceptibly even within the past week. *Carramba!*"

Seven o'clock of the evening finds



Open, Sesame!



Relics by the hands of forgotten builders.

me in the restaurant under the portales that face the Tlaxcala plaza. I feel that I have an inalienable right to a square meal, or at least a rectangular one, for haven't I tramped the town from lowly bridge to heaven-smacking hilltop, sampled the relentless stone seats in the park, looked upon the portraits of the four native chiefs that were baptized, and even struggled to pronounce the names thereof? Have I not met some of the politest secretaries imaginable, who have shown ecstatic joy when I appraised the heavy silver service and candlesticks in the State capitol? Haven't I viewed with open-mouthed wonderment the oldest church on the continent? Even the old floors seemed to creak out to me, "What are you doing in here, you interloper? Do you expect to slip back for ten minutes into the battleaxe days of Alvarado and Sandoval and Cortez, and then in a trice resume your telegraphic telephonic apple pie existence? When you come in here you shut the door tight on the frivolous present and live again in the glorious past, whose enchantment will bind you with the spell of a Merlin, until, as did the Tlascalans of old, you will march back under the flaming banner of Hernando Cortez to wrest from the Aztecs the walls and citadels of Tenochtitlan."

And truly it seems as if I have been living in the past. The silken banner of the Conqueror fluttered triumphantly as I looked at it, while the hollow war drum of the Tlascans stood in readiness to summon the warrior clans. The massive baptismal font cut from a single block of black lava, and the quaint pulpit with the words that say, "Here the Holy Gospel had a beginning in the New World," brought up a picture of determined men, broad of shoulder and stalwart of limb, with gleaming breastplates and clanking swords.

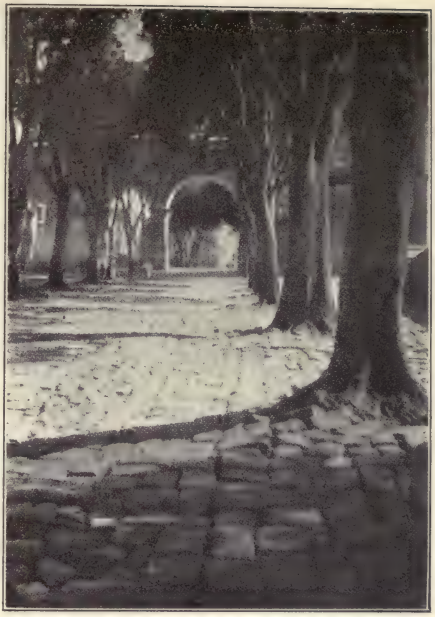
Cortez profited by the enmity between the Tlascalans and Aztecs, making the former his friends, bestowing honor after honor upon them, and then when he had honored them sufficiently he turned over to them the task of carrying for many a mountain mile the timbers for the boats whereby he was to recapture the Aztec stronghold. To-day when the swinging of the church door brought me suddenly out of Rip Van Winkledom, I saw half a dozen modern Tlascalans sitting at the gateway to the barracks adjoining the church, each superintending a little cigarette factory of his own. Two guards played at soldier by pacing with loosely hinged joints to and fro across the entrance. In the rambling gardens facing the church a portly Mexican was stretched at full length, dreaming no doubt of some gorgeous combat, trimmed with tinselled sombreros and rainbow *zarapes*, about to take place in the gory bull-ring just below the terrace and in full view.

Historians tell us that the foundations of this old church of San Francisco were laid in 1521, the year that Cortez was completing his conquest of Mexico. At that time Tlaxcala had some such a population as Minneapolis has now, being the capital of a strong and independent people.

The hand of Time has touched but lightly and with reverence the long cedar beams. The roughest treatment they ever received was centuries ago when they crashed at full length upon the mountain side, only to be set upon and hewn by a swarm of Indians with axes primeval. No doubt for many years to come the notes will rise as sweetly and resonantly from the little organ as they do to-day, while for all time will stand the baptismal font, fit emblem of its own import, immortality.

How quickly this afternoon has passed for me straying hither and thither in this slumbering city of Hush-a-Bye land. Keys, ponderous as those of the Tower of London, were unearthed by a subsidized boy who led me by ways that were dark and paths that were stony to neglected shrines where fat old spiders turned their toes inward from sheer satiety, recking little of the Osler theory. And in addition to such sundry matters of church and State, haven't I even descended to do such a material thing as to inspect fifteen mules just arrived from Puebla, and been kicked at for my trouble? Wherefore, "shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?"

The harbinger of all my joys is to be a bullet-headed Indian boy, with warped toes and a smile like a new moon. His bare feet patter right merrily over the brick floor. His language is a charming composite, three words Spanish, three Indian, and four that are signs, grimaces, gestures and false alarms. He begins operations by lustily shaking the doubtful tablecloth, incidentally mopping up with it at the same time a peck or so of brick dust. Then he brings on some tiny red peppers and a jar of water, but forgets the glass. I presume it is the intention for me to try a pepper and then try a barrel or two of water while I am waiting in a sanctified way for the bullet headed boy to make the rounds of the town purchasing more peppers and sticking his head in at the door at embarrassing intervals. No doubt he fears that I may fold the tablecloth like an Arab and silently steal away. In due season, which seems like the next season, a roll, mostly crust, actually appears, followed by some blatant goat's milk, trimmed off with peppery peas and peppery beans. Then comes a truly delicious salad compounded of rich *ahuacate* and tomato, with the faintest trace of garlic. Stout coffee with stouter goat's milk finishes the story.



Just below the ancient church.

The next morning when the drowsy porter unbars the big doors for me to come forth, the street lamps are burngn dimly, the policeman's lantern is still standing at the street corner, while its owner snoozes comfortably in a deep doorway, the plaza is black with the shadows of a hundred trees, the notes of the bugle are sounding from the barracks, and the church bells are clanging out a short, harsh jingle-jangle, jingle-jangle, and then pausing to see the effect upon the town that is at last rubbing its eyes with the coming of the day. Long lines of burros come picking their way down the main thoroughfare, the *arrieros*, muffled to the eyes to keep out the chill mountain air.



Back from the market.

And then in a twinkling comes a change. One both sees and feels that "Night's candles are burned out, and jocund Day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top."

This city is so extensive and so well worthy of admiration, that although I admit much that I could say about it, I feel assured that the little I shall say will be scarcely credited, since it is larger than Granada and much stronger, and contains as many fine houses and a much larger population than that city did at the time of its capture; and it is much better supplied with the products of the earth, such as corn, and with fowls and game, fish from the rivers, various kinds of vegetables, and other excellent articles of food. There is in this city a market in which every day thirty thousand people are engaged in buying and selling. The market contains a great variety of articles both of food and clothing, and all kinds of shoes for the feet; jewels of gold and silver, and precious stones and ornaments of feathers. There is much earthenware of a quality equal to the best of Spanish manufacture. Wood, coal, edible and medicinal plants, all are sold in great quantities. There are houses where they wash and shave the heads as barbers, and also for baths. Finally, there is among them a well regulated police; the people are rational and well disposed, and altogether greatly superior to the most civilized African nation. In its constitution of government,it resembles the states of Genoa, Venice and Pisa; since the supreme authority is not reposed in one person. There are many nobles, all of whom reside in the city; the common people are laborers, and the vassals of the nobility, but each one possesses land of his own, some more than others. In war all unite and have a voice in its management and direction.—*Extract from the second despatch of Hernando Cortez to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, written during the Conquest.*



All aboard. An old time street car still being used in the ancient city.



An early spring round up.

Passing of the Western Cattle Ranches

By George A. Lipp

FORTY years ago, and even up to ten years ago, the large cattle rancher was in the height of his glory in the West, and especially in the southwest; where climatic conditions are more favorable for the raising of range cattle. The early settler in all this western country came here seeking wealth in one way or another. Many were attracted by mining schemes, which were enticing but not very profitable in that early day. The large cattle ranchman was attracted, or really in many cases driven here, in pursuit of grass and water for his herds. On account of the eastern open prairie being taken up by home seekers and being used more and more for small ranches and agricultural purposes, the large cattle owner was compelled to move on west with his herds.

The history of the large cattle ranch industry proves very plainly that it has been an infallible rule, or really, a natural consequence, that the cattle ranchman has preceded the farmer in settling all of our United States west of the Mississippi river and even a portion of that east of the Mississippi. The cattle ranch industry and farming never have, and never will prosper in the same locality at the same time, in this or any other country. This is a fact very well understood by the large cattle ranchmen.

No difference what locality might be selected in the western stock raising or grazing area, much the same general story would apply. However to be more specific and treat with facts just as they have been and are now, we will select some particular place where we may describe more in detail how the large cattle ranch industry came and flourished for a time but after years passed away to make room for the sheep ranch, the small cattle ranch and the farm. For this purpose we will select an area say one



Branding a calf.

hundred miles or even more surrounding Roswell, New Mexico.

The first large cattle ranch was established in this vicinity about forty-five years ago. Prior to this time buffalo and antelope grazed over the plains and deer abounded. Wild horses and some other wild animals could also be found at this time. With the coming of the large cattle ranch industry or even before it, nearly all the buffalo had been killed for their hides. The antelope, deer and wild horse had also to make way for the cattle rancher. Bear, lobo wolves and coyotes also abounded and were later classed as one of the great enemies of the cattle ranchmen.

These pioneer ranchmen were left almost entirely to work out their own salvation. The country was very sparcely settled. Roswell at this time consisted of only a few adobe houses; occupied by a saloon, store and a few private families. Carlsbad —at that time known as Eddy—was down the Pecos seventy miles and was of even less consequence than Roswell. Fort Sumner—then used as a U. S. military post with a company of soldiers stationed there to keep the Indians under control, was located eighty miles up the Pecos. Lincoln, the county seat of Lincoln County—which at that time consisted of the southeast quarter of New Mexico; an area larger than the State of Ohio—was located sixty-five miles west in the mountains. These were the only settlements within a radius of a hundred miles from Roswell. They were connected by trails over which the U. S. mail stage traveled. Outside of these stage trails there were no roads excepting an occasional dim trail from one ranch to another.

At the time these large ranches were established there was not a railway in New Mexico. All provisions had to be freighted by team and wagon. The outfits doing this freighting used many ox teams as well as horses. They usually drove from four to eight horses or even as many as sixteen oxen hitched to one wagon, with one or even two trail wagons. They usually traveled in caravans of probably a dozen such outfits. They went loaded very heavily and traveled slowly. By having a number of outfits together they could assist each other by doubling up the teams in getting across the mountains or bad places in the trail. This method of traveling also afforded them protection from the Indians. The Indians delighted in stealing horses from these freighters. It was always necessary for some one to stand guard over their teams during the night. For a while Fort Dodge, Kansas, was the

closest railroad station. Soon the railroads were extended on west into Colorado in 1879 the Santa Fe built the first road into New Mexico. Even then this cattle-ranch freight had to be hauled by team for over two hundred miles. As years went on feeder roads were built, eventually Carlsbad was reached; which left only seventy-five miles of a haul. Then finally in 1895 the road was extended to Roswell.

Peculiar customs were established by the cowboys, many an odd expression had its origin in the "cow camp." Sooner or later every one working with the outfit received a nickname, and once named there was no hope of its being forgotten. Many times a man's proper name was lost to even his immediate associates. In after years of correspondence with old cowboy friends and even in business correspondence many a man to be recognized had to sign his name as; "High Pockets," "Wild Horse," "Willie Buck," "Shanks," "Foggy," "Boomer," "Deacon," or some such name.

Cowboy dress is considered odd, but it is the dress peculiarly adopted to his calling. The large felt hat affords a great deal of protection and is adapted to winter and summer wear and will not blow off easily or jolt off in riding. The cowboy boots with high heels are well adapted to riding; they afford great protection for the feet and ankles. The high heels keep the feet from sliping through the stirrup in "breaking broncos." The chaps so commonly worn afford warmth in cold weather and a great protection for the legs when riding in brush. Spurs, of course, to a cowboy are as necessary as a pony, saddle and bridle, and much more highly prized. The larger they are and the more they shine and jingle the better in his estimation.

Many customs were established by these early cattle raisers that are still followed—especially in the west—by even the farmer of today. For instance; the method of marking and branding cattle. This is a necessary cruelty for which no improved substitute has yet been found. In the day of the open unfenced range there was no method which could have been adopted that would have kept the cattle of one owner from mingling with those of another. Therefore it was necessary that some mark of identification be placed on each animal. For this purpose the brand was established, usually some letter, figure or symbol or a combination of them, made by burning the skin with a hot iron. When healed this left a scar easily identified by the cowboys. Other methods of marking were also used. A favorite one was that of marking the ears; by cutting the ends off, splitting them, cutting notches of different shapes and in different places in them. Thus by using both ears and different combinations of these cuts a great many different marks could be established. Each owner would usually have one brand and one ear mark. These brands and marks were officially recorded in the state or county in which the cattle were located —sometimes recorded in several states—this legally determined the ownership of the cattle no matter where found.

It became a universal rule that these large ranches and outfits were named from the brand. No matter what the owners name was or the incorporate name, the ranch and outfit was invariably spoken of in accordance with the name of the brand. It was a common custom to use as a brand the initials of the owner, or a part of the letters in the name. As the Lea Cattle Company used L E A as their brand and the Littlefield Cattle Company used L F D as their brand.

The first large cattle ranch in the vicinity of Roswell was established by John Chisum; who was one of the pioneers in the Pecos Valley. Mr. Chisum had been in the cattle business in Texas for some years before coming to New Mexico. He preceded the farmer across the whole state of Texas and in 1867 came into New



Cutting out the different brands in the herd.

Mexico with his herds and established headquarters at Bosque Grande; forty miles up the Pecos from Roswell. He also established other ranches or camps in the surrounding country, even as far distant as Black River, which was over a hundred miles south of the headquarters. At the time of coming to the Pecos Valley, Mr. Chisum had a contract with the U. S. government to furnish ten thousand beef cattle for the Navajo Indians; seven thousand Indians were then in the reservation at Fort Sumner, eighty miles north of Roswell. A few years later Mr. Chisum purchased the land surrounding the head of South Spring River and in 1875 moved his headquarters there. This was only six miles south of Roswell and was named the "Jingle-bob" ranch. The ranch took its name from the ear mark of these cattle; which was a cut made in the ear so that it caused a small portion to become pendulous and was popularly known as a jingle-bob. This was an unusual ear mark and still more unusual to name the ranch and outfit after the ear mark. In this pioneer day there was plenty of grass and water and not many cattle to consume it, so these cattle thrived well and in a few years increased to fifty thousand head.

Following the estblishment of this Jingle-bob ranch, Capt. J. C. Lea of Roswell organized the Lea Cattle Company with headquarters at Roswell and several camps in the surrounding country; one of which was located in the Capitan Mountains sixty miles west of Roswell. Following these came the Cass Land & Cattle Company, with headquarters on the Pecos River sixty miles north of Roswell. The Bloom Cattle Company with headquarters and several camps on the Hondo River twenty-five to fifty miles west of Roswell. The Penasco Cattle Company with headquarters on the Penasco eighty miles southwest of Roswell. The Hansford Land & Cattle Company established headquarters fifty miles down the Pecos, purchasing a portion of the Jingle-bob outside holdings. The Littlefield Cattle Company took up the old Chisum headquarters at Bosque Grande, but soon moved to Four Lakes, seventy miles east of Roswell on the plains. The Block Cattle Company established headquarters in the Capitan Mountains purchasing a portion of the Lea Cattle Company's holdings. So the list could be continued, many other companies were organized and still others kept on moving in; some of them started new ranches, others

buying these already established and then adding to them. As a rule the first ones were the largest ones. Each new comer crowded in more or less on the older ones. More companies kept coming and coming until the range finally became overstocked with cattle.

In the early days no one thought of digging wells and pumping water; streams, lakes and springs were depended solely to furnish the water supply. In some places not a stream, spring or permanent lake existed for even fifty or more miles, so that this range could be grazed only when there was rain sufficient to fill the surface lakes. As the rain fall here is scanty, the surface lakes were many times dry for months at a time, so that the cattle were compelled to remain close to the permanent watering places.

In the beginning of the large cattle ranch, all the range was open and free U. S. government land, all persons having an equal right to use it for grazing purposes. Even the streams, lakes and springs were all on free government land. There were no fences, no towns, no railroads, no farms—nothing but free open range. There was no reason why a cow then turned loose at Roswell could not drift north into Colorado, east into Texas, south to the Rio Grande or even into Mexico or west into Arizona. Of course under normal conditions they rarely did so. It is just as much instinct for a cow to become located at some certain place and remain there under normal conditions as it is for a squirrel to make its home in a certain hollow tree and remain there for years and probably never get farther away than the distance necessary to procure food and water. The longer certain cattle remain in one place the less likely they are to leave it. The natural love between mother and offspring is plainly demonstrated here. Many times an old cow can be seen grazing on open range with her offspring for the past three or four years even to the second generation grazing along with her and remaining close together at all times.

A few cattle were continually drifting away under normal conditions. The chief cause was the coming of a "norther" or a continued blizzard. Whenever a cold wind and especially if accompanied by rain or snow strikes cattle on the open range they will simply turn with the wind and regardless of any thing travel along with it, and keep traveling until they find a sheltered spot or until the storm quits. Where there is no shelter as on the plains cattle have been known to drift even two hundred miles in a storm of a few days. As these storms usually come from the north the cattle of course would drift south. In many places cowboys were stationed in camps along a certain line east and west and tried to keep the cattle driven back and not to allow them to all drift into one locality; these men were called line riders. Later on they built fences even hundreds of miles long to take the place of these line riders; these were very appropriately named drift fences.

In the spring of the year, as soon as the grass begins to come each one of these outfits would start out a crew of cowboys with a "chuck wagon"—which carried the provisions, camp beds and camp equipment. These wagons were drawn by four or six horses and carried enough provisions, outside of beef, to last for several weeks. Such an outfit would have as many as twenty-five cowboys along with it. Each one of the cowboys would have a mount of about ten horses. As they could not carry grain for these horses they would have to depend on grass alone. Therefore, they would not ride one horse for over a few hours at a time. By having so many and changing about they would be able to do good and rapid work with horses fed on grass only. A large sized outfit like this would carry with them a "remuda" of even three hundred horses.

Before starting out on this work the managers of the large companies in

one locality would hold a meeting and decide just where each outfit would work, so that no doubling of work would be done. Each outfit would then gather the cattle, no matter of what brand. Many times they would go a hundred or even two hundred miles from home to start these "round-ups," and then work toward home. They would gather all their cattle and bring them back to their own range. If there were any they wanted to sell at that time they would cut them out in a separate herd. After these wagons had been out for several weeks it was not an unusual sight to see a general roundup with a dozen chuck wagons camped on the head of North Spring River—where a part of Roswell now stands. Some of them even from Colorado and Oklahoma, each one having a herd of a couple thousand cattle. It would many times take several days to get the brands cut out and distributed to the herd of the owner. These herds close home would be turned loose again on their respective ranges and the others would continue on their way home.

In the pioneer day of the open range and before the railway come, all the cattle sold off of these ranges were trailed out. If they were to go to Montana, Wyoming, Oklahoma or any of the other western states they were usually trailed all the way. There were regular established trails to the common points where these cattle were delivered. Grass was usually plentiful and by following these trails not much difficulty was experienced in procuring water. The herds traveled very slowly—in fact the drivers allowed them to graze along the route. The idea was usually to see how fat they could get them and not how quick they could get there. Many a herd left from the ranches surrounding Roswell in the spring of the year with all of the cattle poor and arrived at their destination in the north in the fall very fat. Herds for slaughter were trailed in the same manner to Saint Louis or some eastern market point. Some years later these slaughter herds were loaded at Fort Dodge, Kansas, and shipped from there. As time went on the trail herd passed, taken up by small ranchmen and farmers, fences were built and cities grew. Today no such a thing as a trail herd is known, and no ranch is over a few days drive at most from some shipping point.

Along in the summer after most of the calves were born there was general activity, the principal object was in branding them. This work was very similar to the one described. When a roundup was made for branding, all cattle were gathered regardless of ownership. It was a universal rule among cattle men that all calves in the roundup should be branded and ear marked the same as the mother, even though no one knew to whom the brand belonged.

Large ranch owners, managers and even cowboys had many difficult problems to solve. In the early day they were so isolated in the far west that it was a very lonely life. Many a cowboy staid in a camp by himself, or with one other man, and did not see another person for several months at a time during the winter. Mail service was poor, often the post office more than a hundred miles away. The Indians were a constant dread; no one could tell when they were going to leave the reservation and go on the war path. They constantly stole great numbers of horses and cattle. Many a traveler laid out all night in the cold, afraid to build a fire, even to cook his supper for fear of attracting Indians. Then the white cattle "rustlers" were almost more to be dreaded than the Indians. They frequently organized regular bands for the purpose of wholesale cattle stealing. Occasionally a regular cowboy carried —as they said—a "long loop" and at times was not particular as to what he caught in it and then handled his branding iron very recklessly. It is claimed that some cattle men who in after years accumulated quite a fortune made their start in this way.

Other causes of heavy losses, espec-

ially after the range became overstocked, were droughts, hard winters, and late springs. At any time the ranges met a combination of these the losses were enormous. The cattle became poor and weak, and a protracted storm would leave the dead in large numbers. Many of the watering places were surrounded by soft mud or quicksand and when a weakened cow got into it she "bogged down" and rarely escaped. It has been said that in the spring following a severe winter one could walk on dead cattle for miles along the Pecos without having to touch the ground, of course this is exaggerated, but the truth was bad enough at best. Wolves, coyotes, bear and other wild animals were also constantly claiming their toll.

Even with these adversities nearly all the early time large companies became immensely wealthy. Grass and water were free so that even though beef prices were not high the cost of production was so small that it left a good margin of profit.

As years wore on other cattle companies were continually coming in and adding more cattle to the well-stocked range until it finally became overstocked. Trailing them in those days came large sheep outfits seeking free grass and water. The sheep man always has had the advantage of the cow man. Sheep are always under herd and can be moved by the owner at will. Cattle are simply turned loose on the open range and left to provide for themselves. In this way the sheep always got the best of the range. They followed showers where the grass was green and fresh, while cattle were compelled to take what they could get. There was still a great deal of open prairie especially on the plains that was practically not grazed. There was no permanent water there so it was only grazed by a few cattle or an occasional sheep herd drifted there when the surface lakes had rain water in them. Shrewd cattle owners soon began to realize that it was necessary to control the range and water if they expected to maintain their existence. A general scramble followed to purchase government land with water on it. Where there was a good lake or spring it was a common custom to purchase only the forty acres carrying the water on it. The streams were followed and only a narrow strip of land on each side was purchased. This gave the owner control of the water. Other cattle men as well as sheep men began to put down wells and erect wind mills over them. Where water was shallow and plentiful, as it was in many places, this proved very successful and profitable.

Following closely the railways into Roswell came the things most responsible for the passing of the large cattle ranches. With the appearance of the railway came more people, towns were started, homesteads were taken up, land along streams where it could be irrigated was bought by farmers and used for agricultural purposes. In that mild climate where the soil could be irrigated, all kinds of farm products could be grown with little effort.

Even before this time artesian water had been discovered at Roswell and was being used extensively for farm irrigation. This artesian belt follows the Pecos River south nearly to Carlsbad. Besides this many private irrigation projects have been put in; they take their water from the Pecos and other small streams. The U. S. reclamation service also established several large irrigation projects. So that what was once an ideal open cattle range is today in the highest state of cultivation; producing annually thousands of tons of alfalfa, train loads of apples and other fruit, as well as cantaloupes and all other farm products. Roswell has grown to be a modern little city of ten thousand inhabitants with surrounding towns in every direction.

With these changes going on around them, cattle ranchmen soon realized they were to meet the same fate as Mr. Chisum had met before. The sheep men, the small cattle men and the farmer were gradually taking the

open range away from them. There was no "west" to go to. There were only two courses left them: cut down their herds or close out.

The Jingle-bob outfit was one of the first to glimpse the handwriting on the wall and began to cut down its holdings, even at a time when other large outfits were increasing theirs. John Chisum the owner of this outfit died in 1884, and the final closing out began; in 1892 the last remnant of the famous Jingle-bob outfit passed into history. The land occupied by the Jingle-bob headquarters went into the hands of J. J. Hagerman and was placed in the highest state of cultivation. It was irrigated from South Spring River and artesian wells. Eventually it was mostly planted into apple orchards and alfalfa. A most beautiful mansion was erected close to where the old adobe ranch house stood, and is now the home of ex-Governor H. J. Hagerman and his mother. The outside ranches and holdings went into the hands of other ranchmen.

The Lea Cattle Company was the next one to pass. Their remnant bands of cattle and the last of their ranches were sold to the Block Cattle Company. In 1910 the Penasco Cattle Company closed out. In 1909 the Cass Land & Cattle Company closed out. In 1911 the Hansford Land & Cattle Company closed out. The other companies, still in business, are on a greatly reduced scale. The Bloom Cattle Company and the Block Cattle Company are continually cutting down their herds and moving back into the mountains. Only by buying all the water in such localities and leasing large tracts of grazing land are they still able to run several thousand cattle. The Littlefield Cattle Company at one time owned as many as eighty thousand cattle. Today they run a few thousand cattle, all of them in fenced pastures on land leased from the state. When New Mexico became a state she received several million acres of land from the federal government for school and other purposes. This land was to be selected from any public domain within the state. It is now being selected and leased mostly for grazing purposes. This is another factor that will help to still farther reduce the present large ranches. All of the free government land, not too mountainous to graze, is occupied by small ranches.

This is not the history only of this immediate vicinity. This same story may be well applied to any of the once large open western cattle ranges.

The large western cattle ranch is a thing of the past.



The Journey to California in 1849

By George Thomas Marye

The following is an unpublished chapter from the life of an early pioneer, George Thomas Marye, and the account of the journey to California across the Isthmus in 1849, recalls some of the hardships of those early days, and is all the more interesting at this time from the striking contrast it furnishes with the trip across the Isthmus as it will soon be made through the great canal.—EDITOR.

IT IS PROBABLY easier to-day to reach almost any part of the earth's surface except the North Pole, and perhaps some places in the heart of Africa, than it was to get to California when the gold fever was first running its course in the Atlantic States, and when our pioneer Marye started on his journey there early in the spring of 1849. The usual course of travel at that time for those dwelling near the Atlantic seaboard was to make their way to the nearest or most convenient port, take ship to the Isthmus of Panama, make their way across the Isthmus by such means as they might find or be able to improvise, and then set sail again on the waters of the Pacific from the isthmus to San Francisco. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company had already established a line of steamers between New York and Aspinwall or Greytown, now called Colon, on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus, which gave a reasonably regular service between these points, but beyond Aspinwall all was uncertainty and confusion. There was no railroad across the Isthmus in those days, and the hardships and difficulties which had to be endured and overcome by the pioneers of '49 in making their way from Aspinwall to Panama were not unlike those which in our own time confronted the hardy gold-seekers of Alaska on their perilous passage over the mountain passes from Skagway to the headquarters of the Yukon River. The only difference was that in the former instance the difficulties were aggravated by exposure to the dangers of the tropics, miasma, fever and torrid heat, and in the other they were encountered in the frozen North, and were rendered still more formidable by the icy blasts and numbing cold of an Arctic winter.

Under the old Spanish government a very good road had been built across the Isthmus from ocean to ocean, and as long as Spanish authority lasted, it was kept in pretty good repair, but after the independent government was established, it had been neglected, and in 1849 had fallen into a dilapidated condition throughout its length, and in many places was altogether impassable. The distance across the isthmus in a direct line is some thirty-five miles, but the road, like the railway and the canal at the present day pursued a more devious course, and was about fifty miles long from Aspinwall to Panama.

From his home in Baltimore, Marye went to New York to take passage on one of the steamers of the Pacific Mail for Aspinwall. The trip to New York was of course made by rail, but railroad traveling was then in its most primitive stage, and had few of the comforts and none of the luxuries it

offers now. It was not so long since the first railroad tracks had been torn up, and the first telegraph wires cut, in outbursts of popular disfavor, for the country was only just emerging from the period when all physical progress and innovation were bitterly opposed, and even the iron plow, in many localities, was still viewed with dislike in the belief that it was poisonous to the soil. The discovery of gold in California has been attended with incalculable consequences, and among the number it may be safely thanked not only for having quickened all the activities of our commercial life, but also for creating a general desire for material improvement of every kind, though we still have had to witness the destruction of the first sewing machines in a brief return of the old feeling.

The voyage from New York was made on one of the steamers of the Pacific Mail, and of those vessels it may be said that they bore scarcely more resemblance to the Lusitania and the Mauretania of to-day than the caravals of Columbus bore to them. But whatever the inconveniences of the sea voyage, it was not until reaching Aspinwall that any serious difficulties were usually encountered. And if it were then found that the adventurous spirit of the pioneers had led them into the presence of many difficulties, they were for the most part exceptional men and endowed by nature with the qualities of body and mind to overcome them. Marye possessed his full share of those qualities, and he used to say in after years that the difficulties of the trip from Aspinwall to Panama were forgotten as soon as they were over, but that he never would forget the anxiety and distress of mind he suffered at Panama while waiting to obtain passage to San Francisco.

After landing at Aspinwall, the necessity of relying upon one's own powers of self-help in order to make further progress became at once obvious. Marye had with him two younger brothers, Simon Boliver Marye and Willis Young Marye, and a young nephew, Henry Seibert, all of whom he was taking to California in the expectation that among the many opportunities offered by that new and wonderful country they would be able to find their way to fortune. It may be mentioned in this place that he was disappointed in that expectation, although there is little doubt that he had his reward in the gratification of the desire which was such a marked trait in his character to do for others and to have them lean upon him, a trait not altogether rare in very strong characters. The elder of the two brothers, Simon B. Marye, after practicing law in San Francisco for a time, became one of the early judges of that county, and at the expiration of his term of office, went to Portland, Oregon. The younger brother went early to the mines; he mined in various places in California for a number of years, and then returned to Virginia without having had much success. The nephew made but a short stay in California, and soon returned East. But if Marye was disappointed later in what he had hoped to accomplish for his young relatives, he had no occasion at this time to regret having brought them with him. He needed companions on the trip across the Isthmus, and they were all hardy young fellows, brought up in the country in the Valley of Virginia, and, if not as adventurous in spirit, they were as strong in body and possessed of as great physical endurance as he was himself.

He had been very careful in Baltimore in selecting his outfit for the trip and had brought only light baggage with him, having sent the heavier and more bulky part with the goods he was forwarding around the Horn by sailing vessel to San Francisco. He did not therefore need any wheeled vehicle for transportation purposes, which was doubly fortunate, as he probably could not have procured a suitable one in Aspinwall, and he certainly could not have got it over the mountains if he had. He bought two burros or pack-mules, and engaged the services of two

natives to look after them, and also to act as guides. They were to serve as cooks as well, but after one experience of their abilities in that line, the members of the party thought that they would rather trust to their own very crude accomplishments in the culinary art. With one more purchase, that of a pocket compass which, singular to relate, Marye had neglected to bring with him, and which was luckily offered him in Aspinwall, the party was ready for the road. The distance they had before them in a bee-line was, as has already been remarked, something like thirty-five miles, and it is probable that even with all their windings they did not cover more than seventy-five miles, but it was slow, hard and exhausting work, and took them several days. Whenever they were compelled to leave the old road, their way for the most part ran along the sides of and across streams and ravines, through tropic forest and undergrowth, and over what seemed like untrodden ground. The heat was almost unendurable, and they used to say that though they had taken with them no superabundance of clothing they felt that they could have dispensed with even what they had, except the stout, heavy-soled, long boots coming well up the leg, which they had at first regarded as rather unfit for tropic wear. But this substantial footgear gave needed protection not only against the prickly vegetation with which their path was frequently beset, but also against the bites of reptiles which had to be reckoned with in pressing their way through the dense undergrowth. At last, after their long tramp, weary and foot-sore, but without serious mishap and in good health and spirits, they arrived in Panama, where the serious troubles of the trip for Marye were to have their beginning.

Before leaving New York, indeed before leaving Baltimore, he had made arrangements with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company for transportation for himself and party not only from New York to Aspinwall, but also from Panama to San Francisco. In setting the dates of his departure from New York, of his arrival in Aspinwall, and of his reaching Panama, he had been extremely careful to give himself an abundance of time in the last-named city before the sailing of his ship for San Francisco, because when he first made up his mind to go to California he had closed out his interests in Baltimore, and invested the bulk of the proceeds in the purchase of such articles as he thought would have ready and profitable sale in the new country, and he shipped them around the Horn in a sailing vesel to San Francisco. He had not consigned them to any one there because he did not know any one, and he expected to be there to receive them himself.

When he arrived in Panama, he was well ahead of the time of the sailing of his ship, and he and his party prepared to make themselves as comfortable as they could for what they expected to be their brief stay. They used for the first time a small tent which they had brought with them, and which they pitched in the outskirts of the town, after receiving and paying for the permission of the local authority to do so. Marye then tried to sell his pack mules for which he had paid a rather exorbitant price which he had expected when he made the purchase to considerably reduce by selling them again in Panama. But if there was any demand for pack animals for the return trip, it always became conspicuous by its absence when he tried to make a trade, and at last he was glad to sell them for anything to rid himself of their care and keep.

As soon as he got to Panama, he went at once to the local representatives of the Steamship Company to inquire about the sailing of his ship. He was informed that it was scheduled to leave on or about the day they told him in New York, and that he should hold himself in readiness to go at that time. When the day came, he was all ready, but no ship arrived; and it was the same the next day, and the next, and for many days after. It seems that the steamer on which he had en-

gaged passage had been bought by the company in New York to ply between San Francisco and Panama, and had been despatched for that purpose around the Horn, with instructions to touch at Panama and take on board such passengers as she yet had room for, and to whom tickets had been sold in New York. Owing to a variety of causes, this vessel was detained in South American ports until long after she was due in Panama. But Marye knew nothing about the delay or its causes, or of the whereabouts of the vessel, nor did the officials of the company at Panama or even in New York, for there was no telegraph to South America or to Panama in those days, and word could only be brought by an occasional steamer or slow-going sailing vessel.

Marye was not at first rendered particularly anxious by the failure of his ship to come in, because in addition to the expectation that she might arrive at any time, he felt quite confident that he would be able to secure some sort of accommodation for himself at least on the company's next boat leaving for San Francisco. He was not encouraged in that belief by the officers of the company, for the town was full of people waiting for passage, but still he thought he might be able to arrange it. In that condition of expectancy, time wore on, and finally a boat of the company's came in from San Francisco to return there at once after discharging and taking on her new cargo and company of passengers. Marye made vigorous efforts to secure passage on that vessel, but his attempts were in vain. Every place was taken and every passenger seemed as anxious to get to San Francisco as he was. He had the great disappointment of seeing the ship leave without him. But even then he did not feel greatly alarmed. He still thought that the steamer on which he had his passage engaged might come in at any time, and he knew that if he had to wait for the company's next steamer returning to San Francisco from Panama, it would still be in ample time to land him there before the arrival of his goods. It was, of course, a very disquieting thought that if by any chance they should reach there before he did they would be landed and sold on the wharf for freight charges, in the absence of any owner or consignee to claim them. But he comforted himself with the reflection that there was still plenty of time, and he tried to think as little as possible of the uncertainty attending his means of passage. He sought, too, to make himself at least physically more comfortable by taking up his abode with Don Antonio Vidal, a physician of Panama, in whose house he was fortunate enough to find many comforts to which he had for quite a time been a stranger, and where he began the study of Spanish in which he afterwards became quite proficient in California.

If the days seemed long before the arrival of the next boat, they did at length come to an end, and Marye renewed his efforts to obtain a passage. He tried the local officers of the company, the purser of the ship and the passengers. The officers had but one answer, that everything was taken, and there was not an inch of space left, and the passengers were all fiercely intent on reaching the gold fields of California. Again he had the bitter disappointment of seeing the ship go without him. And now he was seriously alarmed. Ruin stared him in the face at the very outset of his career in California. He would have taken passage on any kind of craft bound for San Francisco, but there was none, and he knew, too, that there was no likelihood of any sailing vessel leaving Panama at that time getting to San Francisco before the ship with his goods. He had to wait, and waiting under such circumstance to a man of his energetic temperament was a severe trial. But there was no help for it, and fortunately he was one of those whose spirits rises with the difficulties confronting them. He passed the long days wondering what he could do now to secure passage on the next boat that he had left undone on the two former

occasions. He had given up all hope of his own ship coming in, but there was always the chance that on the next steamer returning to San Francisco some passenger might drop out or be willing to sell his passage if a good price was offered.

When the next steamer came in, he was prepared to renew the struggle for a passage with unabated energy. His experience, however, with the company's officers and with the purser of the ship was the same as before: they could do nothing for him, there was not a place on the ship; but he had not exhausted his efforts among the passengers—indeed, had scarcely begun them, when his attention was drawn to the fact that the vessel was under the command of Captain David C. Bailey, and that accidental fact, he had reason to believe, would prove of deep significance to him.

While at his home in Baltimore he had had many conversations about going to California, with Lieut. William Lewis Herndon of the U. S. Navy, who was stationed in Washington at the time, and who made frequent visits to Baltimore. The two men were both from Virginia, and their families had been long acquainted at Fredericksburg, and they became fast friends. Herndon, as every one knows, took service not long afterwards with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and was in command of one of its vessels, the Central America, when she was wrecked in 1857, and he went down with his ship. His distinguished gallantry on that occasion excited the admiration of the world, and his conduct was so heroic and furnished such a conspicuous example of the highest virtues of a commander that his brother officers of the navy have erected a monument to his memory at Annapolis, a monument which will serve not only to perpetuate his fame, but to inspire to similar deeds many generations of young cadets at that celebrated school of American patriotism. It is not without interest to add that two years after his death his daughter married at Fredericksburg a young New Yorker, who subsequently became president of the United States, Chester A. Arthur.

Before Marye started on his journey Herndon said to him: "I want to give you a letter to a close friend of mine, Captain David C. Baily, in the service of the Pacific Mail, on the station between Panama and San Francisco. It is not likely you will meet him going out, but it will be pleasant for him to know you in San Francisco, as he does not know many people there, and it will be pleasant for you, too, for he is a good fellow and you will like him."

Marye took the letter, and had it with him in Panama. He had had little idea when he received it how useful it might prove; but with it he now went to Captain Baily and explained to him how anxious he was to get to San Francisco and the unsuccessful efforts he had made to obtain passage on the boat under the captain's command.

Captain Baily said: "Well, Mr. Marye, what the officers of the company and the purser have told you is literally true: the ship is crowded to the gunwales, and there is no room anywhere. But the captain has his quarters, and as Herndon's friend, I invite you to share them with me." Marye's feelings of relief were as deep-seated as they were instantaneous, and he was enabled to turn at once from the gloomiest misgivings to the confident hope of a successful beginning in his new field of endeavor. And that expectation was realized. He sailed triumphantly on the good ship Panama, with three hundred and twenty-five other passengers, of whom it may be observed as illustrative of the early settlement of California that all but two were men, and arrived in San Francisco in time to receive his goods and turn them to profitable account.

"All's well that ends well" is a Shakespearean adage, but Marye never forgot his stay in Panama.

The Repenting of Drusilla Thompson

By M. Isabel Boynton

DRUSILLA Thompson awoke that May morning with a sense of some impending catastrophe haunting her, that for a brief time she could not fathom; then it came to her in the full, sharp force of its significance. The Resolve she had made. Only after hours of mental and moral struggle had she made that Resolve, but once made, no thought of turning from her purpose was possible.

She looked in the little mirror hung over her bureau—the same mirror had hung there since Drusilla was a little child—and even if it had been a flattering mirror, which it was not, it could not have made her a comely woman. Tall and spare, flat-breasted, high cheek bones, long nose and wide straight mouth. A pale, cold, expressionless face, yet not a characterless one. The face a martyr might have, whose whole nature was keyed up to the final great sacrifice for its principal's sake. A soul in the very throes of torture looked back at her from the glass. A face that seemed in some odd way strangely detached from her own personality.

She went to the window and threw the sash open, looking out on the perfect May morning, the very birds of the spring time, the odor from the great bed of valley lilies beneath the window came to her nostrils, and she put a trembling hand to her throat and recoiled as from a physical blow. So great is the force of habit, her hands performed their accustomed tasks, while her mind was a thing apart, bent upon the fulfilling of that Resolve.

For thirty-seven years, upon the twenty-ninth day of May, the usual household work attended to, Drusilla had gone with basket and scissors to the lilac bushes, and clipped each purple or white plume from its parent stem. These blooms were carried to the Town Hall for members of the decorating committee to use the following day, on the graves of the soldier dead, in the village cemetery. Then she would go to the bank of the brook that laughed its way across her orchard, and pick a huge bunch of violets. Next came the cutting of the valley lilies. Then the fancy basket, with its high, curved handle, was brought from its seclusion in the entry cupboard, a shallow dish of water set in the bottom, and the lilies and violets arranged in it, in all their delicate loveliness, the handle twined with the sweet flowers, and a narrow white ribbon bow tied on top.

Her task completed, she stood off to get a better view of her work. A work of love and delight to Drusilla, whose heart hungered for beautiful things, and at this minute her face was not homely. A strange kind of beauty seemed to be reflected upon it from the blossoms she loved. Her angular body even seemed to fall into easier and more graceful lines. So far, she had followed the custom of years. For a few blissful, forgetful minutes she lived in the beauty and fragrance before her. Then came relentless memory to call her back to the present—and the Resolve. Today she did not carry the basket of lilies and violets to the spring house to keep fresh until the morrow, when, early in the morning, she would take it to the cemetery, and with reverent and proud hands plant it on The Grave.

Instead she left it with the basket of lilac blooms in a shady spot by the house, while she cleared up the litter her work had made. Then she went inside, and up to her room, coming down in a few minutes with her old and unbecoming "second best" brown dress on. She tied on her black sunhat, and folded the little cashmere shawl that had once been her mother's, over her thin shoulders. She closed and locked the two windows methodically, stopping to pick a decaying leaf from the rose geranium, then stood looking about at the familiar objects with a sort of lingering fondness on her set face. She walked out, and locking the door, hanging the key on its accustomed hook, went around the house to where in the shade she had left the basket of flowers. Lifting the small basket tenderly, she arranged a violet hood here, or a cluster of white bells there, with caressing fingers, and taking a yellow, time-worn envelope from the bosom of her dress, pushed it down among the blossoms. With some difficulty she lifted the heavier basket on her other arm, then stood silently looking about her. The spring sunshine fell caressingly over the landscape. Buds and blossoms nodded to her from bush and tree, the fragrant warmth of the day embraced her. She saw it, but did not feel it. She, who so rejoiced in Nature's gifts. It was all strange, unlike any other spring day she had ever known. She could not think back; there seemed no morrow. In some inexplicable way it seemed the end. She felt suddenly old and weak, and tottered slightly under her burden, but no thought of turning from her purpose entered her mind as she walked down the box boarded path and on down the road toward the Town Hall.

* * * *

On the afternoon of this same twenty-ninth day of May, the Town Hall was the scene of considerable activity, as certain maids and matrons of the town were assembled in the "lower hall," so called, to distinguish it from the larger "upper" one above stairs, making garlands to be used the next day in decorating the graves of the town's heroes, while some of the old soldiers themselves, assisted by several young people, were decorating the "upper" hall with flags and flowers, in anticipation of the exercises that would, on the morrow, follow the ceremonies at the cemetery.

In the lower hall, hands and tongues worked nimbly, until as the sun sank lower, and the work neared completion, the hands worked less swiftly, the tongues were silent. Some among the number had worked in this very room during the exciting days of the war, preparing comforts for the soldiers on the battlefields, and in the hospitals. They had been girls then, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, whose young hearts often ached over their tasks, it is true, but they were young hearts that even the horrors of war could not make wholly sad or hopeless. Now they were gray haired women, working with their children and their children's children. To the older onces the scenes of those bygone days came vividly to mind. Old faces, old joys, old heart-aches were near and real at that moment.

A rosy face surmounted by a shock of yellow hair appeared at the door.

"Captain Proctor wants some lilacs," a boyish voice demanded, and brought Abbie Howard from her reverie. This yellow haired youngster had no place in her vision of yesterdays. She straightened her aching back and looked at the boy with her keenly intelligent eyes.

"You tell him he'll have to get 'em somewhere else. We need more ourselves," and when the rosy face disappeared: "I wonder if Andy Proctor thinks we're made of lilacs!"

"I suppose it takes a good many to trim up 'round the platform," Ellen Estey, the worker at her right hand said.

"I s'pose it does," Abbie admitted. "Folks don't send flowers as they used to. Why, I can remember years back when so many flowers were brought

here, we couldn't anywhere near use all of 'em."

"The war is only an epoch of history to so many; maybe they do not feel so keen an interest as those of you who were a part of it," the young minister's wife said.

Abbie nodded her gray head. "Maybe that's true. I guess that anyone who didn't live in those days can't realize what it means to us who did. I guess," she said, reflectively, "that for a town of its size, Leeburg furnished as many men, and as many broken lives and broken hearts as any in the State."

The woman beside her put up a nervous, work-worn hand to wipe away a tear. Her father and brother had fallen at second Bull Run. Her husband, to whom she was married the day before his regiment left for the South, had lived for weeks in the horrors of Andersonville, coming home a mental wreck. The mind, if not the body, left in the Southland.

"I guess it ain't all because there's less flowers, but more graves," Ellen Estey said. "There's a good many more graves than soldiers now."

"We're short two parcels of blooms I never knew to fail us before," Abbie said, as she began weaving evergreen into the form of a wreath. "And that's from Lucretia Holt and Drusilla Thompson, and it certainly isn't because she forgot!"

"I hope neither of them is ill," there was a note of anxiety in the minister's wife's voice.

"Miss Drusilla has looked far from well lately. I've noticed it myself." Abbie worked on her wreath with quick, capable fingers, "but when I spoke to her about it she denied there was any trouble. Drusilla never was one to make a fuss over herself, but I'm afraid she's failing. Here Lucretia comes now."

She came in with a light, tripping step like a girl. A slender, graceful little figure, in an old-fashioned muslin frock. Lucretia had laughed and danced through the fifty odd years of life, but nobody thought of age in connection with Lucretia Holt. Nor did they think of the wealth of hair that still persisted in escaping its decorous bonds, in rebellious little curls, as silvery gray, but golden, as it used to be. The blue eyes still held the innocent, misty expression of an awakened child. Even the lips, although less scarlet, were still a bewitching little bow. Her arms were piled high with lilac blooms, purple and white, through which she smiled at the little band of workers, before dropping them on the floor.

"I know I'm dreadfully late!" she said breathlessly; "but I've had *such* a day! One of the kittens had a fit; I I had to attend to the poor dear. And Thomas caught some mice—such perfectly sweet, pinky little ones—in our trap, and I had *such* a time persuading him to let them go. He says they will destroy everything comes winter, but I tell him what a few little mice eat can't do much harm. And getting on the fence in Currier's field I tore my skirt. See?" she held out the skirt, displaying a rent in the hem. "I came across lots to save time, and oh, my arms are so tired!"

"You silly child! Why didn't you bring the lilacs in a basket, as any sensible woman would have?" Abbie spoke briskly, but she put out one of her large, capable hands, and gently drew Lucretia into a chair which was nearby.

"Sensible?" Lucretia laughed, and it sounded like a tinkling little bell, ringing somewhere in the distance. "Abbie, do you expect me to turn sensible at my time of life? The blossoms are so pretty I like to carry them in my arms, And you needn't scold me, Abbie Howard! I am not the only tardy one, for I see Drusilla Thompson coming now."

Drusilla came through the door. The basket of lilacs hung heavy over one arm, and she set it on the floor with a sigh of relief, but the other, with its burden of delicate blooms, she kept carefully in her hand. She looked straight ahead at Lucretia, then appealingly at Abbie.

"I want to see Lucretia," she said, dully.

"Why, Drusilla," Abbie cried, "Lucretia's right in front of you! That basket was too heavy for you, and I see you've brought Stephen's basket, too. It's just lovely, as it always is, Drusilla." At the mention of the basket, Drusilla started forward her feet moved heavily, as if shackled with irons. She held the basket out to Lucretia with both hands, as if it was a burden too heavy to be sustained by one.

"Take it," she said. "It's yours to put on Stephen's grave. It was you Stephen loved, not me. I told a lie when I said we were to be married." Lucretia shrank back, white and terrified. Abbie arose from her chair, and coming to Drusilla, laid a firm but tender hand on her shoulder. "Come, Drusilla," she said gently. "Come set down and rest. It's been a real hot and trying day for May, and you're tired and all upset. Just set down and rest."

Lucretia still shrank back in her chair. Drusilla set the basket down before her. When she stood up, the black shawl slid from one shoulder.

"No, I don't want to sit down," she spoke in a high, monotonous voice. "I'm not fit to sit down with decent folks, but I am tired, tired of living a lie! Don't touch me," as Abbie made a motoion to put a protecting arm around her. She looked at Lucretia.

"You were the best loved friend of my girlhood," she said, "and you were my idol. You were all I was not. Every one admired you. To wish a thing was to have it. Your clothes, your parties, your journeyings about, were all alike a fascinating story to me. You know how strict father was, even for a minister of those days he was strict and severe, and he did not approve of our friendship. To him your ways were a snare of the evil one set to trap the unthinking. I sometimes thought so myself, but oh, they were such bright and pleasant ways! And I never envied you, Lucretia, and would willingly have prostrated my body for you to walk over for the sake of your loving, merry friendship, and I never could understand how you came to care for me, unless it was because I was such a shy, homely girl that you pitied me and made a place for me in your great, warm heart. Then Stephen Alden came here to work and boarded with us, so as to study with father in his spare minutes. He was kind to me, too. In a hundred ways he made my life brighter and happier. I knew he loved you, Lucretia, and I knew he could never love me, not that way, but he became my whole world." She stood with her hands clasped tight before her. "And then came the war. You were away when he enlisted, Lucretia, and you remember his regiment was called away very suddenly. The morning the regiment went away, I was at the depot. All the town seemed to be there—and just as the train started, Stephen came out on the platform, and over the heads of the nearer ones threw me an envelope. I hurried home to open it. Inside was the ring he always wore on his little finger, his mother's wedding ring, and a hastily written note: 'Give this ring to Lucretia,' he wrote. 'I have never asked her to be my wife, nor told her in words of my love. I was waiting to make a place for myself more fitting to her own station in life, and I know her father does not consider me a fitting mate for Squire Holt's daughter. Something may happen. God only knows how this thing will end. I can trust you to do this for me, Drusilla as I would trust no one else on earth!' Oh, I can remember it all right! Every word is burned into my brain with irons of fire. Stephen was hurried into the worst of the fighting, and fell in his first battle. You stayed away longer than you had at first intended. The very day you came home the news of Stephen's death reached us. I put that ring on my finger, and told the people that the night before Stephen went away he asked me to be his wife. I knew only too well how the story surprised every one. No suspicion of such a relation between us

had been dreamed of, his devotion to Lucretia was too plain, even if I had been like other girls. And you believed me! I was homely and awkward and odd, but you believed in me. You trusted me!"

Drucilla threw out her hands towards the group of awed and astonished women.

"My father died believing the story. And all the time, I was just a living lie! Oh, how good every one was to me. Such loving and tender sympathy! And it was a lie—and a liar is an abomination unto the Lord!" Her arms fell by her sides. "And it has been—hell!" The word used so commonly and for such trifles, came with horrible meaning from the colorless lips. It left no doubts in the minds of her listeners of the genuineness of her story, and some, at first, had thought her words the ravings of a wandering mind. As absolutely as they had accepted the story years before, they accepted her denial of it now.

They looked at one another with not only expressions of wonder and awe, but on several faces fright, and when at last they regained their mental poise sufficient to think of Drusilla, she had disappeared.

It was Lucretia Holt who first recovered from the shock of Drusilla's confession. She looked at the basket of blossoms at her feet with eyes wet with tears.

"Poor Drusilla!" she cried softly. Then she caught the basket up in one hand, not tenderly and carefully as Drusilla had done, she snatched the envelope containing the little worn ring and the letter yellowed by years from their midst, crushing it recklessly with her tight shut fingers, and with a sobbing little cry, ran out of the hall, and up the road towards Drusilla's house.

* * * *

Drusilla reached the shelter of her home—how, she did not know. It seemed to hold out sheltering arms to hide her shame and disgrace, and she sank on her knees, weary and exhausted by the old sofa in the dim recess of the sitting room. It was here that Lucretia found her, and kneeling beside her, flung her arms about the pathetic figure.

"Oh, Drusilla!" she cried. "You dear, good, brave Drusilla! However did you have the courage? No one but you could ever have done it."

Drusilla tried to draw away from the sheltering arms, but they held her close.

"Brave!" she cried. "Me! A liar, a traitor to my friends! Lucretia, you should not be here. I am not fit for you to touch."

But Lucretia only drew her closer. Tears like dew-gems glistened on her sweeping lashes.

"But, Drusilla, listen! You've made me the happiest woman in the world. All these years I've believed Stephen was a false, deceitful man, who played with my love just to satisfy his vanity. He was my ideal, and it's terrible to have one's ideals crumble before one's very sight. And you and I were such friends, and I lost you, too, Drusilla, for I thought you were sly and untrue, too. Drusilla, don't you see? Can't you understand? You have given me back faith in you and Stephen. I could have given him to you, if it had meant greater happiness for him, and you were a thousand times more worthy his love than I ever was, but to be betrayed by the two I loved and trusted most in all the world—it cut terribly deep, Drusilla, and like an old wound that never heals, the pain has never ended in all the long years. But it is healed now. You have healed it, Drucilla. You and Stephen and I are the same old friends."

Drusilla shook her head. Dry sobs choked her voice.

"Drusilla, dear Drusilla," Lucretia crooned over her like a mother over a grieving child. Gradually the rigid form relaxed, and lay weak and spent in Lucretia's arms.

"My life has been a lie, too," Lucretia said. "I pretended I did not care, when my heart was breaking. I laughed and danced and flirted so that

people would think Stephen was nothing to me. I pretended to be your friend, and my heart was bitter towards you. I said I was sorry for you, as the others did, and I was not. I was glad. I thought you ought to suffer. When you seemed to avoid me, and change toward me, I thought it was because your conscience was guilty for deceiving me as you had. But Drusilla, it was only make-believe! Only a bad dream, and I am so happy!"

Drusilla drew herself onto the old sofa, and looked down into Lucretia's radiant face. She reached out to the table where Lucretia had thrown the envelope and took out the ring. Taking one of the slender hands tenderly in her own, she slipped the gold band onto the third finger.

"After many years, Lucretia, after many years!" she whispered, and then tears came, hot, scalding tears, to wash away the burden and the pain.

"To-morrow morning early we will go together to Stephen's grave, and carry the flowers," Lucretia said, but Drusilla shook her head.

"Not that, not that," she cried. "I was untrue to my trust. Stephen trusted me, and I lied!"

"We will go together," Lucretia insisted. "Remember, I lied, too, in acts if not words. Stephen will understand—and Drusilla, I am so happy!" She kissed the little ring, and then the rough hand that clung to hers, her eyes bright with happy, misty tears.

* * * *

Drusilla stood at the end of the garden walk, watching Lucretia's light-clad figure vanishing down the road in the purpling night shadows. The fancy basket, with its delicate blooms re-arranged, and the white bow freshly tied, was in the spring house to keep fresh and sweet for the morning, when together they would take it to Stephen Alden's grave.

Drusilla saw Lucretia pause a minute at the bend in the road, and then disappear. In that minute's pause, Drusilla knew Lucretia had waved her hand, the parting salute of their girlhood days.

Drusilla turned and walked slowly up the path towards the house. She stopped beside a tall lily that would open its snowy petals within a day or two, and touched its stem caressingly. The was dignity and even grace in her figure as she stood there. The haunted look was gone from her eyes, the hard, drawn lines from her face. Peace filled the night and brooded in her heart, and peace she had not known since the shadows of her wrong doing had closed around her soul. As she stood there, memories of her childhood came to mind that brought a smile to her lips. Memories long forgotten in the engulfing consciousness of her sin. And to-morrow? Ah!

There were many to-morrows in which to do recompense for the wrong she had done. She felt the buoyancy and strength that comes from renewed hope. Lucretia had forgiven her. She had said: "Stephen understood." She reached the stone step and turned and looked into the soft beauty of the May night. Soul-soothing scents came from the blossoms and opening buds. Hushed and tender sounds from insects and nesting birds. She lifted her arms to the heavens, where the stars shone pale in the warm sky, and the moon hung a slender, silver crescent in the far West.

"Beautiful world!" she breathed, softly. "God's world and mine!"

The Awakening of Marion

By Edna M. Young

I.

WOMEN wondered if she ever would or could love, and know what it was to feel: men thought her to be what she seemed—a cold, beautiful shell, impervious to the attraction of their sex.

Marion Bishop was beautiful as an artist's dream. She had never really known the thrill of man's touch; she had been infatuated, true, but her twenty-eighth birthday had passed without her soul being touched.

She had been asked to sing, and as usual, complied. The great ball room of the palatial home of the Masterson's was filled with a brilliant throng. Marion's voice was one of exquisite timber, a rich, vibrant contralto, yet, notwithstanding, it lacked that which would have made it perfect. A great master had once exclaimed: "Ah! What a magnificent voice to be so cold. She would be wonderful, if she but had a heart, or could be made to love."

Often Marion would muse upon what others said of her, and she, too, wondered, if real love would ever come to her. At times, she seemed to have a premonition that soon she was to meet the one man who would awaken her slumbering heart.

Listening to the singing were many beautiful women, elaborately gowned, and many handsome and distinguished men. In a little den upstairs, where only the most intimate of Burton Masterson's friends were ever allowed to enter, Raph Van Ranberg sat, enjoying one of his host's famous Havanas. Faintly the music floated up to them, now in a sensuous waltz, or now in a rollicking two-step. The host asked his guest why he did not join in the dancing, when in the midst of their conversation, the wonderful voice of Marion Bishop was wafted up to them, and Van Ranberg listened, spellbound. The song ended, he turned to his host. "Burt, I might enjoy the dancing if I were presented to the owner of that voice."

A few moments later he was bowing before what he thought was the most beautiful woman he had ever met, and almost before he realized it, his arm had encircled her waist, and he was guiding her in and out among the dancers.

"Elsie, I think I have made a match," said Masterson, as he and his wife followed the forms of the two with their eyes. "What! if Ralph should be the Pagmelia who is to bring the blood of life to our beautiful statue. I wish him luck, for if he does, I think he will be, next to myself, the happiest man on earth."

Gliding over the polished floor to the beautiful strains of a Strauss waltz, the two were oblivious to all save each other and the dance. Van Ranberg was a splendid dancer, and a specimen of perfect physical manhood. His partner was rightly said to be the most beautiful woman in the city. The two made a striking couple, and many eyes followed them as they made their way toward the hostess, at the conclusion of the dance.

"Mrs. Masterson, I have a favor to ask of you. Will you persuade Miss Bishop to sing for us just once more?" When Van Ranberg asked the question he did so in a manner which caused the hostess to smile inwardly.

"Why, of course Marion will sing; won't you, dear?"

"It really seems that I have inflicted myself often enough upon you, but I will sing again, as Mr. Van Ranberg claims he did not hear me before."

And none in the room had ever heard her sing as she did then. A new quality had entered her voice. People murmured astonishment when the last notes died away, and applauded for more. Glancing at Van Ranberg for a moment, she seemed to falter, then strangely trembling, she selected from her music a Spanish love song; and how she sang. Seemingly unaware of her listeners, her voice, now low and faintly vibrant—now swelling into full-throated melody—rose and fell with a charm unknown before.

The bright glow from a low-hanging chandelier touched the luxuriant coils of her hair into living gold, and a new warmth made liquid the depths of her eyes, and tinted to delicate rose pink the full, rounded ivory of her neck and shoulders. Her magnificent form was drawn to its full height, and her head thrown regally back, gave freedom to her glorious voice.

Van Ranberg stood near by, his eyes almost riveted upon this woman, who thrilled him as he had never been before. Fascinated, he watched the play of her mobile features. The gleaming gold of the thick masses of her hair affected him strangely. He longed to shake them loose, and then to feel them wound about his throat until he could scarcely breathe.

Outside, near the outer edge of the grounds, a little crippled newsboy crouched in the shelter of the hedge, and listened. To him, it seemed as though the gates of heaven were open, and the voice of an angel was cheering the lonely heart in his poor little body. "Oh, please Mister God!" he murmured, "can't I see the lady just once?" Not knowing that the burly form of a policeman stood behind him, the boy tried to crawl through the hedge, but the rough hand on his coat collar suddenly jerked him to his feet, and he was ordered to move along.

When the last notes had died away, the singer bowed her thanks for the burst of applause which made her heart swell. Heretofore they had applauded her technique, but to-night they put their hearts into their appreciation of the soul in her voice.

Van Ranberg was the first to congratulate her. Seizing her hand, he looked into her eyes: what he read there made his senses swim. For a brief fraction of eternity, their two hearts seemed to still their beating: two souls leaped across the gulf which stretched between them, and met in trembling union. Then the woman's eyes wavered as she read the story in his. Slowly a dark flush swept over the ivory of her shoulders and up into the gold of her hair. She realized for the first time that she really loved, and that her love was reciprocated, but in a moment she was once more the cool and possessed woman she had always been.

"Perhaps I might want to use my hand," she murmured, and Van Ranberg flushed and stammered, as she was quickly surrounded by men anxious to claim a number on her program, and not a few among them figuratively gave themselves a nudge when they saw that she refused to put any name opposite many of the dances.

Van Ranberg hurried from the room and out in the gardens. Pacing up and down the gravel walks, he tried to stifle the throbbing of his pulses, and the pounding of his heart. He knew that he was deep in love: he wondered if he could summon up the courage to tell her. The thought did not occur to him that he had known her only an hour or so; all he could think of was that he wanted her, and when he wanted anything, he was never very slow in endeavoring to acquire it.

Meanwhile, as if in a daze, Marion danced, and her conversation was limited to monosyllables. She was startled by this feeling which had taken possession of her, soul and body. Her pulses had quickened and

thoughts of this man who had so changed her, caused her cheeks to flame. Her hostess was remarking the change in her voice when she saw Van Ranberg approaching. Upon asking Marion for the next dance she, without a word, put her hand on his arm and joined the couples on the floor.

The music had started, and Marion felt herself swept over the floor to the dreamy strains, which were a fitting accompaniment to the flutter of her heart. Her bosom rose and fell under the strange feeling which possessed her. Her eyes became heavy lidded, and she thought he surely must feel the throb of her heart. How strong and sure was his clasp. She wondered what it would be like to have both of his arms around her, and to feel herself crushed, until she would have to cry out with pain. Glancing up at him, something in his eyes throbbed along her quivering heart strings, and sang a burning pean of triumph in her ears. The music ceased, and they came to a pause where a low window gave entrance to the veranda. Silently they stepped out into the gardens and under the stars. Suddenly she was crushed into a pair of strong arms, and yielding to his embrace, heart throbbing against heart. He could not see the fire in her eyes, as she looked up into his. Quickly his lips found hers, and as he uttered the words, "Marion, my darling, I love you!" she knew then what it was to love. As they stood there, clasped in each other's embrace, the music wafted out to them as from afar and from the heavens: the silver moon looked down upon them, and blessed a mating which is as old as time.

"Marion, I want you: I have wanted you all my life, but I never found you until to-night. Will you be my wife?"

The answer she gave, as her head lay against his shoulder, caused his arms once more to tighten, and the passion of her voice surged through him; he knew now she was his for eternity.

A few moments later, up in the quiet of the dressing room, Marion told her hostess.

"I would marry him to-night, or this very minute if he wished it, Elsie. I never knew what love was before. Of course, dear, you know of that one infatuation of mine. I do not think I shall tell Ralph, but I know now, that the other was not love. I wish I could erase those months, but I know I never wish to see or ever hear of the name of Arthur Freeland as long as I live."

For a short time the two sat quiet, hand in hand. Then the hostess spoke: "Marion, I hope this is indeed love. We think a lot of Ralph, and know he is very worthy, but let the marriage be very soon, and girlie, put any thoughts of the other forever from you."

One week of unutterable bliss passed. The lovers loved, and all the world seemed to smile upon them. Marion proved a depth of warmth and feeling which altered her almost beyond recognition. Her eyes, which once gleamed cold as the stalactites of Capri, were now deep wells of liquid, luminous mystery. Always now her voice was soft and mellow, with the fire that was burning in her soul. Van Ranberg, happy as never before, was not content unless in the presence of the woman he loved.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and as usual Ralph was spending his evening with the one he was soon to make his wife. They were cosily seated upon a low divan on the veranda, discussing plans for their coming nuptials, when suddenly a discreet cough not far distant broke the silence. Peering out into the bright moonlight, Marion drew back with a low gasp. Van Ranberg glanced quickly at his fiancee, and then turned to see what had caused her face to suddenly turn marble white. A sharp pang shot through him. His eyes grew dark with jealousy for a moment, and then a mist came before them. He wondered who this man was that stood before them with a half-sneer curling his lips.

"Arthur, how dare you come here!" came from Marion's lips.

"I really did not anticipate that you had company, Marion, dear; won't you kindly introduce me?" Then walking over and seating himself in a chair, he seemed to insinuate an unanswerable right. And his apparent insolence but served to enhance the impression of something else, which caused Van Ranberg to spring to his feet.

"Mr. Freeland, I must ask you to leave here at once, or I shall ring for a servant." Her cheeks still ashen, Marion moved toward the door. "Never mind ringing, Marion," replied Freeland, a sardonic smile on his handsome face. "I shall say good-night, or perhaps just au revoir, until your friend has gone." And he passed from their sight.

A sickening feeling swept over Van Ranberg. "Marion, tell me who is that man, and what does he mean by coming here like this? Come, tell me before it is too late." As she attempted to put her arms around his neck, he held her from him, while the tight grasp of his hands seemed to press into her flesh.

For a moment she did not speak, and then her eyes filled with tears, mingled with fear. She answered in a voice into which all the longing and hopelessness of ages were crowded:

"Ralph, dearest, Arthur Freeland is a man with whom I was once infatuated. That is all I can tell you; let us put him from our minds. Remember, there is nobody in the world but just you and me, and that we love each other."

Almost roughly he flung her from him. "You refuse to answer. All right, Marion—good-night. Until you send for me to come and get the answer I demand, it is good-bye." And he left her.

Stunned by what had happened, Marion stood rigid, her eyes staring into the moonlight, then a sob shook her, and she flung herself upon the divan, a huddled heap of anguish. Her cup of happiness had reached her lips but to be dashed away by the man she loved, and now she was never to see him again.

In an effort to compose herself, she rose and wended her way to her chamber. "How can I ever tell Ralph my relations with this man?"

With this question upon her mind, tired and exhausted from the scene she had just been through, she fell into uncertain sleep.

She was awakened the next morning by a rap on the door, and the maid entered with a letter from Ralph.

It was only a brief note. It did not censure, nor did it speak of love. It simply told her that he was going away, and that when she felt prepared to do as he had asked, the Matersons would know where to find him.

The days following were filled with bitterness. Freeland called several times, but she refused to see him. She even refused to see her dearest frind, Elsie Materson, and that young matron very wisely refrained from trying to force herself where she was not wanted. The days lengthened into weeks, and no word was received from Ralph; even Freeland had ceased to force himself upon her. The papers had made brief mention of Ralph's departure for an indefinite time to parts unknown.

Four or five years back, Marion had been introduced to a dashing and captivating officer of the Lancers, while attending a military dance at the Government House. There had been a short courtship, suddenly terminated by a letter Marion received one day in a feminine handwriting, telling her that she must cease to accept the attentions of Arthur Freeland, or she would get into very serious trouble. Putting the matter up to Freeland, who at once recognized the handwriting in the letter, he told Marion his story. He was a married man, and the father of two children, but as his home life had been very unhappy, he had deserted them. In short, he declared he would at once get a divorce and marry her.

White with rage, Marion had or-

dered him from her presence, and she had not laid eyes upon him until the eventful and fatal night on the veranda. Freeland had warned her that if she would not marry him, no other man should. These words had struck her forcibly as she recognized him, standing there that night in the moonlight.

Completely worn out, and on the verge of a nervous breakdown, the family physician ordered a complete change for Marion. After much persuasion, she decided to visit a distant relative in the Middle West.

The day of her departure having arrived, she bade good-bye to her parents and friends, and started out upon her journey. On the same train was Arthur Freeland. She had not seen him since her separation from Ralph, but he had kept in close touch with all her movements, and had learned that she was leaving for the West. Now was the ripe time for him to carry out his carefully laid plans.

En route to her destination, Marion kept to herself. She did not care to make traveling acquaintances, and long into the night she lay awake, wondering what had become of Ralph.

Van Ranberg, on leaving her, had first started for the West, then after roaming around, sick and tired at heart, Marion's face before him day and night, he decided to return and make restitution for what now seemed to him his abrupt and ungallant attitude toward his loved one.

Little did either of them realize that while one train was bringing one nearer to possible forgiveness, another train was bearing the other away.

Suddenly Marion was thrown violently against the side of her berth, and the last thing she remembered was a noise as if some powder magazine had exploded. The courts afterward ruled that the despatcher had been criminally negligent in bringing about a collision.

The village hotel was converted into an emergency hospital. Forty people had lost their lives, and many of the injured died within a few hours. In a little room where a dozen beds held as many of the injured, Marion awakened, and wonderingly questioned a nurse as to what had happened. Although not seriously injured, she was very badly shaken. On the cot to her right lay the form of a man, and he was murmuring a name. The nurse told her that ever since he had lost conscieusness he had murmured that one name, "Marion."

Quickly she sat up, but fell back dizzy and in pain. She tried again, and in a moment was on her knees beside the maimed form of Ralph Van Ranberg. She sat beside his cot for what seemed to her many hours; then he opened his eyes. Gradually the light of reason came into them and he smiled.

The following day Van Ranburg was taken to another ward where three physicians held a consultation and told him the result. For a moment their verdict stunned him—he wondered how he would be able to tell Marion. Certainly he could not ask her to marry him now. He could not ask a beautiful woman to link her life with that of a man who would forever be a maimed and misshapen cripple, unable to walk, and utterly helpless.

But Marion learned the truth from one of the physicians. And the true Marion—the wondrous woman whom love had awakened—showed that her love was deep, comforting and everlasting. She refused to listen to his objections. She demanded that she be permitted to care for him through life, to give herself to him forever, because of her unswerving love.

A few days later the newspapers told the story of that romance; told a story of wondrous love and the union of two whose example was something unusual in these days of cold materialism. And Providence blessed the union, and Marion Van Ranberg devoted her life to the loving care of the man who had re-made her.

THE CALL OF THE ALPS

By Florence Landor

LOHENGRIN, the huge St. Bernard, lay full stretch on the rug before the blazing log fire. His slumberous, peaceful eyes were watching his beloved mistress. She paced the floor anxiously, and sighed heavily. The dog arose and walked over to her side. His deep muzzle sought her hand. The dumb sympathy and understanding of that rubbing damp nose was more precious than human expression. Falling on her knees beside him, the lady wreathed her arms about his neck. "You great old doggie," her tone was petulant, "tell me if a wee, anxious wife had a heart as big as yours, what would she do with a handsome, careless husband who attracts every unmarried lady who buys a car, or even thinks of purchasing one. Tell me, Lohengrin, am I really the green-eyed monster of jealousy, or do I feel the truth instinctively?" The sphinx answered in his way, not inscrutable to the lovers of his kind. He detected the note of anger and worry. He was used to these, though he had lived with them but twelve short months, being a wedding present to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Prescott. He lifted his heavy paw pleadingly, appealingly, and his eyes looked into her young face sorrowfully. "All right, doggy," she said, rising and patting his head, "once more we shall give him the benefit of the doubt. But I'm heartily sick of this automobile business. It is not I who ride with him in his cars. And we don't care to go out alone, do we, you old saint?" Lohengrin wagged his tail in response to the kinder tone and flung himself full length on the red rug under the blaze.

An auto siren screamed, followed by the steady throbbing of a waiting car. The front door went to with a little scuff, hurried masculine steps beat on the hall floor, and a rich baritone was calling: "Ho, there, Laura. Where are you? I'm in a desperate hurry?" The door swung open suddenly, and into the warm glow of the fire strode Harold Prescott, a dark, handsome, well set up young man in automobile coat and leather cap. "Darling," he began hurriedly, then the accusing attitude of Laura, standing over the dog, brought him to a halt. "Well?" he challenged peevishly; "what's the trouble now?" "Another lady, another prospective sale, and another night out till twelve o'clock, I suppose," she answered in tense sarcasm. "Good heavens, Laura; is this misery never going to stop? I can't negotiate a sale with any woman from sixty to sweet sixteen without meeting these accusing scenes at home. Yes! It's another night out, just as long as I'm detained. There's a lady waiting in the car. I drove her up here specially to tell you I could not stay for supper. And remember, Laura, this home, your comfort, your servant, your dresses and your grocery bills are paid for by my sale of cars. And strange as it may seem to your perverted notions, many of these sales are to ladies."

Laura remained a silent and indignant statue of outraged love and trust. "What are your garage boys and drivers for—can't them demonstrate a car satisfactorily?"

"By gosh!" he almost howled, banging the table with his fist; "how many times have I to go into this wretched

old controversy? Of course they can demonstrate, but they couldn't make a sale if I was to offer them a thousand dollar commission on each car sold."

"Do other managers have to take prospective buyers to supper at the Washington, and a box at the Moore?" she sneered.

"No, of course they *don't have to do* anything of the kind, see? It's my night and day mode of handling business. And I beg to inform you that my cash returns for the past year are treble those of any distributing agency on the Coast, not even barring the cars with the great records and the widest advertising."

He was now speaking in a subdued and ominous calm. Their eyes gleamed mutual hatred and scorn. Under this bitter coldness she broke down and resorted to the final and invincible weapon of her sex, tears. How could she tell him that she had 'phoned the garage and found that his customer was a Mrs. Alton-Browne, and that she had heard long ago of a little love affair between himself and Alicia, the only daughter of that wealthy widow. She could not tell him—and even if she could she would not. She fell on her knees, her head bowed over the broad back of the dog who stood by, watchful and attentive. Lohengrin loved them both better than his life, and when they quarreled his heart went still within him. Utter dumb misery was expressed in the droop of his wondrous head, the moist red haws under the eyes, the helpless, lifeless tail.

Harold Prescott was sore. He felt that this everlasting bickering and questioning of his motives must cease if he was to continue a success in his business. While she cried softly on the shoulders of the dog, he hurried from the house. The siren screamed hideously. On the front, the car hummed into reverberant clattering life, turned in a wide arc on the front, and sped into the enveloping dark. At the window, a tearful, repentant Laura had her worst fears confirmed. In the tonneau, under the momentary gleam of the street electric, sat the stalwart form of Mrs. Alton-Browne, and by her side, fascinating and pretty in her furs, was Alicia.

Harold Prescott was in no essential different from scores of other young married men. He was fond of his wife almost to distraction, and intensely ambitious. The fact that his mode of securing a comfortable and happy future for both had become a constant irritant, and the cause of many scenes like the last, filled him with the irony of things. To-night he was especially angry, for he had gone out of his way to make up an old difference with the Alton-Brownes, had been very nice to Alicia, whom he detested at heart for a selfish, coquettish little minx, and had gone home full of a sense of wisdom, tact and resourcefulness, and a sure thing cash sale of a five thousand dollar car, only to be jabbed and mentally butchered by Laura's insane jealousy. He swore he'd end it or mend it, and plunged headlong into his task. They dined at the Washington and shared a box at his expense at the Moore. Harold flattered them both, and used every wile and artifice of his pleasing manner to entertain them. When he drove them up to their mansion on Highland Drive, Alicia whispered in his ear: "You're a good scout, Hal. We've had a grand time. Mom's coming down to buy the car in the morning. She promised—it's true." Harold pressed the hand of the minx resting perilously near his own.

On entering the garage near midnight, he found a party of young bloods bound for Tacoma, and then on to Longmire Springs and Mount Rainier. They clamored and yelled for his company. The flame of his resentment burned strong at the thought. He would punish her. And why should he not have his freedom? Several of these sports were married and their wives didn't seem to care. They hustled him into the car. The doors banged, a chorus of yells pierced the smoky gloom of the garage, and the long gray car rushed into the blue light of Broadway.

Until the cold white shafts of the dawn struck the windows did Laura hold her vigil by the side of Lohengrin, under the red glow of the logs. Remorse, chagrin, jealousy, fear, all beat upon her feverish heart. Every sound out on the avenues was construed into the welcome approach of the loved one, and as each gave way to the awesome silence, the fear that she had killed their love gripped her with relentless fingers. She had sent the girl to bed early, and had laid a table with the dainties that appealed to him after a late night at the garage. Out in the cool white-tiled kitchen the kettles boiled with a sing-song drone on the gas stove, ready to make him a nightcap or a cup of coffee. His dressing gown was warming on the rack, and his slippers occupied a stool near the front of the range.

At times she poured the story of her woe into the ears of Lohengrin, and always his leonine head and pathetic brown eyes appealed for wisdom and tolerance. But when the eye of the sun showed the logs fading to dim white embers on the hearth stones, she arose, and all her pride and feminine dignity asserted themselves. She had been wrong, indeed; but it was not for him to punish her by this unforgivable neglect. Had she not suffered enough during her challenge of his conduct? She took a bath to soothe her shattered nerves and went to bed, but not to sleep. She tossed restlessly and miserably until eight o'clock; then got into a kimono and phoned the garage. The day foreman had just come on. He informed the lady that the night man had left a message stating that Mr. Prescott had left for Mount Rainier with a party about midnight. The lady thanked him and hung up. She couldn't ask who made up the party. The horrible dread that it might be the Alton-Brownes left her with the pangs of jealousy based seemingly on a strong foundation of facts.

At first she thought of going to her mother in Victoria, B. C., but as her mother had been very much opposed to her marriage, which had held for them all the sweetness of youth, romance and love at first sight, she decided against this form of retaliation. She passed the day in the park. Lohengrin and a favorite book helped feebly to kill the slow, tedious hours of the day.

Of one thing she was sure, this punitive absence had gone too far. When he did return she would have a different understanding. The thought that they were temperamentally unsuited, intruded with its loathsome suggestion of divorce and all the wretchedness two souls can feel when they realize that they have made a botch of life's most sacred bond.

As she entered the front door the twisted bundle of "The Times" crushed under her foot. Opening the paper mechanically, her incredulous eyes beheld in the black type of its scare headlines the name of her husband as one of a party lost on Mount Rainier. There was no mention of the Alton-Brownes.

Calling up the garage she requested the day foreman to come up for her at once in the best car disengaged at the moment and ready to make the run to Tacoma, and thence on to Longmire Springs. In twenty minutes a ninety horsepower car awaited her on the front. The moment the door slammed behind her and Lohengrin, the car leaped out onto Yesler. Over their left shoulder, beyond the silver sea of Lake Washington, loomed the vision of Rainier, vast, white domed, calm and exceedingly beautiful in the blue and saffron twilight—The Mountain That Was God. And somewhere on its glaciers, crevasses or snow caverns was her beloved. At the thought of his probable death, all the petty madness of their quarrel took hold of her, and she sobbed between her hands in broken-hearted despair. On the floor of the car Lohengrin lay and watched his mistress. He felt the shivers of death and disaster shock his hypersensitive nerve. Placing a paw on the feet of Laura, he lifted his muzzle and gave one sharp, blood-curdling whine,

then relapsed into open-eyed canine slumber.

A little before midnight, the car pulled up at the National Park Inn, Longmire Springs. The flashing of lanterns and torches, the subdued conversations and anxious whispering, told of something unusual afoot. The genial proprietor took her aside. What was known of the story was soon told: The party of six young men had left their car at The Inn. Three of them, with Harold Prescott, had gone on to Reece's Camp of the Clouds, overlooking the Nisqually Glacier. From there they had gone out over the glaciers without guides, and without leaving any message as to their intentions. They were fitted for a long, arduous climb, with Alpen stocks, ropes and well-cleated boots. They had not returned. Word came down from The Camp that two search parties had failed to locate them, or even make their trail. A third party was organized at The Inn. There were two guides, the proprietor, a well known mountaineer, the three young sports who had stayed behind, Laura and the dog. The route was closed, but under the circumstances they were allowed to make a slow journey over the new government road to Paradise. On arrival at Reece's Camp they met three guides, who went out when the boys were missing. The general opinion expressed the idea that the three young men had made the trip eastward from Camp of the Clouds, crossing Paradise, Stevens and Cowlitz Glaciers, with the idea of making the famous trip to White, Winthrop and Carbon Glaciers on the north side. And without guides or any experience, had lost themselves, fallen into a crevasse or were possibly spending the night in a snow-cavern on one of the craters. The guides had already been out over these trails, and a large party had come in from that direction with no report of the wanderers. During the remaining hours of darkness, every conceivable plan of search was discussed. Finally, as the sharp white dawn filtered through the pines, they decided to follow a line up the great Nisqually Glacier to Gibraltar. This being a dangerous climb and the most probable after the eastward path. It was one of the guides who requested that the St. Bernard be fitted with a whisky flask and allowed to go off wherever his instints might lead him.

As they turned out, the sun struck the great snow mountain. Delicate pink blushed on the crown, rich rose dyed the terraces of rock and purple streamers lay over the valleys. The gorgeous spectacle caused even the oldest mountaineer to pause and gasp in sheer uncontrollable emotion. Listening intently, and climbing slowly, they made the journey up the glacier. The dog followed or moved ahead at will. The eyes of the party watched his every movement anxiously. They saw something awakening within the soul of the hound. He felt himself among familiar places. The tang of the wind-swept snow, the cold, blustering air, the vast spaces and white solitude were his home. Raising his heroic head to the blue vault of the sky, he gave voice in deep bell-toned articulations of canine joy. They found Nisqually a climb which tested all the strength and nerve of the searchers. Laura was very silent and very beautiful in her fur cap and mountain costume. Her suppressed anxiety added inward color to the warm blushes caused by the splendid exercise in the glorious morning air. They began the upward toil to the top of Gibraltar, and so far not a sign or a sound from the lost. When searching the top of the spine, the hound disappeared. They saw him slide from sight. On reaching the edge they found he had gone down the precipitous chute. They waited in breathless suspense. After three or four minutes, which stretched into an eternity of agony, came the voice of the hound. There could be no mistaking the triumphant note. From far below, it echoed and rang in veritable canine harmony, bark on bark, the wondrous call of the Alps, the voice of his great ancestors in the snow-bound passes of

the St. Bernard. The guides made a perilous and slow descent down the chute, using the ropes and cutting ice steps for those that followed. The muscles and the nerves of the party were strained to the utmost. From the bottom they crossed a snow field in the trail of the dog. The guides, now well ahead, reached a new crevasse, on the bottom, a hundred or more feet below was the dog, who must have rolled down, and grouped about his neck, struggling for the whisky flask, were the three starved, half-frozen and desperate wanderers.

The strongest of the guides made a descent with a rope, and after a long wrestle with the exhausted bodies of the men, managed to get them hauled up. The dog came next, barking incessantly at the sight of his master. It was a tearful, unforgettable picture witnessed by the searchers when Laura Prescott took her beloved truant into her arms. When the rescued were strong enough to go on, they commenced the slow descent of the steep mountain.

Several hours later in a warm tent at Camp of the Clouds, Harold reclined on a rug, his head resting on the shoulders of Lohengrin, and beside him a reconciled and repentant Laura. As their lips met in long embraces, the canine sphinx put up an appealing paw, while the pathetic brown eyes shone with his desire to share their sweet human love.

NIGHTFALL

The glad fires fade; to dusty gray
 The glories that are dust return;
 Sad sets the sun, a copper urn
To catch the ashes of the day.

At this dim hour of wistful dreams,
 Soft falls life's evening dew of tears
 On headstones of the happy years;
Unreal the world of matter seems.

Persistent as the scent of musk,
 Sweet memories pervade the heart;
 Come cooings of a dove athwart
The melancholy of the dusk.

In forest fanes a solemn hush
 Holds animation in suspense;
 Then, sudden, full of soul, intense,
The pensive vespers of a thrush.

Thoughts, living things, about me throng
 Like friends: my face is towards the west,
 And I am very fain of rest,
The silence that succeeds the song.

HARRY COWELL.

BEYOND THE OPEN

By Ralph Ray

IT WAS AN HOUR before the time of the evening fog. They told me the story together—an old man and his woman; the woman, he never called by a name. She was a dried brown creature to whom the years and the customs of life had taught when it would be well to speak.

We sat among the rocks where the fish nets were spread to the coast sun. The tide lay low, leaving the little boats beached upon the sand. On a government lighthouse ship, anchored mid-channel, men were working on a sea-worn buoy which had been brought in from beyond the breakwater. As yet the buoy was detracting from Luis' interest in the telling of his tale.

The woman understood that she might speak. Her voice was even, monotonous, without the soft inflections common to her sex.

"You laughed when my man Luis first asked if you believed in haunts! You laughed, didn't you, boy? And 'twas good for your peace of mind that you could." She was working on some broken meshes of net.

"There, don't no one know what water is, less'n they know the water that's salt. Why, when they bury their dead back there," and she showed in gestures of both hands, the mountain range lying beyond in tints of blue and hues of purple. "Yes, when they bury their dead back there they say 'Dust to dust.' That may be right, but they ought to add, 'and water to the sea.' Every drop, pint and gill of water in your body, boy, goes back to the sea—now, or some time, boy."

Luis turned to observe what my interest might be. In his way he had a few crude instincts which, in the third generation, might go to the making of appreciative temperament. He rubbed the sand easily between his bare feet and began.

"She was a woman. She had eyes and hair and a mouth, and she was very young. I named my first twenty-foot smack after her—The Bess Alden. That was fifteen years ago, and she was a staunch little craft. Port, there she lies," the while pointing very carefully.

"Bess was pretty, and I've had my chance to judge, many of them, too. When she hit San Pedro, she began by slinging hash in the American Restaurant—same old Front street to-day as then—and many's the word she had with all the lads as they came and went, some of them not going 'till they was shanghaied—oh, yes, but this was never no Frisco." Luis chuckled in measure as remembrance gave him leave."

"Bess wasn't anything of a dresser," the woman suggested, at the same time drawing her own shapeless skirt into an arrangement she thought more pleasing. "Bess had one dress, a dark gray woolly thing that wouldn't show the dirt. Once it had pleats on the side, but she'd had then taken off before she come. My man told you she had hair and eyes and a mouth. She did. A yellow hair that always caught the glint of the sun, and ordinary eyes which were never tired, while her mouth—oh, well, but she was kind of heart."

"I remember being in the American," Luis resumed, "the first time she saw Bill. Bill wasn't more than a kid, and useless as they make 'em. Only he smoked neat, always held his

lips half open, and treated his pill like he owed it great respect."

"Women are put together so as you can't tell about them. I guess that's why Bess tied up with Billy. Anyhow, they took the trolley to Angeles —after Bess had made sure her job held good—and they went honeymooning as far as San Diego."

Luis looked over toward the government ship where the men had hoisted the buoy with ropes and tackle.

"When they come back, Bess went on with her old job, only pretty soon they made her cashier. She was happy as a bird, all because of having Bill. She wouldn't let him hang around the place day times, but evenings and hours off they stayed mighty close together.

"One day Bill was sitting just about where you are now, and I asked him if he could fish. It ended by Teddy Roome and me stakin' Bill to an old sixteen foot boat, but she had a good bottom. From that on, Bill built fancy castles on the open water, though he did catch a few fish."

Here the woman showed signs of a growing impatience. "Bess told me once that Bill was Joy. She didn't care what any of us thought, but Bill was Joy, just Joy. I couldn't understand her then. One day she said she knew she was doing wrong; knew it when she thought deeply in her heart. She wouldn't let herself think that way often, but just kept forcing herself to live in the dream. I guess I could have known better what she meant if I'd been younger. Here, boy," and she threw over a part of a torn blanket as I had found a comfortable hollow where the sand was soft and damp.

"You see," Luis proceeded, "in the early spring the fogs roll in between six and seven, just when we're coming back with the late catch. Someway, it didn't surprise me at all. Bill was pulling along behind—there must have been ten boats, all told, that evening—and he just forgot to follow. He smashed on the Point Firmin jetty rock, and the sea don't always give up its prey, leastwise we never heard from Bill.

"Just how Bess took the news, I don't know. My woman, there, told her, but there ain't none of us men folk ever knew what she said or did. We all know, though, that Bess didn't scream. We could have heard her in the cabin from where we stood."

"It was a week before I saw her, and she had the same hair and eyes and mouth—only different. I say it ain't right for folks to have their dead without some part of the prayer book bein' prayed over them. It ain't calculated to be so.

"She came to me just as I was pulling out about three of a March afternoon, for the barracuda were running and we were all counting on an early start. She asked me to let her go out, 'out to sea' were the words she used. People speak wonderfully simple when they're stirred.

"I laughed at her, laughed with a lump around my heart, because I wanted to help her think of other things. 'Why, Bess, dear girl, you'd feed the fishes! Go back to the American and feed the near human bein's.'

"And then—a man can't forget a thing like this, a man can't forget no matter how deep he sees into life. She handed towards me a silver dollar, the same as we charge for takin' out land folks from the Middle States, who want to see us work—a silver dollar, and said, 'Here, take it!'

"I never knew I had hurt her so, and I got as busy as I could, paying mighty little attention to her on the way out. We made a big catch that afternoon, so that, when we ran into the fogs coming back, we rode all but down to the water line. Yet Bess weighed less than a hundred then."

I wished he might tell me, in his own way, how the fog rolled in. Once a coast man, who had caught its spirit, told me; told me in words and English, but I was a child then, and have forgotten. Only a feeling of what was his impression remains.

"Straight ahead lay my course, and straight ahead I was looking. All at

once she laid her hand lightly on my shoulder. I knew she was going to touch me just when she did. I had the feel of a sixth sense. 'Look!' she whispered, and I felt that she would whisper that, too. There to starboard rode Bill's old ship on even swell and break of the choppy water. It wasn't a ghost or phantom ship. It was just a gray, shapely bulk, with lines drawn mistily, such as you might see anywhere in a thick fog. But that, whatever it was, was Bill's boat. I knew her too well—the rounded keel and the eaten brass stars aft. Bess hadn't asked me if I had seen it. She just leaned over and looked and looked. I guided on straight ahead until we left it, the boat, Bill's boat, just as we would leave any other one in such a fog.

"When I tied to the wharf, Bess ran straight to my woman. I hung around among the men as much as I could, but nothing was said save the ordinary talk of the day. They were mighty full of the big run of the barracuda. It was good to listen to the common talk.

"Things run along just as you would expect them to. The days that Bess didn't go out with me, never a sign of Bill's boat could I see, clear or in the fog. But she went out with me without thought as to the order of time. Sometimes she would go two or three days hand running—again not for a week or two. But, every time she went it lay out there, rolling at the will of the sea—not a spectre, or a thing in the mind, but a hulk drawn in just a shade darker gray than the mist. The boys used to chaff me a bit about taking Bess out, but the work leaves no time for hard words; so as long as they had their fun, I knew they had not seen it."

A lumber steamer just then rounding the point of the breakwater, called the port, I turned toward the mainland, where without rising I could see the long white rods of the wireless shimmering in the afternoon sun. They waved in the broken vacillations after the manner of the dot and dash.

The woman had been knotting an occasional frayed strand here and there in the meshes of the net. She was about to speak. I gave her silence.

"Boy, it's strange. I never heard such before. Bess said she had lived Joy, had been Joy—now everything was gone. She brought to mind the fairy tales and elf dreams that women have handed down among themselves since the time of Eve, and the heritage of blood. Billy had given her something real, in the way of spirit; it seems she understood.

"One day she came to me and said, 'Books are nothing at all. People couldn't write if they really knew. Why, the boat out there on the ocean isn't real. I'm real, that is part of me, is—just like you, but when Billy drowned——" Then her eyes looked at me helpless-like, while I pressed her hand.

"It was after this when she was sick and her baby was born. At first we thought the child was still, but it lived until she was up and around, ten days, as I remember. She was some happier, which made us think that time would bring her right. But they come back to the sea," the old man crooned, "they come back to the sea."

Luis, with a fine appreciation of a delicate event, resumed without added ceremony:

"And after that, she went out with me in my boat just once more. The day before she went, Bess came to tell me what she wanted, that I might get ready what was necessary. The next afternoon we went out just after the fishing boats had left, but we carried no nets. Instead, Bess held in her arms a heavy bundle about two feet long, covered thickly with duck canvas and heavily sewed and waxed. Her heart was beating wildly, for her face was flushed into a deep red that showed raw from where I sat; it did not seem as though we carried death in the boat, but almost like we were sailing into life again. I had caught something for her, unknown to me before.

"When we passed the point, we circled slowly and waited for the fogs which we saw gathering in the north.

Then they came down on us in shadows, thin and heavy.

"From the north we saw the boat come riding, too. At first we could not be sure, for the fog lay thicker in spots than others, but in a little while it loomed up plainly and came to a stop not far away.

" 'I wish the baby could have lived,' Bess whispered. 'I wanted that little life to live more than I wanted my own.' It wasn't for me to say anything about heaven and golden streets; besides, she knew where she could rightly get that kind of talk.

"Life's the real thing we know about, isn't it, Luis? Billy's boat there isn't real; it's not life; but before I first went out with you I knew the boat was waiting for me. You understand what I'm going to do?'

" 'Yes,' I answered, 'and it's well and good.'

"Then she cast the bundle into the sea.

"I reached for her hand, partly to steady her—and we kept looking at Bill's boat.

"*It was sinking.* It sank slowly, slowly—but surely. It wasn't until the last of it had fallen below the waves, rounded keel, eaten brass stars and all, that Bess began to cry. Bess was a woman. It sank just like the bundle, and all the while Bess cried. I brought her back wet-eyed."

Luis ran his fingers through a mass of cones and arches he had built around him. The man had a fascinating way of shaping intricacies in the sand. "No," he wound up, "it wouldn't do for many of us to be only part real, like Bess. It's good for me and you that things are like they are."

But the woman liked to work over the beginning. "The sea has its own, now or some time," she nodded, "the sea and the water that is salt. Wave to——"

I didn't want to hear her then, so I took foot to catch up with Luis, who was going to the cleaning house.

THE TAVERN BESIDE THE TRIAL

Give me a tavern beside the trail,
 Where the mule-bells jingle by.
Where the birds will wake me from my dreams,
 While there's gray in the Eastern sky.
Where twilight will bring the trail-spent in,
 From a lone-land's trackless night,
To sing their songs of the olden-days,
 By the leaping firelight.

Find me a spot close down by the trail,
 Where the good and the bad go by.
Where sinner and saint will pass my door—
 And the multitudes, same as I.
Let me play the host to that fearless brood,
 Who follow the danger-trail.
Let me pierce the gloom with the road-house light,
 To answer a night-bound hail.

CHART PITT.

HIS OWN STORY

By Oney Fred Sweet

AS HARLOW LANE entered the Herald building, the odor of ink from the press rooms in the basement floated to him as if in defiance. When he had been younger and full of ambition as a reporter that same odor had held a sort of lure; when, after the years had gone by and he had worn out his nerves at the game, the smell on entering the building had nauseated him. To-night the smell was defiant.

Passing the "want ad. counter," whose light blazed late for midnight business, Lane pressed the elevator button. When the car had descended and the door flung open, he saw that "Old Tom" was still its operator.

"I suppose you'll die here in this shaft," sighed Lane, after a greeting had been passed. "I presume they're still paying you six dollars a week just as they are still running their altruistic editorials. Let me off at the fifth floor as you used to, Tom."

Lane had no trouble in finding the city editor, without heeding any signs on the doors. The faces were all new, but it was pretty much the same sort of a gang that he had known so intimately there five years before. The same sort of nervous, coatless, smoke-clouded men were clicking at the machines with it half an hour before press time. The city editor himself, a young fellow, was sitting in the old swivel chair beneath the green shade, clipping and pasting and blue penciling copy. He did not deign to look up until Lane was opposite him at the other side of the desk.

"Well," he grunted, "is there something?"

"My name is Lane," Harlow began. "You've got a story here about me, I understand, that you're going to run in the morning."

"Oh, yes," the city editor exclaimed intelligently. "The story about the graft in the assessor's office. What was there about it?"

"Well, I don't want you to use it, that's all," explained Harlow, his jaw taking on an added firmness, and his whole being tense. "I don't want you to run it."

The city editor sat back in his chair with an impatient jerk, a sarcastic smile distorting his thin lips.

"Well, we're getting out a paper here, you know," he snapped. "We're supposed to print the news. If you've got anything to say in connection with the story, stating your side of the case or that sort of thing, that would be different."

"This is my side of the case," said Harlow, seating himself in a chair at the other side of the desk and speaking lower. "It's my wife I'm thinking of, and the kids. She's one of those high ideal women—always was that way. This thing coming out and spread all over the front page with a scare head in the morning—well, it would do her up, that's all. The neighbors would see it, they'd see it back in our old home town, the kids would be twitted at school. For God's sake, keep the story out."

"What kind of a paper do you suppose we would be getting out, Mr. Lane, if we listened to every appeal such as yours?" argued the city editor. "You don't deny that the story is true. The public has a right to know it. It is publicity that keeps you fellows in office careful."

"Oh, I don't care for that rot," retorted Harlow hotly. "You're keeping out half a dozen stories to-night because they would affect some advertiser or some one else with a pull. If you run that story and I find it in the paper in the morning when I go to pick it up on the doorstep, I'm coming down here and I'm going to get you. I've often figured it out that that's what I'd do in such a case, and that's what I'm going to do."

Lane's face was white with anger, and he was trembling. The young fellow at the other side of the desk laughed.

Then Lane sat down again. He clutched with both hands at the desk, and his face as he bent forward was ghastly in the light that came from beneath the green shade.

"Why, man," he breathed, "let me tell you something. I sat in that chair where you're sitting now for ten years. Night after night I came down and fretted and fumed and cursed and sweat blood to get out a paper that would be in the gutters before noon of the same day. I sat in that chair and wrote the heads of scandals and crimes and human troubles and griefs until my heart got to be a thing of stone, and my nerves got crossing all over each other. I used to have the boy there bring me up a lunch to gulp at midnight because I could not take the time to go out and eat decently. I used to drive the men around here like so many dogs in order to whip the paper into shape and have it all ready to go down on time.

"I was a fiend, that's what I was, to get the stories that would glare at me when the paper should come in from the presses with the pale light out there through the window saying that it was morning. Everything to me was a story—a story. And the owners of the paper, they let me do it, let me writhe and wear myself out here at this desk. They didn't need to pay me much for it, because they knew there were other fools eager to take my place, and I gave my health and my prospects in life in order to gratify this abnormal craving that goes with the smell of ink and paper."

Lane paused for a moment to glance around the room, where the men, each under his own green shade, were clicking madly away at their stories. The city editor, listening with wrinkled forehead.

"Why, there wouldn't a man in this bunch remember me," Lane went on bitterly. "And I had all the egotism, all the self-satisfied sense of power that you fellows gloat over now. If you will go down into the files, I can show you that I wrote some of the biggest features that this town ever knew. I'm not bragging, I'm just telling you. I'm just showing you what the hell it amounted to.

"Well, the kids coming along made me finally get wise to myself," Lane continued more quietly. "Through my newspaper acquaintance I got this job down at the court house. I never expected I'd be a fellow to do anything out of the way, but you know the game down there. There was the home I had to make payment on, and I was in a fair way to lose it. The chance came to make the money on the side, and, well, I took it. I've worked hard all my life, and I've always had pretty straight ideas about taking any 'bad' money—newspaper men mostly have, even though they see other people get away with it so nicely. But I'll tell you, old man, I wouldn't pull off a stunt like it again for all the money in this town. No juggling with figures again for me! I ain't built in a way that I can enjoy myself and not be on the square at the same time."

The city editor bent back over his desk and impatiently resumed his work with the copy. The slight delay at the late hour had been costly, and he hastened at once to shout orders. He counted laboriously the number of letters and spaces in a headline he had just written to see if it would fit. An office boy was sent up to the composing room with a cut. The fire alarm signal in the hall was listened to tensely to learn if the blaze were anywhere down town.

"You see I'm too busy to bother any further," he growled irritably. "This is no time to carry on conversation. The forms will be locked before long now, and we've got a hundred thousand readers depending on us. "Bates," he called sharply, "haven't you got that graft assessment story done yet? You're not writing for a monthly magazine, you know."

Bates came shambling over to the desk, still editing with his pencil the story he had just finished.

"Let's see the story," whimpered Lane, hovering between them, his voice a whisper and his whole being whipped; "I'd like to just glance over it a moment."

"We've no time for fooling," shouted the city editor. "Now you get out of here, or we'll have to put you out if you don't hurry."

But Lane, with his old time professional instinct, was leaning persistently over the city editor's shoulder and scanning the blue typed lines. Suddenly his being became alert with enthusiasm. He was in the game again, himself.

"It's rottenly written," he complained disgustedly. "The lead's away down the center of the story, and he's got the facts all 'balled up.'" He caught at the sheets authoritatively "Where's a machine I can use?" he demanded. "I'll put it into shape."

The editor threw back the cover of a desk beside him, and Lane hunched the chair so as to bring himself close to the keys. He turned the light at an angle to suit him, thrust a couple of sheets of paper into the carrier, and with a style of fingering all his own began revamping the story. He forgot everything as he bent to the task, his nerves strained, his figure tense. His eyes shifted from Bates's story to his own in the making as his fingers pounded away. He could not have told how long he worked there and he spoke to no one until he came to the final line with a bang.

Then he called to the city editor: "It's ready, old man," and there was actual glee over the accomplishment. "It's a real story now." He almost whistled as he started to paste the sheets together.

Then the feel of the city editor's hand on his shoulder made him remember. He crouched in his chair, his eyes widening as if witnessing a nightmare. The story—the story from the newspaper man's standpoint, had faded.

Again, all that it meant came crushing back—the cold, black lines that every one would be reading at once, the thousand conversations it would start at breakfast tables, on the street car, in office corridors, with his own name being stamped for all time as a cheap byword, as the personification of a certain brand of sin. He saw the look in his wife's face when she would finally learn the thing from neighbors—how pitiful would be his destruction of their own doorstep paper—and he heard the whisperings among the playmates of the poor, innocent kids. They would get the paper back home. The Herald had always had a good country list. They would read the thing over in the little store, and his father, who had always placed such confidence in him, would come in and hear them. Before twenty-four hours the whole world—the whole part that he cared anything about, would know what he had done and he would stand condemned.

The city editor's hand patted his shoulder twice before it aroused him. Dumbly, Lane started to hand him the carefully edited sheets.

"Never mind," the city editor was saying, and there was a queer look in his face. "The paper went down five minutes ago."

THE RENDING OF THE VEIL

By Nellie Cravey Gillmore

AFTER more than an hour—perhaps it was two hours—the Man's hands suddenly dropped away from his eyes and he sat in an inert fashion blinking at the little marble shaft gleaming dead-white in the slowly receding sunlight:

"Sacred to the Memory of Alline, beloved wife of Richard Arrington, Born September Seventh, 1880. Died July Tenth, 1901."

A vision of the beautiful girl face rose before him. The shadow in his eyes deepened; the granite-like features relaxed into momentary softness. Eyes, blue as corn-flowers, peeped laughingly at him through the elder branches, swaying languidly in the summer breeze; a half forgotten bar of some plaintive little air—her favorite—was borne to him on the wind's dying echo. Now a puckered, scarlet mouth was calling to him in tentative softness; white, childish fingers beckoned him.

A little shudder, fleeting, passed over the Man. A deeper sense of loneliness than he had ever known fell upon him. Intense bitterness looked out from the shadowed eyes. Why should it have been? Why? Why? The question shaped itself repeatedly in his tired, racked brain. Many men had loved her, but he—*he* had worshipped her, even the things she touched, the very air she breathed!

Minutes passed. Suddenly the Man lifted up his head; a startled look flashed over his face. He had never believed in such things; he had been skeptical, callous—even a scoffer. But was it—retributive justice? The thought, for a second, appalled him. The glowing vision of Alline Arrington vanished and a ghost stood in its place. For the first time in his life an acute consciousness of the thing called terror seized him in its withering grip. He glanced over his shoulder in superstitious fear.

The Stranger came toward him leisurely. Every now and then he paused to read an inscription on the headstones. He walked with a slight limp, and the drooping shoulders and bowed head bespoke premature age and a visible weariness of spirit.

It was with downright relief that the Man saw his approach. His breathing relaxed its tension and the nervous shaking subsided. He gave a little premonitory cough and shifted his strained position on the green iron bench.

"Good afternoon," he said.

The Stranger started and glanced up. "Ah," he said, "I beg your pardon. I thought I was quite alone. I've friends out here—good friends that have passed over the line since I went away over half a score of years ago."

"Sit down and rest. You seem fatigued." The Man was laboring ineffectually to conceal his eagerness for human companionship.

The Stranger, after a transitory glance of surprise, nodded pleasantly "I am a bit tired. Walked more than I realized, I guess, and I'm not so young as I used to be." As he finished speaking his eyes wandered to the small marble shaft a few feet away, and he read aloud, unconsciously it seemed:

"Sacred to the Memory of Alline—"

"Alline Arrington!" he repeated

sharply. Two vivid spots of color burned suddenly on his cheek-bones.

"You—knew her?" The Man controlled himself by a strong effort, his heart throbbing heavily as he waited for the reply.

"Know her?" A wistful smile played about his lips. "I knew him from her pinafore days," he said.

"Everybody loved her," ventured the other quietly.

"Yet——"

"Yes?"

"Yet she died at last of a broken heart."

The Man caught his breath. He looked at the Stranger an instant in angry surprise. "Impossible!" he said harshly. "Alline Arrington was a very contented woman. I knew her—intimately. She died of pneumonia."

The Stranger sat with loosely folded hands, his eyes, in which lay the shadow of buried dreams, fixed sadly on the fresh-clipped mound at his feet. He shook his head.

The Man crushed down his emotions and said, quite calmly: "I don't understand. Perhaps there was something I—I never knew. Tell me what you mean!"

"Then you never heard her pitiful story?"

The other shook his head.

To the listening man, whose every nerve and sense was strained to catch the other's words, the hoarse note in the Man's voice was not perceptible, or noticed.

"Seems that in her teens she loved a fellow who was afterward sent up for manslaughter. She believed him innocent; he *was* innocent, but circumstantial evidence convicted him. The only man who knew the truth and could have saved him kept quiet. *He* loved Alline Corbin. In after years she married him—and died a broken-hearted woman.

The Man bit his lip. He dare not trust himself to speak, and the other went on:

"After a few years, Langley was set free, pardoned for good behavior. He came back home to die. The doctor gave him just six months—and he sent for Alline Arrington."

"But she—she did not go?" The words were spoken so thickly as to be almost inarticulate.

The Stranger nodded slowly. "Yes," he continued, "she went. The meeting between them was pathetic, heart-rending. In less than a year Death came to set her tortured soul at rest."

The Man's features had hardened into their old granite lines. He shrugged as he said: "You speak with considerable assurance, my friend. Do you mind telling me how you happen to know all this?"

"I was there," he replied, simply.

A constrained minute passed—two—three.

The Man spoke first. "And Langley? He died in due time, I presume?" The tone of his voice was not good to hear.

"Yes," the other returned in a little, whimsical, absent way. "Langley—died."

After a second silence, the Man said: "Yet Alline Arrington appeared to be very happy in her married life."

"That was the girl's way. She must have married him thinking she could make herself care in time. But she couldn't. There'd never been but one man—and she found it out that day."

A dark stain crept up to the Man's temples. "Arrington was a pretty clever fellow. Was he fool enough to believe that his wife loved him?"

"I hardly know. But of one thing I am certain. She'd never have let him know. It was just a question of conscience and duty—not deceit."

"This—er—lover, I suppose, no doubt told her of her husband's knowledge in regard to the supposed crime?"

"Langley was a gentleman. He refrained from that. Do you imagine, loving her as he did, that he would deliberately add the final straw to her burden of sorrow? Poor Alline," he pursued tenderly. "Poor little girl!"

Unable to restrain himself, the Man burst out suddenly in wrathful vehe-

mence. "And you—*you!* Who are you, who dares say these things to me?"

The other returned his angry glare with a look of mild inscrutability. "Perhaps," he answered slowly, "a man you would not care to recall."

The Man gave a start. He glanced sharply into the lined, prematurely aged face at his side, and his heart stood still.

"I thought," he said, after a great while, "that you told me Robert Langley was dead?"

"His body still exists. The soul in him died on the day he went to prison —for another's crime." He rose as he finished speaking and turned away. The Man watched him with fascinated eyes. It was Langley—always Langley she loved. She had died loving him!

* * * *

The late stars, stringing the sky with a million beads of blue light, found the Man still there with staring eyes fixed blankly on a little marble shaft of ghostly whiteness.

THE LOST IDEAL

My soul is like a desert waste,
 Since you are gone—
You filled it with the rosy wine
 Of finer hope—
Your soul enshrined in mists of
Seeming thought divine—
I loved you well, and held you
Sacred and aloft.

But slowly, dear, like rocks that
Crumble on the shore—
Beneath the steady, pulsing, rhythm
Of the sea,
I saw the dear-loved, feigning beauty
Of your soul
Give way before the vain and narrow
Empty heart.

And now when musing, not aware,
I seek the spell—
Of that old charm that led me in the
Vale of dreams—
I grasp the empty void, and see across
The desert waste of Life
The beckoning mirage of your
Soul afar.

ENID ROLLINS.

WHAT OUR UNIVERSITY LACKS

(Although situated in the literary center of the West, the University of California makes no provision for literary training.)

By a U. of C. Student

I WAS VERY ignorant when I came to college—I thought a State university was an institution that helped prepare you for your life-work. College was the greatest goal of life to me. I slaved for several years, working in factories, in offices, and at housework; at the same time writing, with some financial success. I went without necessities, but it was "all for the sake of California."

When I came, with almost no money, I worked long hours at housework, and kept up my studies. But I could stand anything, because I was at college. Now, I thought, at last I could be taught, where I had had to toil laboriously alone, I would have help in learning to write. I was at college.

With California the literary center of the West, with the University at Berkeley the second largest in the United States, surely there would be a course in journalism, magazine writing, or something of the kind. Or some sort of writers' club. No! Or some course that intending writers could take. No!

I saw certain courses listed that would have been helpful. I was depending on my writing to practically put me through college, so I must learn to write better as soon as possible. I had taken several courses in the short-story and in versification; I had had work accepted by some of the best magazines. But no, I could not go to any of these classes, because I was enrolled as a Freshman. I could not have anything at all, except English, which was merely review to me. I was not even allowed to take two classes of that. There was no English course for students who were definitely preparing themselves for magazine or newspaper work, nothing but the same course that the engineers, agricultural students, and those who cared nothing at all for English, took.

I swallowed my disappointment, and thought that even being near these English professors would be helpful. I did not know then that the work is very formal and stereotyped, and one is fortunate indeed to get any real criticism from the instructors, except as to punctuation marks.

At the end of the first semester, my work on a contest had attracted the attention of three of the instructors, and one of them promised that I might be in his short-story course. I was glad to get a chance to learn something at last, and planned my whole course around that. I dropped my Spanish and French, and prepared to put my time on English. When the term began, I was told that I could not be in the course, as so many seniors had applied. I had much more preparation for it than many of those who got in. I was given no chance at an examination. All the other courses that would have helped me were barred. I was told consolingly that I would have time in my last two years for these things. There are nineteen half hours of English work here that I want especially. They cannot be crowded into my last two years.

I took this without complaint, and thought that I could study in the library, where, if anywhere, the books could be seen by the students. What was my surprise to learn that the books are kept locked; there is no access to them, except to some especial ones, mostly technical, kept in the reading

room. To get out a book involves so much red tape, and takes up so much of one's time, that it is a luxury most of us can ill afford. The students rage at all this, of course. They are told that books are lost when accessible. What are our colleges for—books or people?

I have visited most of the Freshman English classes, where the course is narration. The way that English is taught here makes it a marvel that a few students can still write even passables stories for the college paper. The professors openly tell their classes that they do not expect them to write when they are through college; all that they hope to do, apparently, is to give them some idea of literature as a thing to read. This is all right for engineers, but would it be any trouble for the university to have at least one of these classes for those who want to study and learn to write?

More young people each day are setting out to make a living by their pens —might there be less second-rate "literature" in our magazines if the college gave the student a chance? There are over a dozen classes of Freshman English. Why could not one of them be given for the students who want to take it practically? I think it could be arranged without hurting the university.

There are numbers of young writers all over the West who refuse to come here. They are going to Columbia or Michigan, or staying away from college because U. of C. has absolutely nothing for them. Some of them I have known. I blamed them for their scorning of our university, and told them that there were chances for them here. I hope they forgive me for that lie.

A recent magazine article pointed out that the University of California, in the half century that it has been turning out graduates, has had only one genius, and he never graduated. That was Frank Norris. They refused him a diploma because he would not pin himself down to the narrow course prescribed by the professors.

Jack London and Gelett Burgess started at U. of C. The world is the gainer because they knew enough to "quit."

Those students who come here with literary ability are promptly averaged down. A Sophomore girl who had displayed remarkable talent, almost genius, in fact, has entirely dropped her writing since coming here. "I haven't time for English," she says. Most of the work she is taking she can never use, while her own talent is rusting. She says when she gets out of college she will start to write again, if the impulse or facility isn't gone by then. Many students are taking studies they dislike, things that will never be of any use to them, because they count for the correct number of units. They have no time for the things they need.

Of course, one solution is to leave college, or to go to some other State. But, for myself, I want to be a U. of C. graduate; I want my friends to be California men and women. Besides, for me to leave would not solve the problem for any one but myself. It would not help the hundreds of students, now and afterward, who want to be writers.

Some people smooth matters over by saying that writers must be born. So must lawyers, physicians and teachers. But all of them have to learn their trade. If you, the powers that be of the University, cannot give your students a journalistic course, if you cannot afford it, very well. But do not put up a stone wall in their way to progress; do not stop them from learning what they can, by locking up your library, and barring your classes. Give the student a chance.

Perhaps if they have the stability to stand out against the steam-crusher, some day there may be a few students who, during four years, can keep the spark alive, and when they get out, can start to learn and write and succeed. Or perhaps they will "make good" in the world of writers, if, like Jack London and Gelett Burgess, they have sense enough to stop in time.



Arizona's "Little Pond"

ARIZONA'S "LITTLE POND"

By Frederick Hewitt

"I DON'T KNOW what we'd do without our little pond up in the mountains," is a common remark heard on the streets of the towns of the Salt River Valley in Arizona. And the ranchers in the valley don't have to worry about droughts any longer since the advent of the Roosevelt Dam and the little pond back of the dam amongst the mountains—a pond which in reality is the biggest artificial lake in the world.

But it's a long journey from a railroad to get to where the Tonto Creek helps to form the great lake. But when once there, you are in a region of wonderful scenery, almost unsurpassed in the world.

Where the Tonto Creek enters the big lake are thousands of scurrying quail, and everywhere stand the giant cacti. But as you travel along by the mighty artificial reservoir you enter a region of great mountains and canyons. Across from the lake are a long series of mountains, where even today you can get good bear and lion hunting. And reports come in occasionally of the numbers of wild turkey killed there. To the right, if you are journeying southward, are the Four Peaks towering up. They form one of the wildest bits of country in the whole of Arizona. The cowpunchers find it almost impossible to catch the cattle that once stray away upon them.

A twenty mile ride along the big lake brings you at last to the dam. And no photograph of it can give you a conception of what it really looks

like and the wonderful setting in which it has been constructed. On top of the dam is a wide concrete road. And when you look down from the roadway to the river below you receive quite a thrill. A tremendous depth confronts you, and as you follow the line of the river far below you are gazing down a dark and forbidding looking canyon. Back of you is the huge reservoir with its twenty-five mile long lake, while all around you are great rock cliffs and mountains. And you still have to ride sixty miles to the little Mormon town of Mesa in the Salt River Valley to get to the railroad. One wonders how it was possible to construct such a mighty dam so far distant amidst the wilds. And the story of its construction and the difficulties overcome in the work, make one long, thrilling romance. The dam has not merely been the means of getting a storage of water for the valley ranchers, but it has also been the means of their being able to get electrical power. The power is run on transmission wires across canyons and desert to Phoenix seventy miles distant, and also to Mesa. Another set of wires runs out to the Pima Indian reservation where the electricity furnishes power to pump underground water for irrigating purposes.

But apart from the transmission lines there is another immense dam used in co-operation with the Roosevelt dam. This other dam receives the water let out from the great reservoir behind the Roosevelt dam, and diverts it by two main canals to irrigate the land about Phoenix on the one hand, and Mesa on the other. Both towns are in the Salt River Valley, and are about sixteen miles apart. The second dam is of no great height, but has a length of a thousand feet, and it too is in a picturesque locality. On one side of the dam is a great red-granite reef from which it takes the name of the Granite Reef Diversion Dam. On the other side of it are big foothills and mountains covered with giant cactus, ocatea and various desert trees like mesquite and iron wood. In the vicinity of this lower dam is good duck shooting, though on one side of the river just above the dam



Ostriches in the Salt River Valley Arizona



The Great Roosevelt Dam

is an Apache Indian reservation, where no whites can hunt.

In times of flood, it is a wonderful sight to see the water raging right over the Granite Reef Dam. While the big lake back of the Roosevelt dam is fed mainly by the Tonto Creek and the Salt River, just above the Granite Reef



Granite Reef Diversion Dam

Dam comes in the waters of the Verde River, whose rise sometimes causes the flooding.

From the dam's two main canals run numerous other canals, laterals and ditches. The water supply to the ranchers is run very much like a railroad system, everything has to be scheduled, and water sent from one ditch to another right on time. If your time comes to receive water at two o'clock in the morning, you have to be there to receive it, and to see that it flows where you want it on your ranch. Ditch riders are appointed by the Reclamation Service to look after the settlement of the run of the water and notify the farmers when their turn comes.

It is wonderful how vast tracts of the desert in the Salt River Valley have blossomed out with the rose since the advent of "the little pond" among the mountains. Everywhere in the valley for many miles one sees waving fields of alfalfa, while a million dollars' worth of ostriches are being raised on various ranches. Orange orchards are on the steady increase. Everywhere on the desert where the magic touch of water comes is there a great fertility and green grass may be seen anywhere.

And although drought is causing havoc among the cowmen and sheepmen who have their herds and flocks grazing on the arid stretches of the desert and mountains of Arizona, where there is no irrigation, down in the one-time desert Salt River Valley, the townsfolk and ranchers say: "We are safe because we have our 'little pond' among the mountains to draw from."



THE HOMESTEAD

Grey-stoled, a mouldering specter of dead years,
The homestead sleeps beside the dust-choked way
Drowsed in its day-dreams of the hopes and fears,
The tears and laughter, of a vanished day.
There at its side the whispering forests sing,
Unkempt the farm-lands vaunt their ragged green,
The blue hills from afar their magic fling
To vest with subtle beauty all the scene;
Till from the shaded chambers where the sun
No golden pageant on the dim hearth weaves
Is heard the faint cry of a life begun,
Again—the sobbing of a soul that grieves,
And e'en that secret lisped on ghostly breath
That holds the mystic pain of Life and Death!

R. R. GREENWOOD.



The Germinal cigar factory, established by purely native capital, following American occupation. Since the new tariff law admitting Philippine cigars duty free, a million dollar addition is being added to the establishment.

THE GREAT CIGAR FACTORIES OF THE PHILIPPINES

By Monroe Woolley

THERE is no city in the world, size considered, which has as many cigar factories as Manila. Perhaps, regardless of size, Manila can righteously claim first place. The same may be said of cigarette production, for few cigar factories there are without their cigarette-making machines, turning out thousands per hour per machine. Manila for many years, as she largely does to this day, furnished the cigars for all of Europe. Before the recent tariff legislation all her product went to Europe where it has an enviable reputation. This to some extent accounts for the numerous large factories in the city—this and a local consumption that can be surpassed in few other countries. Men, women and children in the Philippines all smoke, but mostly cigarettes. Besides the large factories, with their modern machines and equipment, there are countless small hand-factories scattered everywhere all over the metropolis. Hence, when the na-

tive cigar makers strike, as they have learned to do since the advent of the Americans, the act in no way resembles an old-fashioned picnic, at least for the manufacturers.

The leading cigar and cigarette factory in former times was a big Spanish corporation known as the Compania General de Tobacos, still in existence, but no longer alone in its greatness. This company from its profits has retired many millionaires, now leading the lives of grandees back in sunny Castile. Besides owning its large factory on a tributary of the Rio Pasig in the city limits, the company also maintains a system of go-downs, or storehouses, for storing leaf tobacco which covers many acres of ground. A fleet of coastwise vessels of good size has been maintained and operated in connection with the business for many years. These steamers we found the best in the coastwise trade upon occupation. In addition, the company has its own fleet of launches to ply up and down the Pasig between the factory and the bay.

This and some of the other large companies in the olden days, as they do now, till their own fields in the rich valleys of Cagayan province. Nowhere in the world is there a richer section of tobacco producing country than in the valley of the great Cagayan River. Periodically the huge stream overflows its banks for miles inland, depositing a rich silt admirably adapted as fertilizer for growing crops. Here the small planter is slowly but surely being crowded out by the monied manufacturer. Americans are already invading the field, buying up large tracts, some of which have been worked for years. The old Spanish and native companies are fast adding to their old holdings, so that in time the entire section is more than likely to pass under the control of the manufacturer. This matter is giving the small native planter much concern, yet he is often forced to acknowledge that his monied contemporary is in a position, with the aid of modern machinery and an unlimited army of laborers, to get more from the soil than he can with his lone carabao and wooden plow. Thus, while any semblance of a trust has its disadvantages it also has some advantages which are to be reckoned with.

But to get back from the growing



A native tobacco hacienda in the Cagayan Valley.



In the packing room of a Manila cigar and cigarette factory.

fields to the hum and whirr of the factories. Immediately after the passage of the late legislation which made free entry for Manila cigars possible, the factories were deluged with orders by mail and cable for large shipments. Then there was trouble. Although there were hundreds of factories in the islands which had been in operation for many decades, there was not a single cigar box factory in the entire archipelago. Many enterprising Americans kicked themselves stiff for not waking to the situation long before. Nowhere could be found a country having a wider range of fine box material than the Philippines. Still, for years all boxes had been shipped in from Europe, mostly from Germany, knocked down. Even the tacks to put them together came with them across the sea. It was a commercially shameful state of affairs. Though the Filipinos and Americans years before had united to urge for free entry into the United States of Manila cigars, not a single man seemed to remember that any great increase in demand for their product would result in a derth of boxes. So there was a great scurrying about for boxes as the orders poured in. It remained for a hustling Yankee to come heroically to the rescue. He owned a little printing and book-binding establishment on the Escolta. He figured that a pasteboard box made by his book binders would suffice, at least temporarily. He devised a folding box with such good results that he had it patented with the hope of making its use permanent. Now a German company has organized to build a modern box factory, using the native woods, in competition with the maker of the paste board retainer. Both no doubt will find ready sales for their outputs, but it is probable the paper box will be used more generally to encase island sales.

The Manila manufacturers had another hindrance to contend with after winning their long fight for free trade with the governing country. This second obstacle lay in the large tobacco dealers here at home. Just as some hidden force, much resembling the onslaughts of a latter day trust, for many years warded off free entry, so did the same invisible force make war on Manila cigars coming into this country. The most damaging ruse to fool and prejudice the American buyers was to

put up very inferior grades of cigars, flooding the market with them as Manila makes. At least this is what the Manila manufacturers claim was done, and no doubt it was true, for the writer has purchased cigars in the local market bearing the names of factories in Manila which were either second or third rate houses, or that existed solely in some one's mind. The larger Manila factories, not to exceed half a dozen in number, and the only ones prepared to handle a foreign demand, got together and caused legislation to be enacted by the Philippine legislative bodies making it incumbent upon the collectors of customs to certify to the genuineness of each shipment made through him. That certificate pasted on the outside of the box, near the internal revenue stamp, guarantees you that you are getting a high grade smoke when buying Filipino weeds. In the words of the advertiser: "Look for it and take no substitutes."

The new tariff law permitting free entry of Philippine products into this country has its interesting points. In the case of cigars, cigarettes and tobacco the amount of each is limited, and when that amount is reached (150,000,000 in the case of cigars), duty is presumably levied. How the matter is regulated, with scores of houses importing through our numerous ports, is not known; but it is known that an individual cannot import a single cigar from Manila for his own use without paying prohibitive duty.

To offset the free entry of Manila products, it is thought the tobacco interests here are endeavoring to obtain control of some of the better factories in the Philippines. Not long ago, the manager of the La Insular factory, one of the three largest in the city, was offered four millions of dollars for his interest, which sum no doubt included an interest in outlying tobacco fields. At first the offer was refused, but lately this native manager has resigned his position, going into another field entirely, while an American has assumed the superintendency of the big plant. The inference is, of course, that the deal was made in spite of the open refusal.

The Germinal factory, established since American occupation, and founded and financed solely by Filipinos, is probably the largest factory to-day in the Islands. The old building is four stories high, and covers an area equal probably to two or more acres. Immediately after the passage of the new tariff law plans were launched and are now succeeding rapidly for building a million dollar reinforced concrete addition to the plant. When this is done, the Germinal will loom up like a giant in comparison to its competitors, and it may excel in size and output any other similar institution in the world.

The turn-over of cash for advertising purposes through the press before American occupation of Manila did well if it exceeded a few hundred pesos in a year. Now, the Spaniards, the natives, and the Europeans strive to outdo the Americans in the use of printers' ink. Thousands of pesos are spent monthly for publicity. But the cigar factories have a more effective way of reaching the peasantry, a class not much given to reading, even their own dialect. Every time there is a church fiesta (and one per week can be figured on), and during the carnival season, automobile loads of cigars and cigarettes are thrown helter skelter by the big factories into the scrambling throng. Hence, if Juan Gomez, the John Jones of nativedom, happens in the melee to grab a box of ten-centers, whereas he has been used to nothing better than cigarettes all his life long, he is pretty apt to remember the donating factory when buying a pack of cigarillos, as he does daily so long as he lives. The large factories vie with the government officials and society in general in entertaining visitors of prominence. They do their entertaining in no half-hearted way, shutting down the plant and laying a festal board in the midst of the machinery that would cause a gourmat to come on the run. William Jennings Bryan, the

Duke of Abruzzi, President Taft, and a lot of other notables, have thus been wined and dined. And none perhaps were sorry for it. Who would be when a dinner designed for a prince is topped off with a weed retailing at a dollar each. No doubt Bill, and the Commoner, and the Duke thought, as the smoke wound about their appreciative heads, what a shame it is that

"The weed, delicious plant, by all the world consumed,
Pity, thou, like man, to ashes, too, art doomed."

AT THE RANCHO GONZALES

Yes, a woman's traceable for lots of things.
'Twas only for a woman young Fitz-Hugh,
Mary Stuart's only cousin, friend of princes by the dozen
Went from bad to worse and finally went clear through
All for a Vassar girl down in Lagrame.
And I passed old Sanchez' broncho as I came,
Tied yonder to the cemetery post.
It's only for a woman that he's there.
Poor Sanchez never'd marry twice, like most.

An' 'twas only for a woman joshin' Nelse
Went grievin' in Socorro-town one night!
We was rollin' glasses over, like a steer in knee-deep clover
When Nelse pulled out his gun and pinked the light.
The bar-keep's wife, she chased us out o' sight!
An' twas only for a woman Joshin' Nelse
Wore a black eye and a broken shoulder-blade.
Just a woman—but he called her somethin' else!

An' 'twas only for a woman Longhorn Pete—
Drunk, faro-bucker, hop-head—Lord knows what—
Fought and fought his longings hazy, though it well-nigh turned him crazy,
An' now he goes most all year without a shot!
And when you see him with his little tot
An' what a woman done with such a cuss
It makes you think perhaps the only one
Could do as much with any one of us!

And it's only for a woman that I'm here,
Where the hacienda porch is archin' low—
Where Dolores' eyes are dancin', in the moonlight softly glancin',
And I wonder if she'll shake me—tell me no?
What's that you say, mi dulce?—Whisper low—
Would she have a fresh young gringo?—Ah, things even,
With your arms around my neck, my girl, I know
It's only for a woman, but—it's Heaven!

By Aurelia M. Michener.

Birds of the Western Marshes

By Henry Meade Bland

WHEN the month of September came in the old time, the primitive Indian around San Francisco Bay watched the sky over the Oakland range of hills with a strange, excited interest. The summer fogs had now ceased, and the sky all day was clear blue. Suddenly, in his vigil, the hunter's keen ear heard, even before he could see the flyer, the deep, clear, musical honder-note dropping from the blue, and he knew his feathered friends had come. At the sight of the wide bay stretches, inviting tules and inlets, the long V-shaped column broke, and down the newcomers shot, with wings extended, dropping sidewise like arrows. All day the emigrants came, until there was not a fresh water pond, marshy stream or cove of the bay but was tenanted by thousands of fluttering beauties. Every Indian who had a bow and arrow was alert for the hunt. The geese were not very wild then, for there were no heavily loaded shotguns or automatics to mow them down by the hundreds; yet the red man must stalk the birds with extreme care to get close enough to land his arrow on a single bird. No more Indian hunter now; and the great honker has gradually retreated from his loved bays and islands, coming only one day in the fall to look over the range into the cities which occupy his lost Eden. Now and then as of old a flock catches sight of the soft waters of Lake Merritt of the East Bay marshes, but the old gander leader sees the many signs of his ancient bitter enemy, the white man, screams his warning, and leads his younger companions back over the range to the safe fresh pastures and waters of the San Joaquin.

The wild Snowy goose comes South a little later than his gray brother and returns North earlier. This splendid bird prefers flight in windy weather, and when a heavy norther blows in midwinter over the Sacramento tules, it rises in myriads and veers and tacks in the face of the wind. At this time it is an easy prey to the hunter, who places himself off a tule headland in the line of flight and drops many a striking specimen. This goose, however, is not so edible as the gray. Its pure white coat tipped on the wings with black, and the rich, heavy white down on its breast make it a prize for its feathers; while its clear, high tenor note easily distinguishes it from its brethren. Like the gray goose, it has great range of size. A big gander, guarding a flock whose number was legion, while I once peeked over the knoll behind which I had crawled for a shot, seemed to me as large as a swan; while the smallest of his charge was little larger than a mallard. The little fellows are known to ornithologists as "lesser snowy," while the splendid leader was a "larger snowy."

It is not long after September that the migrating ducks, too, have returned from their breeding places in Northern North America; and the home-breeding ducks have safely raised their broods among the tule pools. And these with the swarms of Brant and Canada geese make California the most treasured land of the hunter.

California has two great hunting grounds, the bay marshes and the tules of the Sacramento and San Joaquin. On the careful conservation of these



Birds of the Western marshes.

depends not only the sport of the hunter, but the lives of the bird-tribes; for it must be remembered that all game animals and birds, as a country becomes thickly settled, meet, unless protected, with extermination, which may be accomplished by the survival of a few desirable forms in domestication. Those birds which migrate to the comparatively uninhabited far North are safer from destruction than those which breed at home. Thus the Mallard, which nests in the grain-fields or in the tall grass near the water, and which a score of years ago was one of the most abundant of game birds, is now the scarcest. This bird is easily domesticated. Many a California farmer boy of the valleys remembers catching a whole nest of gentle half-feathered mallards, and keeping them till they have eluded his vigilance and have flown to the tules.

The green-winged teal nests safely on the islands, and by the lakes of Northern North America; while the exquisite little Cinnamon teal breeds in our own tules and marshes. These two teals are to be distinguished from each other mainly by the color of feet —those of the former being bluish-gray, while the latter have red feet. The Spoonbill or Shoveller is a home breeder, and because of poor protection is a scarce duck; while the Sprig breeds only sparsely in our marshes. The American Widgeon also nest at home; but the Canvasback, one of our choicest and most abundant ducks, does not breed in Central California.

The Buffle-head, or Hell-diver, whose chief service to the hunter is to furnish him with a duck when he has failed to bag the finer varieties, is an emigrant; and consequently there is scarcely a marsh pond or tule lake which in the hunting season does not reveal him. This highly-colored bird is the most expert in diving of all the ducks except the Ruddy Duck, and can bring his food from very deep water. Both of these are excelled as a diver only by the strange little grebe which, as a hunter knows, is the hardest of all the water-birds to get with shot. The grebe, which, however, is not a duck, and is wholly unfit for food, has a strange fascination for the hunter, who lies quiet in his blind and watches the little fellow rise for a breath, then drop under the water's surface as if he were a dissolving picture. He is fabled to be so quick of sight that he is safe under water between the gun-flash and the strike of the shot.

The grebe is a home-breeder. In the deepest tule pools, the mother bird builds a raft, fastens it to a reed or tule, and piling it with other reeds till the nest-raft rises two or three inches above the water, lays her eggs, which seem to be incubated partly by her own body's heat and partly by the heat of the decaying green mass of the nest.

Of the four wading birds, the rail (California Clapper), the snowy plover, the misnamed "English snipe," and the Curlew, the former two raise their young on our own marshes; while the latter two emigrate to the North. The rail easily falls a prey to the hunter with a dog, while the plover's habit of returning to circle in sympathy around the bird of the flock that is wounded, results often in the killing of the greater part of the flock. These two birds, therefore, will always need careful protection. The rail is easily secured by the dog from its hiding place in the tules when he rises and lumbers along on wings like an awkward spring chicken. So he is an easy mark. He is the clown of the marsh, for his queer antics when he walks or swims are laughable. He delights in running up and hiding in the deep, narrow sloughs of the salt marshes and will wade with only his head out to conceal himself. But at high tide he can scarcely escape the hunter who knows his habits.

One who hunts much on the marshes soon finds that he has an interest in the feathered tribe other than those used for the table. Perhaps it is the long line of white pelicans flying in line so straight that surveyor's instruments could find no sway or curve. And

if, perchance, the flock is winging over South San Francisco Bay in the morning before the wind arises, the broad pennon flapping winds will find a mirrored duplicate in the smooth, shining bay.

The great blue heron, the prince of all birds of the marsh and field, is not a game-bird; but he endears himself to the lover of water-birds because of the dignity of his habits. He is always a lone fisherman, and his chief work is to take the fish marooned in drying up ponds, before they die and decay; but he is also a persistent hunter of mice and gophers; and in these lines the farmer perhaps has no greater friend. The heronries, breeding places of this bird, sometimes miles from the heron's swampy hunting grounds, are the most interesting of California bird-homes. The nests, mere scaffolds of sticks which are increased in size from year to year, are built in the inaccessible parts of the tree on limbs, so slight that no thieving boy can climb to them. Here the female sits on the eggs and grows cumbersomely fat, while her mate journeys miles to the feeding grounds to bring her food.

The great white Egret, a near relative of the heron, once was very numerous in the tules of Northern California, and many an old hunter remembers when a certain sycamore growing in South Sutter was like a white dome, it so shone with the dazzling sheen of the hundreds of herons nesting there. Alas, the plume-hunter has almost depopulated the tules of this magnificent bird, whose plumes are a prime prize for the milliners.

The Sand-Hill Crane, which is the most wonderful of the Western game birds, does not nest in California, but comes in late fall and goes in early spring. It breeds on the table-lands of Colorado, in Michigan and Northern Ohio, as well as in Florida. The wonderful croon of this majestic bird in the silences of the night when it is off in the spring on its long migration is of the most impressive nature-music. Again when circling to rise over a range of hills when it is off to the North, no one can forget the flash of the shining breasts as the birds swing around into the sunshine.

There has been much romance clustering about the life of the tule or marsh hunter of these great birds. sometimes on the Sacramento he lived the year round in an ark or primitive boat-house anchored in the heart of a tule lake; but oftener he lived away from the game lakes upon higher land. There is an old ballad he sang, especially on coming home late in the evening which ran as follows, and was once known far and wide in Northern California.

The Hunter's Song.

When the sweet south wind comes singing
Through the shining oak-tree leaves,
And the wild white goose comes winging,
Through the clouds September weaves,
When the mallard's wing at moon-rise
Whistles through the deep'ning blue,
And you hear the crane's low croon rise,
I am coming home to you.

When you light the evening fire,
And the flames dance on the floor
And the sparks leap high and higher,
Just as when I came of yore;
If the runeing of the cricket
Makes you tingle through and through,
Then you'll know to swing the wicket,
For I'm coming home to you.



The Dome of the Palace of Fine Arts.

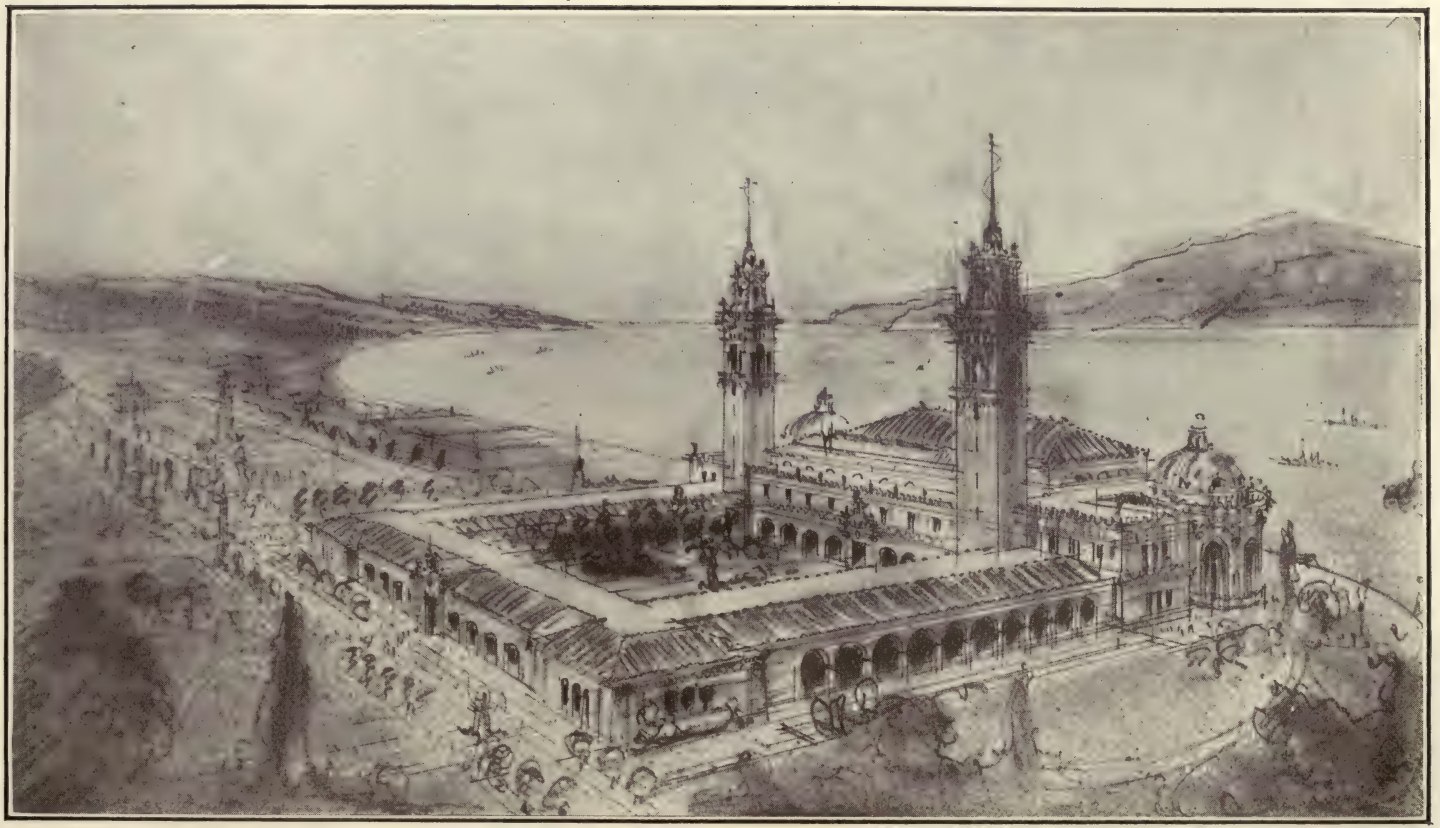
Notable Sculptural Groups, Panama-Pacific International Exposition

WHILE the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco in 1915 will present one great display of beautiful sculpture as a whole, there are many details that will be particularly impressive, and none more so than three detached groups that will stand by themselves, apart from any of the great exhibit palaces.

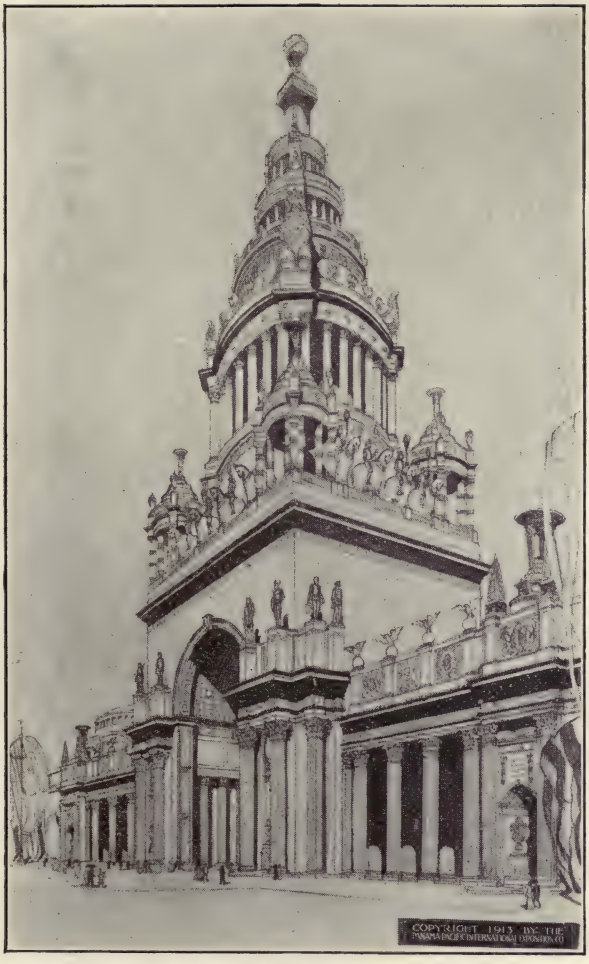
These are the Fountain of Energy, the Column of Progress and Modern Civilization, all of them fitting features of the celebration of the completion of the Panama Canal.

The Fountain of Energy, designed by A. Stirling Calder, the Exposition's chief of sculpture, will stand facing the Scott street entrance to the Exposition grounds, which will be the chief entrance, opening directly upon the great central Tower of Jewels, thence to the Court of the Sun and Stars, the focus of the main group of eight exhibit palaces. The fountain will be in the South Garden, surrounded by beautiful shrubs and flowers.

It is an embodiment of the indomitable energy that has resulted in the achievement of a waterway between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans at Panama, and is in the form of a lofty pedestal, suggestive of one of the great canal dams, and down its four sides water will flow from the top. At the bases of the four corner pillars, groups of human toilers—engineers, dredgermen, shovelers, blasters, laborers and others who aided in the gigantic task—will be gathered, maintaining guard by the falling waters, which will be received by a large basin below. Surmounting the pedestal, above the waters, a great equestrian statue, representing superman, "The Lord of the Isthmian Way," astride a noble



Bird's-eye view of the site of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, showing its position on the north shore of the San Francisco peninsula, and the outlet of the bay to the Pacific Ocean through the Golden Gate, seen in the distance.



The huge Tower of Jewels, at the south entrance of the Court of the Sun and Stars; height 430 feet. Messrs. Carrere & Hastings of New York are the architects.

charger, will stand with arms extended commanding the open canal, while floating overhead will be a crest of flying figures of Valor and Fame, heralding the victor over the obstacles of inanimate Nature.

On the broad esplanade of the Marina, on the north side of the center of the main group of exhibit palaces, and facing the Bay of San Francisco, will stand the Column of Progress, an allegorical representation of the unconquerable impulse that impels man forever to strive on, assailing in endless generations the confining barriers of existence, man's eternal optimism and his stern joy in effort. Converging about the square base of the pedestal, beneath the shaft, a stream of figures, representing the great divisions of mankind, advances, moving upward through a doorway, and finally emerging at the summit, as if the ascent had been made to the extreme height of to-day. At the head of all, at the top of the column, the group is led by a venturesome bowman, launching his dart in effort toward the far beyond.

The Column of Progress is composite in design. The general idea was Calder's. The column itself, the pedestal, is by McKim, Mead and White of New York, and the figures by Herman A. McNeil.

Modern Civilization is an allegoric group, between the Palace of Machinery and the Palaces of Varied Industries and of Mines and Metallurgy.



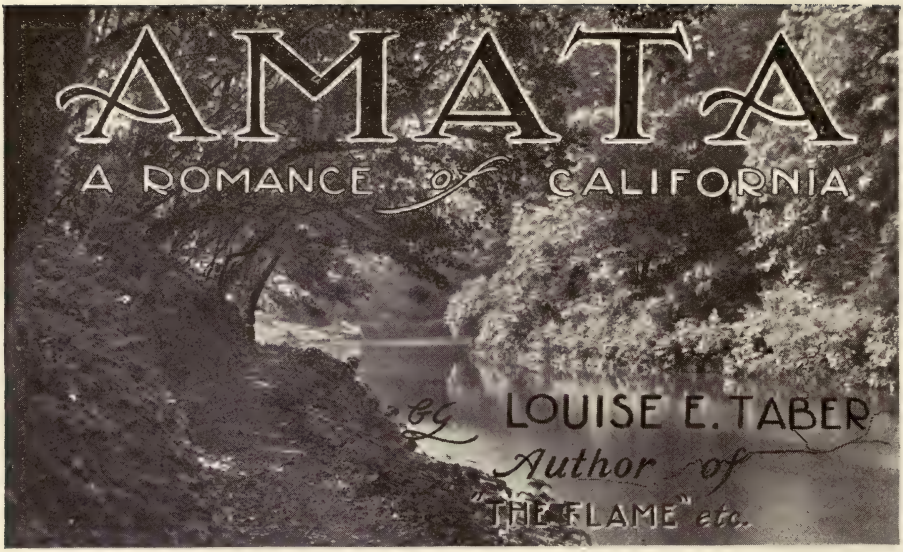
Beautiful esplanade that lies before the main group of exhibit buildings at the Exposition. In the distance is seen the Golden Gate entrance to San Francisco harbor. The buildings, as will be noted, are interconnected with great tower gateways and colonnades, and form a continuous facade. From afar this architectural creation will present the effect of a vast city of palaces. The esplanade will be almost one mile in length, and will be continued in a series of boulevards that parallel the harbor's edge. At one extremity of the esplanade has been constructed a great yacht harbor, while at the other end are passenger and freight ferry slips; at the latter, the exhibits of the world will be transferred from ocean-going vessels to trains, which will run directly into the exhibit palaces.

It is the work of Douglas Tilden, the California sculptor, and consists of a row of five upright figures, each about 17 feet tall, representing Valor, Imagination, Truth, Morality and Industry. The base is about 28 feet long, and at one end Valor, in commanding attitude, stands over the prostrate figure of Medusa, or Passion, while at the other end Industry, holding a globe inscribed with the words, "Labor Omnia Vincit," stands above the reclining figure of Neptune, or the Ocean. Truth is a figure throwing back drapery, in the familiar attitude of Venus arising from the waves, or Ariadne emerging from the mist. Imagination leans against a tree trunk, in a pensive mood, while Morality is modestly flinging a robe about her chaste body. On the whole, no attempt is made toward the daring or newness of posings, but the combination of the familiar elements. The group is a startling conception, nevertheless, the distinguishing features being beauty and simplicity combined with breadth and squareness, the work having, in this sense, an originality that is striking.

There are many other items of detached, independent statuary about the Exposition grounds, but the three described are perhaps the most distinctive and impressive.



Jules Guerin perspective of the site, on San Francisco Bay, of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, to be held in San Francisco in 1915, to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal. The buildings face north upon the harbor for almost three miles, and are located just inside the famous Golden Gate entrance of the harbor to the Pacific Ocean. The size of the exhibit palaces may be judged from the fact that the tower to be seen in the center of the photograph is 430 feet in height.



III.

THE next morning, Marcella sat at an open window in her spacious bedroom. Her blue gown clung softly about her slender figure, and her slippered foot was impatiently tapping the floor. Her mother entered, with the draperies of her lavender gown sweeping behind her.

"I missed you at the table this morning, my dear," she said.

The girl smiled indifferently, and her mother took a chair near her.

"You seemed annoyed last evening," Mrs. Van Dorn went on. "I thought Roy's return would please you."

"The way he has treated me is humiliating. He didn't write."

Her mother smiled. "Is this the only cause of your anger?"

Marcella flashed her a surprised glance.

"You mustn't be too exacting, my dear. Men have their queer little ways. When the glamour of the honeymoon has gone, you will begin a life of your own, separate from his, and you will no longer heed his forgetfulness. With your fortune and tact, you will be a society leader, and that will give you very little time to think of Roy's defects." Mrs. Van Dorn sat back with queenly grace. The sun fell on her gem-laden fingers, and she glanced at them with pride. Twenty years ago she did not own a jewel. How much more brilliant than her own Marcella's future would be, when she never had known poverty and had been educated for a social life.

"Roy is a long while asking me to marry him," the girl said, fretfully. "I don't know that I want him, anyway."

"Oh, my dear! You are only nineteen and he is just twenty-five. He may want to establish himself more substantially in business. Your father says he is very talented and you should be proud of him."

"I don't know why you consider him such a brilliant catch. The Marston's fortune isn't half so great as ours."

"No; but their social position is high. One advantage in taking him is that his sister married an English nobleman, and this will give you an easy entrance to the best society abroad. Her position will be a stepping stone for you. She can make it possible for you to be presented at court."

Marcella's frown vanished. London was her ambition.

"Who was that vulgar man father introduced to us last night?" she suddenly asked.

A gleam of indignation shot into her mother's steel-gray eyes. "Your father says he knew him years ago and was befriended by him. He says we must be kind to him."

"Kind!" Marcella echoed. "Surely we are not supposed to receive him *here!*"

"Your father wishes it."

"But you have refused!"

"I couldn't. Your father never was so persistent before."

"It's an insult!"

"Calm yourself, my dear! I never shall invite him unless we have a large gathering, when his presence will be almost unnoticed."

Cold defiance shot into Marcella's eyes.

"I think Mr. Gordon's courtesy to him gave your father the courage to insist that I receive this miner on friendly terms."

"Oh!" Marcella scoffed. "Then he *is* a miner! I suspected it. His hands are rough and his nails were not manicured."

When her mother left, Marcella went to her piano and struck some heavy chords. She was disgusted and angry that she had a father who had come from common parents. If he had been cultured like her mother, nothing could induce him to consider such a man as Burke fit to enter his home. Marcella tossed back her head with sarcastic triumph. She would humiliate the fellow, and show him that he could not rise so easily from his lowliness. Forgetting that she and her parents were social climbers, the same as Burke, she began to sing a gay little ballad. Her voice was well trained and clear, but soulless.

Late in the afternoon, Mr. Van Dorn sat on the broad veranda of his home. He held a newspaper, but he was not reading, and presently it fell from his hand and his head sank wearily forward on his hand. At long intervals the peaceful stillness was broken by the chirping birds, but no breeze cooled the warm air, and the dead leaves rested where they fell. Presently he raised his head and looked out, unseeingly, over his beautiful estate. He seemed to have grown old suddenly, and the adventurous light faded from his eyes. His wife and daughter were out, and he knew they would not return for some time. He was glad of this opportunity to be alone, for he was worried over Roy's manner the night before when speaking of Bakersfield. Mr. Van Dorn owned extensive oil lands there, some of which were yielding profitably, but the greater part were a drag. Many of the wells had been exhausted, but the Prosperity Oil Company was still selling the stock to the credulous readers of their advertisements, many of whom lived in the East. Most of the paying property was held by the company, some of it recorded under fictitious names. Several times suspicious investors had threatened to make trouble for the company, but the stock was repurchased of them and no exposure made. For the past year, the company flourished as it never had before. But Roy's conduct had roused his suspicions, and he wondered if the young lawyer had heard anything while in Bakersfield. Mr. Van Dorn wanted Roy to believe him honest. He considered Marston as virtually engaged to Marcella, and also he felt a deep friendship for the young lawyer.

The millionaire reviewed the danger of his schemes. He had never conducted a thoroughly honest business. He played the great game of finance close to the verge of ruinous exposures, and until this day he had loved his dangerous ventures. Now he thought of his daughter and what disgrace would mean to her. It was not only the possible exposure of his oil business which worried him; it was the sudden appearance of Mr. Burke and the fatal consequences that might follow. If Mr. Van Dorn had stood alone in the world, the danger of his situation would have appealed to his

reckless nature, but he owed a duty and a protection to Mrs. Van Dorn, who always had been a loyal helpmate, and although Marcella was disrespectful to him, he loved her dearly. There was a tenderness underlying his character that neither his wife nor his daughter understood, but Roy had penetrated his inner heart. Mr. Van Dorn was disturbed because Burke had penetrated his interest as he watched Amata. He knew that the miner would be on the alert, and he feared him. For some reason the world was taking on a very different aspect, and the change had begun with the coming of Amata.

Suddenly a caressing voice roused him, and he saw the girl in the road leading the old man. His frown vanished, and he called for them to enter.

"Isn't it warm to-day!" she said, as he approached.

"Yes. Won't you come on the veranda? It is cooler there."

"Thank you." She gave him a grateful glance, and slipping her arm around the old man's drooping shoulders, said: "I don't mind the heat, but it's hard on poor father." Her eyes lighted with love as she turned to him, and gently taking the violin, drew his arm through hers.

Mr. Van Dorn studied her while she was occupied. He knew that in those moments he was forgotten, for all her life and love were centered in her gentle, white-haired companion.

Instead of going up the broad path leading to the steps at the end of the veranda, Mr. Van Dorn took them across the lawn, which was as level and smooth as a velvet carpet. Marble steps led to the house, but half way up was a broad landing from which one could go on the terrace just below the veranda. As Amata reached this landing, she paused and looked back. Her eyes were bright with admiration as they rested on the beautiful grounds. The lawn, where it stretched back to the road, was shaped like a semi-circle bordered with immense trees and tall, brilliant shrubbery. Against this green background stood several marble statues, and some rustic seats were half-hidden in the abundant foliage. In the middle of the lawn was a large marble fountain, and at the foot of the steps, on either side, lay a great sleeping lion of the same white stone. Along the terrace grew lavender and white lilacs; no other colors could be seen from the front of the house.

"How you must love your home!" she said.

"Yes, it satisfies me. You and your father are always welcome."

"You are very kind." The old man stretched out his hand in a blind attempt to find Mr. Van Dorn, who took the thin fingers in his strong grasp.

"I wish I could see your face," he said in broken English.

Amata's arm quickly went round the drooping shoulders, and motherly love and sympathy overflowed her eyes.

Mr. Van Dorn abruptly turned away and started up the last steps. She followed, assisting her companion.

"Let your father sit here," Mr. Van Dorn said, indicating a lounging chair filled with pillows.

"Now you can rest a few minutes, father, and if the kind gentleman will let me, I'll bring you a cup of water."

"Surely! Come into the house."

Her father caught her hand. "Do not go far, Amata. I feel abandoned when I don't hear your voice."

"There is water in the hall." Mr. Van Dorn slightly reddened.

The spacious marble hall was made like a court, with a handsome inlaid floor. The numerous rare plants and delicate flowers gave it the appearance of a conservatory. In the center was a statue of a water nymph. From the pedestal around her feet rose jets of water, and in the basin goldfish were swimming. The house was two stories, and the court was open to the top. The dome was made of stained glass, and soft-colored lights were filtered down in the court. Around the second floor was a broad balcony used as an art gallery. Over the balustrade were thrown purple and lavendar plush draperies embroidered with gold, and on every post was a handsome bronze

figure. The great stairway was at the end of the court, and half way up was a landing, from which the stairs led up on both sides.

Amata turned to Mr. Van Dorn. "You must be very happy here," she said.

"Money isn't everything," he replied, as he went to the fountain. "Here is a glass. The old gentleman is your father, I suppose?"

"No; but I want no other." Her rich tones vibrated with love.

He felt a tightening at his heart, and dared not question her.

The old man eagerly drained the glass, and Mr. Van Dorn told her to get herself a drink. He leaned on the railing in front of the violinist, and when Amata was gone, he said:

"You should be proud of your daughter. How old is she?"

"Nearly twenty-one."

A tremor shot through Mr. Van Dorn.

Amata hurried back. "It is all so beautiful," she gaily exclaimed. "Your Italy can be no lovelier, father. I wish you could——" She abruptly paused with painful regret.

The old man understood. "Never mind, dearest. I can imagine it all. Until a few years ago I knew the world with my own eyes; now I am content to see it through yours. Come, we must go. We are imposing on this gentleman's hospitality."

"No, no!" Mr. Van Dorn protested. The emotion in his tone fell strangely on his ears.

Amata rose, always obedient to the old man's slightest wish. Their parting was almost affectionate. The millionaire, with a mingling of emotions, watched them cross the lawn. Shame swept over him that he had employed a detective to inquire into the lives of these two innocent people, as though they might be criminals.

As they passed out the gate, a motor car stopped before the entrance, and Marcella stepped out, followed by her Japanese spaniel. She paused and haughtily eyed the street musicians. Catching sight of her father, she understood that he had let them enter the grounds. Opening her gold-linked purse, she tossed some silver coins to the girl, as one would throw a bone to a homeless dog. Amata reddened, but the color faded, and she turned on Marcella with a look of pity that made the girl's blood tingle. She passed Amata with her head held high. As she stepped on the lawn, she turned back and sharply called to her spaniel. Amata was going down the road, with her protecting arm around the old man. The money lay shining in the dust.

"I am ashamed of you, Marcella!" Mr. Van Dorn hotly exclaimed, as she went up the steps.

The girl paused and eyed him with contemptuous surprise, for he never before had reprimanded her. His eyes flashed as he watched her haughtily disappear into the court, and for a time he stood with his impassioned gaze riveted on the empty door, then he caught up his hat and started down the path. When he reached the road the musicians had disappeared. He took the direction they had gone. Presently he reached the Crystal Springs road, and saw them going slowly along. The love between them strongly appealed to him, for they were happy in each other's company. He never had enjoyed companionship at home, nor had he expected it from his wife. After Marcella had grown, he had vainly hoped that she would be in sympathy with him, but she had neither the heart nor the refined intelligence to understand her father's inner nature.

He hurried on, and soon reached Amata. Her bright smile was free from resentment.

"The kind gentleman has joined us, father," she said.

Mr. Van Dorn could not utter the apologetic words he had intended to say. "I——" he faltered.

With a beseeching little gesture, she held out her hand.

Mr. Van Dorn seized it.

"What is the matter?" the old man asked. Amata had not told him of Marcella's insult.

She partly explained in Italian. After they had gone some distance down the dusty road, bordered with tall, shaggy trees, they came to a long, narrow board walk that led in to a thick group of trees. Amata invited Mr. Van Dorn to go home with them, and he accepted, for he was curious to see where they lived. They went along the board walk, and at the end of it was a small garden, surrounding a little whitewashed hut, that was almost covered over with red climbing roses. Mr. Van Dorn halted in surprise. The brilliant flowers gave a cheerful welcome, and even the old hut had a homelike appearance. The life of this girl and the old man suggested an existence infinitely sweeter than his own. Here he noticed the perfume of the flowers, the birds chirping, while one sang a love song to its mate. These things had never had a meaning to him, but now as Amata stood still and whispered, "Listen!" all of Nature's symphony spoke to him and he understood why these strolling beggars were happy, and he was not.

"Isn't this a pretty place?" Amata asked. "I wish I could live here forever."

"Why can't you?"

"Because it belongs to an Italian gardener who is now working for Mr. Gordon. When he took that place he had no use for this; he lives on the estate now; meanwhile he offered this house to us. Won't you come in?"

Amata unlocked the door, and the old man entered with his hand on the millionaire's arm.

The cheerful, bright exterior vividly contrasted with the interior. The floor was bare, except for two little worn rugs. No pictures relieved the whitewashed walls, and four rickety chairs and a cheap table were the only furniture. The room was small, with three windows. Near the old man's cot hung the crucifix and under the bed lay his violin. These were his only possessions. On Amata's cot, half-hidden by an old screen, was her tambourine. There was no feminine touches. Back of this room was a little place, used as a kitchen, where there was an old rusty stove, a small table, a few cooking utensils and some heavy cracked china. Mr. Van Dorn saw it all at a glance, and a sense of guilt stole over him, remembering his own home.

The old man's manner became easier in this room, because he knew where to find everything.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked Mr. Van Dorn, and his voice had a fresher tone.

Amata pointed to a chair near the old man, and she sat by the window.

"How long do you intend to remain in San Mateo?" Mr. Van Dorn asked.

"So long as we can make money," the old man answered. "It makes no difference where we go. We are only wanderers," he added with a sigh.

"Were you born in this country?"

"No. I am a Florentine. When I was young, I took a notion to become an opera singer. I wanted to travel. It didn't occur to me that I should save a part of my small earnings, because I never thought of old age. The careless Bohemian life suited me, and I didn't think of to-morrow until I had become blind in one eye and was losing the sight of the other. At that time this little girl came to me, and my whole life was changed. She was three years old when her mother gave her to me. How I remember that pitiful day!"

Mr. Van Dorn's heart quickened. "She came as a blessing," he said.

Amata knelt beside the old man. "Don't refer to the past," she coaxed. "It always makes you sad. My mother had a terrible life," she said, turning to Mr. Van Dorn. "She was deserted by the man who should have cherished her till death."

The millonaire could not trust himself to answer. Presently he glanced at his watch. "I must go." He rose. "I have enjoyed being here with you both. May I come again?"

The old man extended his hand. "You are always welcome. Your voice tells me that you are sincere."

"Your simple life is very attractive.

and it is a pleasure to step out of my artificial world. I ask the friendship of you and Amata. May I have it?"

"Yes," the old man solemnly assured him. "May God bless you and send you to us again!"

Amata opened the door. Her face was lighted with happiness. As Mr. Van Dorn glanced at her, he reddened, and a sudden pain shot through his heart. He stepped out, and taking a last look around the little garden, started down the narrow walk. He had gone but a short distance when some one behind him laughed, and, turning, he found Mr. Burke coming up the road with Mr. Keller.

IV

Mr. Van Dorn and Roy usually went up to their offices in San Francisco at the same hour in the morning, and often the millionaire called at the Marston home and took Roy with him to the city in his motor car. The day after his meeting with Burke on the Crystal Springs road, Mr. Van Dorn told his chauffeur to take him to Marston's gate. A frown darkened his brow as he settled back in the car. Roy had dined at the Van Dorn's the night before, and had received a telephone message calling him home to see a man who had come down to San Mateo on business. Mr. Van Dorn imagined that Roy had shown some confusion after answering the 'phone, and his suspicions returned in regard to Marston's visit to Bakersfield. He was worried also over his meeting with Burke the previous day. He thought that he had detected an exultant amusement in Burke's manner, and he feared that the miner and Mr. Keller had seen him leaving Amata's house. He knew that he could not clear himself with Burke, because he could not broach the subject without casting a slur upon Amata.

As Mr. Van Dorn reached the Marston home, Roy was coming out with a gentleman, who appeared to be a foreigner.

"Good-morning," Roy said, going forward after a slight hesitation. "Have you come to take me to town? I'm sorry I can't go. I must devote my time to my friend, who will be here only a few days."

Mr. Van Dorn glanced from Roy to the man in a way that compelled Marston to introduce them. The stranger came forward and raised his hat.

"I am glad to know you," he said, with a foreign accent that was almost unnoticeable.

Mr. Van Dorn returned the compliment and expressed his regret that both gentlemen could not accompany him, then ordered the chauffeur to start. He was deeply troubled. When he reached his office in San Francisco he entered the main room.

"I want to see you, Clarke," he said to one of the men who had been in his employment for eight years and understood his enterprises. "Do you remember Mr. La Farge, who bought five thousand shares of oil stock about a year and a half ago?" he asked, as he sat down at the desk in his private office.

"Yes, sir."

"Where did he come from?"

"New Westminster, British Columbia. He lives there now."

"Can you describe him?"

"He is of medium height and slender, with black hair and a small mustache curled up in the French fashion. Every time he called here, he was well dressed, but not exactly up to date."

"Has he ever complained because his stock has not paid?"

"He has written several times, but there was nothing threatening. We received a letter about two months ago. Since then we have not heard from him."

"He has come down here," Mr. Van Dorn said. "I met him this morning in San Mateo, and I believe he has engaged the services of Roy Marston. Evidently he intends to make trouble. Should anything be done, refer the case to me, and I'll buy back the stock."

When the clerk went out, Mr. Van

Dorn did not move. The gray in his eyes became like steel as he braced himself to meet the exposure that he thought would come. He always had loved a dangerous conflict, but he did not want Roy to be the one who would demand an explanation of his business methods, although he was certain that Marston would advise his client to let the oil company buy the stock and make no trouble, but Mr. Van Dorn shrank from receiving this consideration from his young friend. He was roused by a knock at the door, and a clerk announced that Mr. Keller wished an interview. Mr. Van Dorn sat erect with apprehension.

"Good morning," Mr. Keller said, as he took the chair near the desk, to which Mr. Van Dorn had pointed.

"Good morning! I didn't expect you so soon. Have you solved the mystery already?" He forced a smile, and was thankful that his back was to the strong sunlight.

"There is no mystery, only a pitiful tragedy, such as is being enacted every day." He paused, but as no response was volunteered, went on: "Last evening, after dinner, the girl and the old man came on the grounds of the Peninsula Hotel and sang for the guests. I gave them some money, when they started off: I walked along with them. I easily learned all that you wish to know, for they have nothing to hide."

"So I have discovered," Mr. Van Dorn interposed, "and I regret that I engaged your services, for now I know them a little better, and I see that my wife and I were mistaken."

Mr. Keller nodded. "I have absolute faith in both of them. When Mr. Burke and I crossed the field yesterday and saw you leaving their hut, I thought that you must have formed a different opinion of them."

Mr. Van Dorn's fingers tightened over the arms of his chair. Then he had not imagined Burke's exultant amusement.

The detective went on: "This is the girl's history as I learned it last evening from the old man: Her mother was an Italian woman, and was barely more than a child when she was selling flowers on the streets of Rome. At nineteen, she ran away from home and joined a cheap opera company that was coming to this country. She was the prima donna, and although she had had no training, she was gifted with a natural artistic understanding and made an instantaneous success wherever she appeared. The second year she was here, the company included in its tour the town of Gold Hill, Nev. This place was filled with mining men, and they were enthusiastic over the beautiful girl. One of the miners fell desperately in love with her. He begged her to leave the company and stay with him. She did, but he never married her. They lived together for three years, then he became prosperous and grew tired of her. He was in the habit of going to Carson City and of coming here to San Francisco and staying a week or two, but once he went away and never returned. It was three months before her child was born. He left her without money, and she was obliged to ask help of her neighbors."

Mr. Van Dorn sat rigid and white. His eyes were fixed on the large ink well standing on his desk. He wanted to speak, but he could not.

"When the child was two months old," Mr. Keller went on, "the mother joined some strolling players and worked her way back East. There she communicated with the company that had brought her to this country, and they re-engaged her. But she had changed. Her free, careless nature was gone, and she never referred to her life in the mining town. No one knew why she had left with her baby. This old violinist was a singer in the company and had been with them the first year that the girl had come to America. At that time he was forty-five; now he is seventy-one. I think he loved her, but she felt only a deep friendship for him. He speaks of her with a sort of reverence. When she went back to the stage, she stayed with the company for three years, and so

did this old man, but while traveling she took sick and died. The old fellow nursed her until the end. It was on her deathbed that she told him her story and gave him her baby. He has devoted his life to this friendless orphan. She is the idol of his heart, and his protection of her is a sacred trust to him."

Mr. Keller glanced sharply at the rigid man before him, but if he understood why the millionaire had manifested interest in Amata, his face did not betray it.

"When you engaged my services," he presently said, "you mentioned that if the girl proved worthy of assistance you would have her voice trained. It would be a noble kindness, Mr. Van Dorn."

The tortured man glanced up quickly. The muscles of his white face were drawn, and he looked many years older. He slowly nodded, for he could not yet trust himself to speak.

"The girl showed me some small advertising bills that the opera company used to have thrown about the streets, bearing her mother's picture," Mr. Keller added. "The daughter is the image of her, only her beauty is more refined. And she is called after her mother. Her name was Amata."

A tremor shot through Mr. Van Dorn. He knew that his silence was betraying him.

"Your story has been very interesting," he said. "I'll do what I can to help the girl. I regret that I had such an unworthy opinion of them, but perhaps it is for the best, because otherwise I might not have noticed them."

Mr. Keller nodded and rose.

"Send me the bill for your services," Mr. Van Dorn added. "I thank you for your clever work."

"It required no cleverness." Mr. Keller bowed, and casting a last glance at the millionaire, went away.

Mr. Van Dorn wondered if the man had told him all, or had he held back his knowledge concerning Amata's father? If he had, he could be trusted to keep silent. Did the old man know that the girl's father was named Van Dorn, and was this the reason for their appearance in San Mateo? Mr. Van Dorn's head sank forward on his arms. His spirit was crushed.

At five o'clock he started home, but he did not look forward with any pleasure to the evening party his wife was giving. As he left his office, he met Roy with Mr. La Farge. Both men pleasantly answered his greeting and accepted his invitation to accompany him to San Mateo in his motor car.

"We'll see you this evening, shan't we, Roy?" he asked, as they reached the young man's home. "Won't you come with him?" he added, turning to Mr. La Farge. "I'd be pleased to have you join us."

"Thank you," after a hesitation. "I'll come.

When he reached his own gate, Mr. Van Dorn's suffering came to him with renewed force, and he shrank from returning to the life that had become so hateful. During dinner, he made a dismal attempt at sociability, but his wife and Marcella did not notice. He took his cigar and went out for a walk, sauntering aimlessly up the road. Near the Peninsula Hotel he saw Mr. Burke coming towards him.

"Hello!" the miner exclaimed. "May I join you?"

"If you wish."

"This is a fine country. I'm glad I came. Everything is agreeable and homelike." Mr. Burke's tone was as amicable as though he and Mr. Van Dorn had always been friends. "I'm coming to see you at your home some evening," he added, ignoring that he had not been invited.

Mr. Van Dorn's smile had a touch of heartless amusement, as he thought of his wife and daughter.

"Can't you come around to-night? We're having a garden party."

Mr. Burke did not betray his surprise. "Yes, I'd be glad to."

Mr. Van Dorn was gripped by spiteful enjoyment. He would not tell his wife that Burke was coming. On reaching home, he found that many of the guests had arrived. He greeted them with sincere pleasure, for his re-

vengeful spirit had strengthened him. He glanced from his wife to Marcella. Both were elaborately gowned, the mother in lavender, the daughter in white. While Mrs. Van Dorn and Marcella were receiving the guests he watched the superiority of his wife's bearing; he smiled mockingly, remembering the day he met her in San Francisco twenty-one years ago, when she was wearing a gingham dress. Turning, he found Mr. and Mrs. Marston coming across the lawn with Roy and Mr. La Farge.

"I've been looking for you," he said, pressing Roy's hand.

"Are we late?"

"No, only I always look for you among the first."

Roy presented Mr. La Farge to the hostesses, explaining that he had been invited by Mr. Van Dorn. Marcella gave the Frenchman a gracious smile. She determined to repay Roy for his indifference by lavishing some attention on his friend, thinking it would rouse him to see another man play the cavalier. While Roy was speaking to her mother, Marcella turned her attention to the newcomer, and presently went down the steps with him, chatting merrily. Marston did not heed them, but Mr. Van Dorn's sharp eyes followed them with mild surprise, for his daughter was usually reserved with a stranger. But he soon understood her object, and wondered what the result would be concerning the law suit he expected to have, should she make a favorable impression on the man.

As Marcella crossed the lawn she was confronted by Mr. Burke. She eyed him with displeasure, but he would not notice it. Mr. Van Dorn hastened up and asked him to greet Mrs. Van Dorn. She was no more gracious than Marcella had been, but the miner could not be chilled by an icy glance. He laid siege to Mr. Gordon, upon whose courtesy he could depend.

Mr. Van Dorn went to the farther end of the veranda and stood looking over the brilliant scene. The beauty and the richness of it impressed him as he turned from the grounds and glanced through the broad, open window into the brightly illuminated court. What more could he ask for, materially? Suddenly he was roused by the soulful voice that made the past live again. Glancing down to the orchestra in the middle of the semi-circle of tall trees bordering the lawn, he saw Amata, singing. To-night her voice had the same rich abandon that had been the greatest charm in her mother's singing. The sacred, gentle tone was gone, and Mr. Van Dorn could feel that her artistic soul was afire with the beauty of the scene and with this opportunity to sing, accompanied by a responsive orchestra. She was singing "A fors'e lui" from "La Traviata." Could the old blind violinist have taught her this clean, brilliant technic, or had nature been her instructor, as it had been with her mother?

Presently the buzz of conversation ceased, and attention was turned to Amata. Mr. Van Dorn saw Roy standing near her, intently listening. He was as immovable as the statue against which he leaned. Marcella was on a rustic seat, and Mr. La Farge was resting on the back of it. Mr. Van Dorn saw the haughty poise of his daughter's head, after she had looked in Roy's direction, then she turned her back on him. Mr. Van Dorn walked along the veranda and went slowly down the steps. His glance fell on Mr. Burke, and he abruptly halted. The miner was standing near Amata, opposite Roy, and from his attitude Mr. Van Dorn knew that the man's eyes were fastened on the girl with a devouring look of admiration. He had become oblivious of his surroundings, and saw only the fascinating girl, with her glowing beauty and heard only her voice, which was revealing the art, depth and magnetism of her young, untainted soul. As Mr. Van Dorn watched the miner, his blood was chilled, remembering how he himself had been held spellbound by this girl's bewitching mother.

The aria ended, and enthusiastic applause followed. Amata smiled and

bowed, and as Mr. Van Dorn went forward, he saw that her color had deepened and her eyes were aglow with emotion. Mr. Burke spoke to her in an undertone, and she reddened with pleasure. Mr. Van Dorn stifled an oath. He was momentarily relieved by seeing Roy turn her attention from the miner. It was done so quietly that Mr. Burke could not take offense, but Mr. Van Dorn knew that Roy had seen and understood, and his friendship for the young man ripened into a deep affection. The rest of the evening passed like a confused dream for Mr. Van Dorn. He heard Amata's voice ring out several times in operatic arias, and he heard the applause, but his thoughts were fixed on the girl's future safety and the part that he would play in her defense. At eleven o'clock she was ready to leave. He went to her.

"It is too late for you to go home alone," he said, crushing the love from his voice. "I want you to go in my motor car."

He told a servant to send the car to the front gate. As he turned away, after bidding Amata good-night he found Mr. Burke eyeing him with a mingling of triumph, sarcastic amusement and jealous anger. He knew now that the miner had misunderstood his interest in Amata.

Mr. Burke turned his attention to Roy after Amata left. He was puzzled to know how the millionaire could express an almost affectionate friendship for young Marston, when Roy was so attentive to Amata. The miner thought that there was some strange underplay, and he determined to fathom it by courting Roy's friendship. He had been told that Roy was engaged to Marcella, and he had seen the girl's jealous discomfiture all the evening. But who was this Mr. La Farge, who suddenly had appeared and apparently was laying siege to Marcella's attentions? Mr. Burke noticed that Mr. Van Dorn showed the Frenchman special courtesy, but he could see also that his host was dazed by some mental strain.

It was after one o'clock when the garden party broke up. Mr. Burke was satisfied with the way he had been received. At supper he had sat near Mr. La Farge, and had invited him to dinner at the Peninsula Hotel.

Roy declined the invitation.

(Continued next month.)

REQUIESCAT

I dreamed a Spectre led me far away
 Unto a land enshrouded with the dead;
And, standing out against the morbid grey
 Of moving shadows, this is what he said:
"Dost thou know why I bring you to this place?"
And taking off his shroud, I saw my face!

Ah, God! It was a frenzied, bitter land—
 The Kingdom of Lost Souls before me lay.
And, as I looked, the Spectre by my hand
 Grew dim, and lo! perhaps 'twas fantasy—
But haloed where the Spectre stood before
Thine angel beckoned me at Heaven's door.

ROBERT RENSSELAER CHAMBERLAIN.

GOD IN THE HOME

By C. T. Russell, Pastor Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."—Joshua 24:15.

DO NOT understand us to teach that the world's opportunity for life everlasting or death everlasting is now. "God hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world," grant the world a judgment or trial or test. That great day is future. It is the day of Christ, a thousand years long. It will be a glorious opportunity! Present right doing and right thinking, or wrong doing and wrong thinking will have much to do with the condition of every man and woman at that time. He or she will enter upon that Day of blessing and opportunity either from a higher or a lower standpoint, proportionately as he or she has acted wisely and conscientiously at the present time.

But nothing that the world can do can interfere with God's great proposition, that a full opportunity for life or death eternal shall then come to every member of the race, because Christ died for the ungodly. The only class to whom present life means life or death eternal is the church. And by the church, we mean, not church attendants, nor outward professors, but those who have entered into a covenant with God through Christ and who have been made partakers of the Holy Spirit, tasting of the good word of God and the powers of the age to come. If these should fall away, the Apostle forewarns us, it would be impossible to renew them again unto repentance. And there will be no home for them with the world in the world's trial day because they already have enjoyed their share of the merit of Christ's death.

A Great Privilege.

When, therefore, we speak of God and the home, we have in mind a family composed exclusively of saints who daily and hourly are following their great Redeemer's footsteps in self-denial, in sacrifice, in the narrow way which leads to glory, honor and immortality and association with the Redeemer in His glorious Kingdom which is to bless the world for a thousand years.

We believe the Bible teaches that there are many of the world who are reverential, kind and just to a large degree, who are not saints, who have not presented their bodies living sacrifices to God, who have not been begotten of His Holy Spirit, and not, therefore, members of that "little flock to whom it is the Father's good pleasure to give the Kingdom"—in joint-heirship with their Redeemer and Head. To this latter class our Master evidently referred when He said to His followers, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

To live righteously, soberly and godly in this present world to the extent of one's ability is what every one should do—no less. To live a life of sacrifice—to lay down our lives for the brethren, for the truth, in the service of the Lord, is another matter, which justice does not require, and which the Bible nowhere enjoins upon mankind. It is pointed out as a *privilege* to those who desire it, and glory, honor and immortality on the spirit plane is the reward attached to this invitation or high calling. It is the selection of this special class of conse-

crated ones that is the particular order in the Divine program at the present time, because the faithful, the elect, the "over-comers" of this class are to be the associates of the Redeemer in His great work of uplifting the world and restoring all the willing and obedient to human perfection, to an earthly Eden home everlasting in which God's will shall "be done on earth as it is done in heaven."

An Inundation of Unbelief.

In our day the shackles of ignorance and superstition are breaking. Men, women and children are beginning to think for themselves. They no longer believe the fairy tales of childhood. The dreadful hobgoblins and nightmares of the Dark Ages respecting purgatory and eternal torture are doubted by all, and by the great mass totally disbelieved. What have they now to attach them to the Almighty since they have never been taught the love of God, the lengths and breadths and height and depths passing all human understanding? This is the world's great need—to know God as He really is, a father, a friend, a God of love! And to thus know Him the people need to be taught how seriously they were mistaught in the past along the lines of hell and purgatory.

How could they ever truly love and worship a God of injustice and of hate —one inferior to themselves—one who knew, foreordained and prepared for their torture before they were born. They must see that these things taught by the creeds of the Dark Ages are wholly at variance with the Bible, else they will never come back to the Bible nor be able to see its teachings in their true light. They must be taught that the sin and death, sorrow and trouble all around us are the wage or penalty of Father Adam's disobedience. They must learn that God purposes a blessing and uplifting which will be as world-wide as the curse.

Many religious leaders to-day deny that there is a personal God, and ascribe everything to—a great Nothing, which they designate Nature-god. Is it surprising, in view of the fact that these teachings are being promulgated in the universities, colleges and theological seminaries, in the high schools and even to some extent in the common schools—is it any wonder that the rising generation is losing its God?

Awakened Parental Responsibility.

It is high time that parents realize the true situation—it is almost too late *now*. The seeds of unbelief already sown in the minds of the rising generation are being watered continually and are growing. All who love their families, all who love mankind in general, should awaken to the fact that a world that has lost its God must of necessity be an unhappy world. Platonic philosophy may serve the purposes of the few, but surely cannot serve the masses of our race. A godless world will, ere long, mean a discontented world, an unhappy world, and, bye and bye, a world of anarchy and strife. This is what our world-wide education is leading to. Few of our race can stand an education which recognizes no God, no revelation of Him, no responsibility to Him, and no hope of a future life which will be effected by the conduct of the present.



From Russian Hill

By Eleanore F. Lewys-Ross

Republished From San Francisco Call

From my brown roof-tree perched upon the hill,
Where sea winds pass unbidden o'er the sill,

While shadows creep along the streets below,
I watch the kindling of the afterglow.

The breath of throbbing mills is tossed on high,
Like waving plumes upon the evening sky;

But e'en the smoke from each dun factory,
Holds some strange beauty that appeals to me;

For I can see the sun strike 'gainst its swirl,
And change it into opalescent pearl.

Endlessly, back and forth on languid wing,
The seagulls weave, in graceful wandering.

Now following the wake of some great ship,
Now soaring oceanward with lift and dip.

Each passing craft of oak, or armored mail—
From my small eyrie, I send them hail;

Sometimes I fancy that they give reply,
In friendly whistles as they journey by.

Across the waters of a changing sea—
Now chrysoprase, now lapis lazuli—

Aglow as touched by some magician's wand,
Rises the king of cloud-kissed Tamal-land.

Nearer, like brown moths flitting in the moon,
The lanteen sails steal from the still lagoon.

Long night must cover them upon the bay,
They breast the swinging waves as if in play.

In darker times, to cheer our smoke-seared sight,
The torch that shone unceasing through the night,

Still flashes warning to the ships that pass
From the grim battlements of Alcatraz.

* * * * * *

Then fades the glow, and sea and sky grow dun;
Night's hand wipes out the colors of the sun.

That lone and distant bell, disconsolate,
Tells of the Gray Guest waiting at the Gate.

I see the evening breeze catch his white hair,
And snowy beard, and whirl them through the air.

While one by one, against the dark'ning sea,
Gleam out the lights of "Little Italy."

* * * * * *

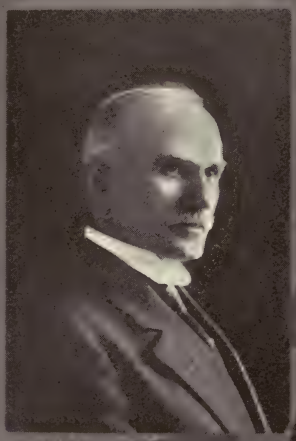
So when the glow fades, and my day wanes late,
Let me not fear the Gray Guest at the Gate.

But let me meet him as a gracious host,
Nor see in him the dread face of a ghost.

Here in my little roof-tree on the hill,
Where sea winds pass unbidden o'er the sill.

COMMISSIONER of INSURANCE and EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

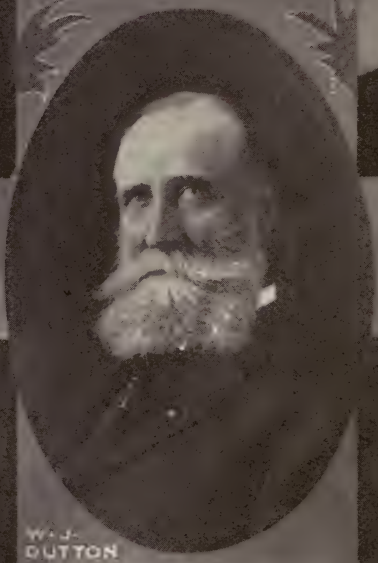
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W·J· DUTTON



NUMA C COOPER



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GEORGE I COCHRAN

The World's Insurance Congress

Most Important Gathering to Assemble at the Panama Pacific Exposition in San Francisco, October 1915

OF THE MANY special plans designed to attract the world's leaders in thought, commerce, finance, letters, the arts, and other callings to the International Exposition in San Francisco during 1915, easily the most successful will be the series of carefully selected congresses, and of these the most important will be the World's Insurance Congress, as insurance underwriting and the vast interests that underwriting has created with its myriad of occupations, employing the brains and energies of several hundred thousand of America's most active and enlightened citizens, and furnishing the main spring of stability to American commerce, enterprise and society, has for the first time in American history been given official recognition in a great national undertaking, authorized by act of Congress of the United States.

The Panama-Pacific International Exposition, especially charged with the responsibility of exhibiting to the World civilization's advancement in all that benefits mankind, has given to insurance the same recognition as to the fine arts, manufacturers, agriculture, machinery, transportation and the other arts and industries by creating the office of Commissioner of Insurance, the incumbent of which is charged with the responsibility of issuing invitations of a national and international character for participation in a great "WORLD'S INSURANCE CONGRESS," which will convene in San Francisco from October 1st to 15th inclusive, 1915, occupying over one-twentieth of the entire period of the Exposition's life; and judging from the preliminary work accomplished in mapping the program, the Congress will be a gathering which will herald a new era in the history and development of insurance.

As an example of the importance with which the Congress movement is viewed by the most powerful influences in the insurance business, the following resolution, unanimously passed by the Association of Life Insurance Presidents at their annual meeting on December 6, 1912, is quoted:

"WHEREAS, A communication has been delivered to this convention by Special Commissioner Geo. I. Cochran, from the Commissioner of the World's Insurance Congress, which meets in San Francisco in 1915, inviting this association to designate a member to represent it on the National Council of such Congress; and

"WHEREAS, Such invitation is appreciated and it seems desirable that this association be so represented on the National Council of the World's Insurance Congress.

"NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, That this Convention do hereby commission Hon. Robert Lynn Cox as its representative to serve in that capacity."

Then in addition to this, over twenty of the most powerful national insurance associations of this country have pledged themselves in the same manner; and although the majority of national associations do not as a rule set their meeting places more than a year in advance, still in this instance many have already done so, and agreed to meet in San Francisco in 1915, and it is assured that more which have not taken similar action will do so at the 1914 meetings. The National Association of Life Underwriters is one body pledged to come here, and as an example of their unanimity of sentiment in this respect is the following resolution, which was first passed by the Oregon Association of Life Underwriters, and which has since been put through a large majority of the local and state associations

affiliated with the national body:

"WHEREAS, The International Exposition to be held at San Francisco in 1915 in its scope, significance, and World-wide interest, transcends any celebration heretofore projected, and

"WHEREAS, The citizens of San Francisco and the State of California are giving a splendid example of patriotism, liberality, enterprise, and energy in their preparation for making the Exposition the greatest event of modern times in the World's history of peace and progress, and are entitled to the active co-operation and support of the whole country, more especially so of the cities of the Pacific Coast, close sharers in pride in the occasion and in the material advantages which will naturally result from the immense assembly and the directing of the attention of intellect, energy, and capital towards the development of our resources;

"BE IT RESOLVED, That it is the sense of this meeting that the meeting of the National Association of Life Underwriters in 1915 should be held in San Francisco, and that the National Association of Life Insurance Underwriters be and are hereby requested to hold their 1915 meeting in the City of San Francisco co-incident with the World's Insurance Congress being inaugurated as part of the Exposition."

Then, entirely separate from the meetings of various national associations will be the meetings of company agency forces. Already over forty life insurance companies have agreed to hold their 1915 conventions in San Francisco, and others are coming in line every day. In fact, when considering the calibre of the men that will be brought here through meetings already pledged, and the immense benefits to insurance that will naturally accrue through such men getting together and co-operating for the common good, they cannot afford to stay away.

This country, however, is not to supply all of the attendance to the Congress, for the International Bureau of Insurance, which at their 1912 Convention in London drew an attendance of over 118,000 from all parts of the World, has abandoned their 1915 meeting in Europe in order that its allied organizations may come to San Francisco to attend the World's Insurance Congress.

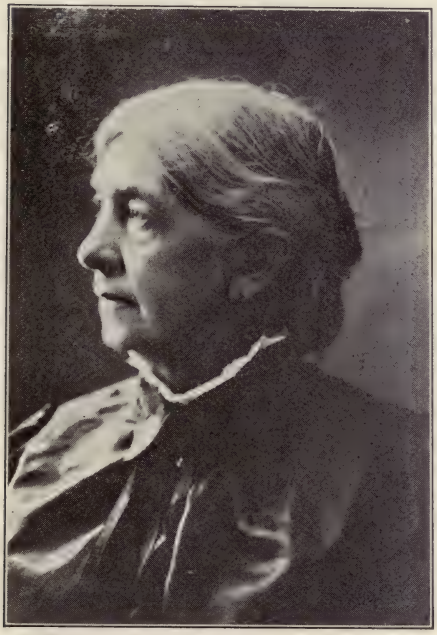
So, from various sources, it is considered a conservative estimate that the Congress will draw to San Francisco, California, and the Exposition two hundred thousand; and it is certain that no other single line of human endeavor can confer such a benefit upon this State as will be conferred from so immense a gathering; but then this is quite natural, for the majority of insurance companies of the World have become truly international in their scope of operation, and through such extension of their activities, have become real World powers in the domain of finance and have a deep interest in the economic problems that confront all people; and the nature of their business comes nearer combining the altruistic and commercial instincts of man than any other extensive activity.

It is estimated that approximately 1 per cent of the total population of the countries of leading commercial activities derive their livelihood from the commerce of insurance and its allied professions, and as this 1 per cent is wholly of the more representative class, their actual per cent of influence to the total population becomes very large, and might safely be represented at 10 per cent of the total.

Insurance has gained a very large proportion of its present financial and economic importance during the lifetime of many of the men now at the head of the various institutions, and the importance of a Congress in which these minds will all have representation during their activity assumes a tremendous economic importance.

As war is the destroyer of every form of insurance risks, this Congress will be the greatest international peace gathering that the World has ever witnessed.





Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCrackin.

"The Woman Who Lost Him, and Tales of the Army Frontier," by Josephine Clifford McCrackin. With an introduction by Ambrose Bierce.

The rare felicity of reaching back into the past in sympathetic touch with the brightest spot in the literature of California is accorded the author, now in her seventy-sixth year, the Josephine Clifford of Bret Harte's Overland Monthly. Through the kindly offices of George Wharton James a collection of some of her best short stories has just been issued under the above title. Among them are a number of those faithful pictures of early Western army life which won warm encomiums from Bret Harte. Some of her later stories have been incorporated, thereby giving the reader of to-day a full view of the broad field Mrs. McCrackin has recorded with her pen. Her first book, "Overland Tales," was published in 1876, so her work is really a connecting link between the pioneer and the present day group of writers. In introducing this new volume, Ambrose Bierce, in a spirit of the finest and kindliest sympathy with the aspirations of the author, has contributed one of his enlightening and clear cut etchings in prose. To the ordinary reader intent on these stories of widely ranging life, none will appeal as strongly in absorbing interest as the colorful episodes of Mrs. McCrackin's unusually adventurous life, which George Wharton James has tried to compress inside forty-four pages. Some of her experiences have really been published in the shape of fiction, only to be pronounced "to incredible" by critics.

Mrs. McCrackin's life has been divided into two wide and contrasting periods. Her life began in a castle at Petershagen, Germany, the daughter of a younger son of a noble German family. Her mother was the Baroness Von Ende und Ende Von Wolfspring, who married Captain Ernest Woempmer, a Waterloo veteran. Her only living relative is a first cousin, Lt. General Reinier Von Ende und Ende Von Wolfspring. In the general unrest prevailing in Germany, 1848, her father brought the family to this country. They located in St. Louis, and the father joined the U. S. army. Then began the second and more adventur-



Mrs. Josephine McCrackin at the chimney of her ruined home in the Santa Cruz mountains.

ous period of her life, the first step being her marriage with Lt. Clifford, a young cavalry officer. Very quickly she entered that picturesque and eventful life in the Southwestern army posts of that period, the scenes of which, with the harassing Indian background, she later so faithfully pictured under Bret Harte's encouragement.

In time her husband's mind became deranged. He had killed a man in Tennessee and having told his wife this secret he came to believe that she had betrayed him. So he began a daily persecution that seemed almost incredible, threatening her with death and forbidding her to go to the door of her tent during the day. For months she endured this daily and nightly strain, until finally she was sent by the Captain to Santa Fe. On the way she was overtaken by her husband who accompanied her to Santa Fe. There he was placed under arrest, but he persuaded his wife to return with him. Again she went through a period of torture by this madman, from which she was rescued by officers, who sent her once more to Santa Fe. Soon after her husband was dismissed from the service, and she never heard of him again. She came to San Francisco and taught German here in the public schools. Here she began the writing of her army experiences for the Overland Monthly and other magazines. In 1881 she revisited Arizona, and there married Jackson McCrackin, a South Carolinan. They moved to California and established a home in the Santa Cruz Mountains, where she continued to write for the magazines. That mountain home was swept by a great fire in 1899, and she lost her husband in 1904.

These short details are necessarily

very meagre, and give a very faint idea of the variety of thrilling and unusual events that have filled her life. The introductory narrative of her life in this volume by George Wharton James illuminates the most eventful scenes.

In late years, Mrs. McCrackin, with her broad views of life and humanity, has devoted much of her time to public welfare. She suggested setting aside the noble redwood forest in the Big Basin, Santa Cruz Mountains, as a public reservation. It was a long, hard contest against those who were determined to cut down the trees for profit, but backed by staunch friends who had been fired by her energy and enthusiasm, she won, and the noble grove is now the noblest preserved grove near the ocean shore. In appreciation of this generous work and thoughtfulness, Santa Cruz residents rebuilt her old home in the mountains near by, furnished it, and presented the improvements as a memorial of their gratitude for her many public services. During the last ten years Mrs. McCrackin has been an active contributor to the Santa Cruz Sentinel and other publications, among them the Overland Monthly.

Those desiring a copy of this interesting volume should address Geo. Wharton James, Pasadena, Cal.

"Moral Training of the School Child," by F. G. Martin.

This is a plea for more moral education for young America by a man well versed in the present popular methods, or rather lack of them. The book treats with startling directness, but with refinement and without prurient sensationalism, the vital problems of the moral welfare of the American child. Millions of children are clothed with mental and physical culture in the public schools, but are left morally naked, so far as training in morals is concerned. Illiteracy is decreasing in the United States. But crime and vice hold their own, if they do not actually make advance. This book argues strongly for systematic moral training in the common schools—the university of the common people—to counteract the astounding prevalence of vice and crime in this country to-day. The most vital problem of the age is, how to conserve the child morally and direct its mind, heart and energies in right channels. This book goes to the heart of this all-important subject. It shows convincingly that the public school holds out the only hope millions of children have for methodical moral training. It emphasizes the colossal cost to the nation, in dollars and cents, of the vice, crime, pauperism and insanity that moral training in the schools might and would obviate, in great measure. The consequences of this lack of moral training strike home to every person in the land, directly or indirectly. Frightful burdens are entailed upon the country because so many children have no moral compass to guide them. Blighting influences proceed from them, like poisoned water flowing through the land. This tremendous, present-time problem of moral training is treated exhaustively in this book, in plain, lucid style. It deals in indisputable facts. It presents these with irrefutable logic.

All who have to do with training children will find helpful suggestions in this book. 12mo. $1 net; $1.04 postpaid. Published by Richard G. Badger, 194 Boyston St., Boston. Copies also mailed by the author, F. G. Martin, Box K, Altadena, Cala.

"The White Quiver: A Romance of the Piegan Indians." By Helen Fitzgerald Sanders. Author of "Trails Through Western Woods."

To those readers who wish to get in more intimate touch with the rapidly passing Indian, his traditions, myths, customs, and ceremonials, nothing recently from the press has been offered in finer and most sympathetic spirit than the book at hand. It is a photograph of the Piegan Indians in their thoughts and actions, illustrated with photographs of the members of the

tribe. Scenes are portrayed which cover their ordinary daily life, their counsels, medicine dances and other ceremonial forms.

The story is put in romance form in a period before the tribe felt the influence of the white man, but the truth of the actions were gleaned by the author from the patriarchs still living. Every effort has been made to have the descriptions of the solemn and inspiring ceremonials absolutely accurate. The author has many close friends among the Piegans, and she was greatly assisted by Horace J. Clarke and Miss Helen Clarke, "Pi o to po wa ka," of Glacier Park, children of the gallant Major Malcolm E. Clarke, at whose mountain home she heard many of the old Indian stories told. The success and appeal of the book is expressed in the fact that this is the second edition.

Published by Duffield & Co., New York. $1.25 net.

"Julia Ward Howe and the Woman Suffrage Movement." A selection from her Speeches and Essays, with introduction and notes by her daughter, Florence Howe Hall.

The spirit of the armies of freedom found its noblest expression in Julia Ward Howe's Battle Hymn of the Republic. In this little volume of her speeches and essays will be found the same poetic fervor, the same intense love of freedom, the same high faith and courage which characterize her immortal war lyric. Mrs. Howe not only believed, with all her soul, in the enfranchisement of her sex, but she foresaw the triumph of the cause to which she consecrated many years of work and effort. In these speeches and essays, she treats of the suffrage and allied questions from many points of view, and advances many arguments in their behalf. The men and women of the twentieth century will here find the fruits of the ripest wisdom of her long and scholarly life. The suffrage worker will find an armory of glowing texts expressed in the exquisite English of which Mrs. Howe was mistress.

"The barrier in the way of women must be placed behind them, not before. They must not be permitted nor encouraged to relapse into the attitude imposed upon them by society in its barbaric stages."

"When I turn my face toward the enfranchised women of to-day I seem to have an apocalyptic vision of a great multitude, praising God for the new and wonderful revelations of his spirit."

Cloth, 12mo, $1. net; postage extra. Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston.

"The New Philosophy: First Explanation of Electricity, Gravitation, Repulsion and the New Atomic Element, Rex," by Calvin Samuel Page. Illustrated.

This volume covers a deep debatable field in science, a field over which most learned men continue to battle and which an ordinary layman may venture only to become more and more confused. Accordingly the critic steps aside here and gives place to the author to set forth his views of what he claims to be new explanations of the physical phenomena we see about us every day.

"I made my first discovery (the Foundation of my work) 25 years ago. It appears that I was prematurely enthusiastic over my 'find,' for I at once tried to interest the public, universities, professional science, and finally publishers, but none of them would listen to such a revolutionary claim. Why this seemingly concerted attitude is a problem still open to solution. I was greatly perplexed, but soon recovered and labored on to the present consummation. I am now most profoundly grateful to every one of them for not listening to me then, for it seems to me providential. For I have since discovered over forty new physical, mathematical and astronomical laws, and instead of only a first 'clue' to new explanations, I am now permitted to issue unassisted a complete Physical Philosophy. Otherwise, perhaps be-

fore this time, many professors would have worked out these laws from the 'clue' I then offered them.

"With the single exception of Rex, there are scores of surprises less and greater in this book, for the work upsets common and scientific understandings by the hundred. This is the foundation of the splendid testimonials which I have received from prominent educators and scientists. Now to immediately verify this strong statement, I will merely enumerate a few: Molecules of a gas do not bombard; Refraction does not produce the rainbow; Orbits are not Elliptical; Matter in motion is not Energy, and so on."

Library Edition, 800 pages; 165 illustration, English cloth binding, $3.50 prepaid. Published by Science Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

"Our Modern Debt to Israel," by Edward Chauncey Baldwin, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English Literature at the University of Illinois.

If proof were needed that the world is awaking to a belated realization of its incalculable debt to Israel, the amazing output within the last decade of books dealing with the Old Testament would furnish abundant testimony. Most of these books have, however, been written by specialist, and more or less exclusively for scholarly readers rather than laymen. Never hitherto has an attempt been made to set forth within brief compass the work in its nature and significance of prophet, priest and sage.

Who these men were, what they did, and what we owe, both institutionally and ethically, to these three classes who together guided and molded the life of Israel, are the questions that the author answers. He has performed his work both sympathetically and thoroughly. Convinced by his own studies that we are what we are by reason of what we owe Israel, he has shown us, in the light of modern biblical scholarship, exactly in what this obligation consists. The result will be a revelation to those who have not followed closely the recent progress of biblical scholarship. His conclusions as to our obligations will be a revelation to many.

Cloth, 8vo, $1.25 net; by mail, $1.45. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston, Mass.

"Social and Economic Forces in American History."

The subtler, and what are to most readers the most interesting, facts and causes of historic development—those which are intimately related to the life of the people—are dealt with in the volume called "Social and Economic Forces in American History," which is made up of judicious and chronologically connected selections from "The American Nation," that notable history produced by the co-operation of many able scholars working under the editorial supervision of Albert Bushnell Hart. These scholars, through their extensive knowledge, which enables them to estimate the true importance of each economic change and of every social symptom, are singularly qualified for the difficult business of generalizing vividly, yet soundly. The book may be described as made up of the sort of impressions which, in the reading of ordinary books of history, strike one most forcibly, and are longest remembered. In "Social and Economic Forces in American History" we have the industrial conditions, the time-spirit, the ideals of every period from Colonial times to the present day, luminously set forth.

Published by Harper & Bros., N. Y.

Fall or Everlasting Strawberries

THE FIRST Pan-American strawberry was found by Samuel Cooper of New York in the fall of 1898, growing in a row of Bismarck plants set the previous spring. This plant, he says, had sixteen runners, all of which had either ripe, green fruit, or blossoms. The old plant was heavily laden with fruit. It is undoubtedly a sport or bud variation of the Bismarck. Dame Nature did wonderful work when she produced this everbearing sport. Not so much in the value of the one variety as in breaking up the regular strawberry habit of fruiting but once a year.

The true everbearing strawberries, such varieties as "Productive, Progressive and Superb," bear their best crop in the fall of the first year.

The everbearing strawberries may be made to net the grower $1,000 an acre by selecting good, fertile, well-drained ground that is in good state of cultivation and manure well with well rotten manure, and work the ground till it is well pulverized, same as for cabbage, potatoes or beans. Plant in the spring. Set the plants in rows that are 30 inches apart, and the plants 18 inches apart in the rows; begin immediate cultivation till about August 15th. Keep all the blossoms pinched off till about August 1st, and you may expect to have plenty of fruit by September the first and up till hard freezing weather.

Bradley Brothers, of Southern Illinois, says: "We have 'Productive and Progressive' Everbearing strawberries that yield a little over 8,000 quarts per acre during the fall months from plants set that same spring many of the individual plants yielded a quart of fruit to the plant; the ground was well manured with common barnyard manure and the plants well cultivated and the blossoms all kept pinched off till the 1st of Angust. These berries were sold on the local markets and exhibited at the State and counties fairs, where they received first premiums. They begin picking ripe berries the last week in August, and they continued to bear every day right along till Hallowe'en."

"Mr. Cooper further says that the Productive is the best yielder of any variety he ever saw; that on an average, the Productive in hills will bear a pint of fruit to each plant the first fall, a quart to each plant the following spring, and if the leaves are mown off after the June crop is gathered they will bear another pint of fruit the second fall, or an average of two quarts for each plant for the two years.

There is no plant that so adapts itself to soils of all descriptions as the strawberry. It is a fruit that can be grown everywhere, in sandy or clayey soil; while good drainage is essential, there is nothing that the strawberry delights in more than a moist soil. Your land may be a sandy loam, black swamp land, heavy clay or rich clay loam, and in any of these with good drainage you can grow good strawberries. But of all locations, avoid land that has been long to grass; while on such sods will always be found larvae and other insects that would likely destroy the plants.

The planting should be done as early in the spring as the soil can be worked in good condition, for the plants will always do better if set before they have started much growth. It is not always practical always in every section to do this, but the earlier they can be set the better they will grow that season; in every section the planting should be done as fast as spring advances northward. There is great pleasure as well as profit in growing the Everbearing strawberries, and they should be in every private and market garden.



Stampeders moving supplies with difficulty over snow covered trails. —See page 231.

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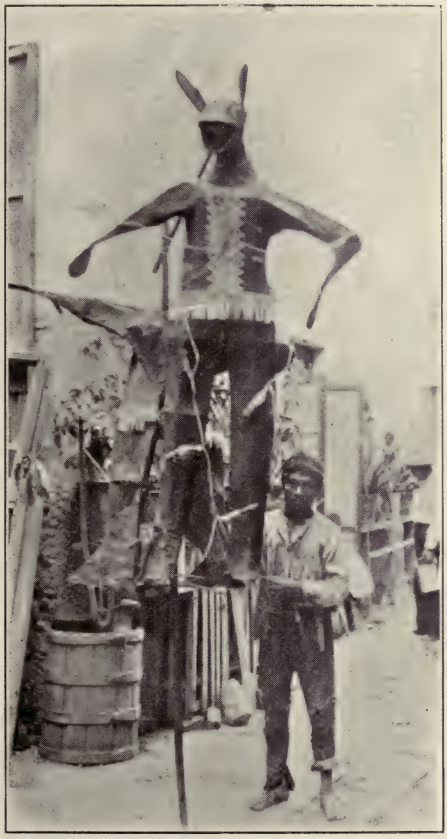
—See page 221.

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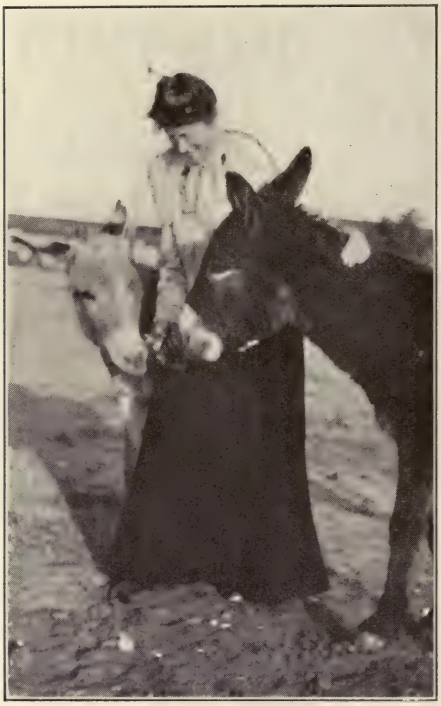
Judas for sale.

HANGING JUDAS IN MEXICO

By

Fannie Harley

WITH Semana Santa (Holy Week) came all the bustle and stir which accompanies that time in Mexico City. From early morning till late at night bells from the great cathedral and the one hundred churches pealed out; the equipages on the Paseo de la Reforma were more elegant than ever; and the wealthy ladies fairly shone with jewels and elaborate gowns. Every one in Mexico celebrates someway or other during Holy Week. Most of them travel, at least they visit their relatives, and if they do not wish to show partiality, they are kept traveling. So we began traveling again. Not because we were tired of the won-



These little burros, indispensable in Mexico, carried us up the steep, narrow path to the panteon (cemetery.)

derful city, with its magnificent boulevards, palaces and cathedrals; its markets and throngs of interesting people; or majestic Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl with snowy peaks, standing guard over the valley of Anahuac, but we wanted rest and quietude. Leaving the city at night, we found our sleeper full to its capacity, and the well to do class of Mexicans, when traveling, need so much room! We were on our way to Guadalajara, Pearl of the West. Oh, beautiful, clean, balmy city, with parks ever full of brilliant flowers; strains of music from stringed bands wafting onto the wide, arch enclosed verandas, penetrating to secluded patios redolent with flowers. Here were we to rest until the flurry of Holy Week was over. But not so! Already the uprising had spread to nearly every State in the republic, and Jalisco was no exception. News had just come to Guadalajara that the mountains were full of rebels ready to march upon the city, and this report was confirmed by an incident which occurred on the following day. According to law, the natives were no longer permitted to enter the town in breechcloths, but must wear trowsers. In compliance with this law, puestos (booths) were established at the city limits where pants-less Mexicans, on their way to the markets with their produce, could rent trowsers for the occasion and return them on their way out. A band of untrowsered rebels succeeded in capturing a detachment of Federal soldiers in full uniform of the Mexican army, whereupon the coveted bifurcated nethers were hastilly transferred from Feds to Rebs, and giving the command, "Fall in! Forward march!" the Federals in naught but coats and caps were marched through the main streets of Guadalajara at the point of rebel guns.

We were passengers on the next train out! But when the train arrived near Octolan, we found the bridge over the Rio Lerma burned. Rebels behind us, rebels before us! Fortunately, they had neglected to cut the telegraph wires, and a message was hastily despatched for a train to come up on the opposite side. Everybody was cheerful and energetic, and by Necessity's ingenuity, all of us were placed on the opposite side of the Rio, there to wait the rescue train, wipe the smoke tears out of our eyes, the charcoal from our hands and faces, and wish for something to eat. At last —she came—and we sped on to Irapuato and the main line. While waiting for the north-bound train, the short time we had to spend was employed in hunting something to eat. To the market, of course! What rich, yellow milk in great ollas! Post haste each bought an earthen cup and a half liter of the delicious milk. With one quaff, without stopping to taste, the milk was drunk, and the breath of satisfaction disclosed to us that it was goat milk. Taste of tastes! Without ceremony, without bartering, we grabbed into the strawberry baskets and crammed our



Hanging Judas in Guanajuato, a typical holiday scene in Mexico's streets.

mouths full, not increasing any the opinion the Mexican has of American good manners, but we explained with good measure in pay that we did not like goat milk. Such luscious strawberries as grow in Irapuato! They ripen at all seasons of the year, and the Indians bring them to every train in the quaintest of baskets woven by themselves. I do not know if it is because "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," but these baskets have the same rising tendency in the bottom as the American baskets.

In the meantime we decided to go to Guanajuato, and were soon on our way to Silao, the point from where the branch line leads to "The Hill of the Frog" (Guanajuato.) Here was another wait, but there was plenty to eat. Dozens of Mexican women came with plates of enchilades and chicken cooked juicy and brown in ollas, and there was no lack of rich cows' milk. Here we ate all the meals we had missed, and several in advance, for fear something might befall us farther on, thereby confirming two more opinions the Mexicans have of us, that we are good spenders and hogs. Amid the "muchas gracias" and "adios" of the venders, we boarded the just arrived train for Guarajuato, which put us off at Marfil, the end of the railroad line, from whence we continued our journey in the tram cars drawn by six Mexican mules which looked like big rats. Up, up, up, the old tram rattled and shook till we clung to the sides for fear we would roll into the arroyo below. Mining is the chief industry in this unique mountain town, and it may be summed up in one word—silver. There is so much silver here that they bathe the hogs at night when they come home from their wallows, to get the silver out of their bristles—at least the natives told me so. Guanajuato is built in a narrow canyon with only one entrance, and the houses look as if they had been shaken out of a bag and stuck up on the hillsides wherever they could find a resting place. Up and down the narrow streets, half-dressed

men, women and children, burros laden with hay, and gaily dressed horsemen contest the right of way with one another. Tucked back in the street corners are flower and vegetable markets, junk shops, and trinket booths. Notwithstanding flat ground is at a premium, the Jardin de la Union is a spacious square of beauty, and contains several fine churches, the Governor's palace, and Teatro Juarez, built of handsome green stone, and not surpassed in elegance by any other structure in North America. Here in the beautiful park of flowers and trees an excellent band plays evenings and holidays.



A Mexican market: goods of all kinds and descriptions may be found in these centers of native produce.

A night's rest was welcome to us, but the conglomeration of noises in the streets forbade our sleeping late, so after a good breakfast we secured burros for a trip to the Panteon (cemetery) and the Catacombs. Here there are no graves. The bodies are placed in tombs arranged in tiers in the thick walls surrounding the grounds. These tombs are rented for a term of from three to five years, at the expiration of which time the remains are taken out to make room for other tenants. If a body is mumified, which it might be on account of some peculiar property of air and water, it is placed, along with numbers of others, in the subterranean chamber, one thousand feet long, to grin at its vis-a-vis. But if there remains nothing but bones, the long ones are corded up at one end and the skull piled up at the other. Every place was full on this day, and an improvised crypt, without cover, had been dug in the rear of the chapel. A couple of Mexican boys were having a high time playing shinny with a skull and a couple of long bones.

As our little burros jolted us down the precipitous pathway leading to the town, came the yells and calls of the masses that had gathered to hang Judas, and drawing nearer we found the narrow streets jammed with peons in high peaked sombreros, and women with rebosas (scarfs) over their heads. From the tops of the flat-roofed houses



Grotesque "freaks" displayed in a holiday booth, Mexico.



Among the mango and zapate trees with a native lavandera (washerwoman), and her husband. The washing is done in the creeks and flatstones serve as washboards.

on each side of the street, men with ropes swung Judas so that he was suspended in the middle of the street high over the heads of the crowd.

This is one of the most enjoyed celebrations during Holy Week. A Judas is hanged in the morning, at noon and at night. An effigy dressed in the costume of a Charro: high embroidered hat, tight spangled trowsers and bolero, and stuffed with straw, bread, oranges, sugar cane, and peanuts, and supplied with a Saturn-like girdle, made of fuse and giant crackers, is suspended in midair. Jerked and pulled, the fuse finally burning out, the firecrackers exploding, Judas is blown into a thousand pieces and the scramble the peons make for his contents is nothing short of a center rush at football, the casualties not missing.

Returning the burros to their barefooted keeper, who had accompanied us, we proceeded to make our way through this throng, as it was the only way of reaching the hotel. The yells grew louder, Judas swung high and frantically in the air, the explosion came, and as the rush was made for the bread and fruits, the wall from which the ropes were suspended gave way. Hearing the yelps of a little dog, and seeing him pinned under a large slab of rock, I hurried to rescue him, which I did, but not so quickly that I did not go down under the next installment of adobe, and a dozen peons, the remains of Judas Iscariot, and I, lay under the debris. Men and women were pulled out bleeding and bruised, but when I got the dirt out of my eyes, I was as good as new, and my companions, through gasps and tears, hugged and scolded me, while they congratulated themselves that they did not have to carry me back to the Catacombs and erect a cenotaph to my memory in the United States, while the Mexicans wondered if all Americans had such hard skulls.



The pueblo at Taos (pronounced Touse), north of Santa Fe, N. M., where Kit Carson made his headquarters. The Rock Mountains are in background.

Homes of the Prehistoric Cliff and Cave Dwellers in New Mexico

By Louise M. Little

WITHIN borders which cover a territory larger than all the New England States, New York and Delaware, New Mexico has wonderfully preserved evidences of prehistoric peoples in many ruins of the cliff and cave dwellings. There are also mountains from whose extinct craters once poured rivers of lava antedating the coming of the Cliff and Cave dwellers.

Between the Sierra Blanco (White) Mountains and the Black Range, located in the middle southern part of New Mexico, is the Mal Pais (Bad Lands), a lava bed hundreds of feet deep, two hundred and fifty miles long, and from one to five miles wide, the result of a prehistoric volcano which filled the valley between the two mountains, where tradition claims a sizable river once flowed.

Recent excavations at Ukiah, Cal., where workmen were digging a canal from the upper end of the Potter Valley to the Russian River, unearthed human skeletons, supposed to be those of a tribe of Indians exterminated eight or nine hundred years ago. The skeletons were well preserved, even

the teeth being intact. The indications are that the burial ground was once a sand-bar in the Russian River.

The point of greatest interest to nearly every one who visits New Mexico is the Pajarito Cliff Dwellers' Park, twenty miles west of Santa Fe, the capital. In this park alone there are twenty thousand cliff dwellings and ruins of communal buildings, some of which had 1,200 rooms, some of them many more.

The dwellings are of two kinds: cliff dwellings proper and cavite lodges. The cliff dwellings are built on high ledges, under overhanging cliffs. In the earliest stages they were probably natural caves; but with the development of the people occupying them, these dwellings were improved, until in the highest state of perfection they consisted of artificial caves in cliffs.

First, a doorway was hewn in the face of the cliff to a depth of from three to five feet; then the excavation of the dwelling began. A front room, circular, oval or rectangular, was dug from six to twenty feet in diameter, according to the use for which it was designed. For a sleeping room, the excavation was made from six to eight



The oldest house in the United States, Santa Fe, New Mexico. Tradition says it was built by Pueblo Indians before the Spanish occupation, and was occupied by Ornate, one of the conquistadores. It is still occupied.

cliffs, and are closely allied to the ancient style of Pueblo ruins, the back walls being formed by the natural cliffs, while the front and partition walls are constructed of masonry, rudely dressed stone laid in adobe mortar, and chinked with small stones, almost identical with those of the Pueblo ruins.

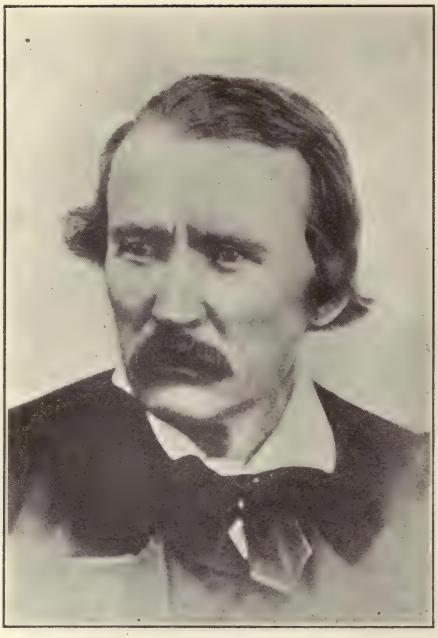
Cavite lodges are built in high, and in many cases almost inaccessible feet in diameter, with ceiling low, not often over four feet. If designed for a kiva (cellar or store room), space would be made fifteen or twenty feet in diameter, with higher ceilings; while the excavations for general living rooms were usually from eight to twelve feet in diameter, with ceiling not over six or seven feet from the floor.

Usually one or more smaller rooms



1. Great cairn and ceremonial kiva in the Rito de los Frijoles, New Mexico, as restored.

2. A corner of the great community house, Puye, New Mexico, shortly after the excavation.



Kit Carson, the noted trapper, scout, guide and explorer of New Mexico.

connect with the main living rooms by very small doorways, which were probably used for storage. The interiors were generally plastered with adobe mortar to a height of about four feet above the floor; and in some cases attempts at wall decoration have been made to quite a degree.

Many thousands of these cave dwellings have been explored; and the largest of the communal houses have been explored and mapped; hundreds of the smaller stone ruins located and investigated, and a beginning made in burial mound exploration.

Another extremely interesting work recently started is the photographing and sketching of the pictographs, or rock writings, of these prehistoric inhabitants. The inscriptions are thought to be the work of tribes far more remote than the people who occupied these dwellings three or four hundred years ago.

Pajarito Park, one of the richest archaeological fields on this continent, is a tract between the Rio Grande on the east, the Jernes Mountains on the west, the Rito de los Frijoles on the south, and the Chama River on the north. Of great natural beauty, it is for the most part a plateau of from 6,000 to 9,000 feet altitude, cut by deep canyons. Part of the tract is underlaid with volcanic tufa, varying in thickness from fifty to one thousand feet. In the northeastern part, this tufa is entirely eroded away, but throughout the north central section it remains in long tongue-like mesas (or potreros), which rise abruptly, in many places perpendicularly, to a height of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet. In the southern part of the tract, the tufa extends to the Rio Grande, in a sheet of varying thickness innumerable canyons are cut through it by the mountain torrents. Here are many miles of almost perpendicular cliffs of yellowish and orange colored tufa, and in these are found the cliff dwellings.

This park is destined to become one of the most noted of the archaeological national parks. In it are found remarkable so-called Pueblo ruins. These ruins are thus named not because they have been occupied by the Pueblo Indians in historic times, but on account of their resemblance to the large terraced structures now occupied by the Pueblos. The finest ruins of this class are built of sandstone, volcanic tufa, and cobblestones. The material used in construction depends on the natural formations found in their vicinity. The groupe, all built of volcanic tufa, are named Puye, Otowi, Tsanhawi, Navakwi and Tchrega: all of which have been measured and mapped.

Some seventy miles west of this park, in Chaco Canyon, are located what is said to be the richest known relics of prehistoric civilization—fourteen large stone buildings, several in a good state of preservation, and superior to any of the buildings occupied by their modern descendants. These buildings were built of sandstone, originally from three to five stories; con-

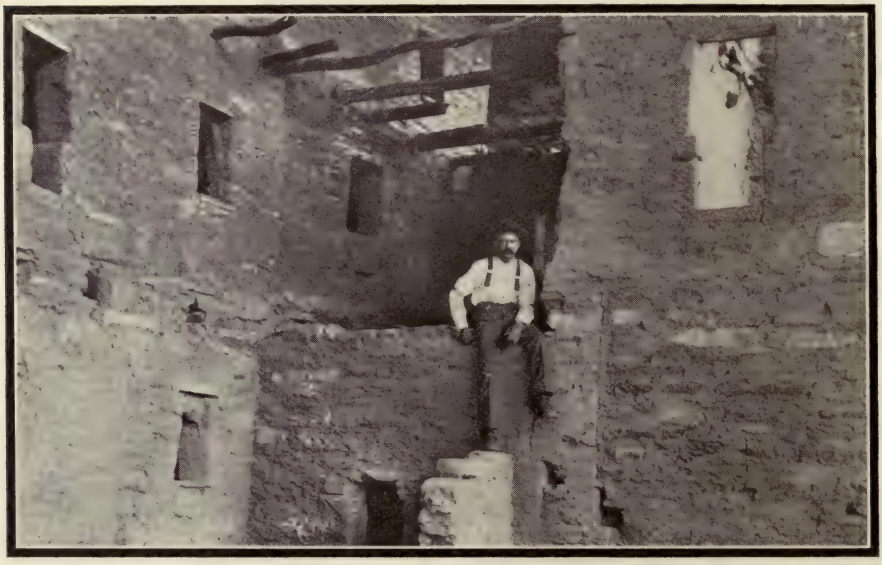


Harvest dance, Pueblo Acoma, New Mexico.

taining from 100 to 1,200 rooms, communal houses, of whose the walls still stand to a height of 30 feet, with remnants of the fifth story.

Of the 284,000 population of New Mexico, in 1904, 144,000 came from other States; 127,000 are natives of Spanish descent, while 13,000 are Indians. There are many tribes—among the best known are the Navajos, Zunis, Acoma, Laguna and Pueblos.

The Navajos, whose reservation is located in the northwest corner of New Mexico and the northeast corner of Arizona, being about equally divided



Interior view Cliff Palace.

by the two States, are a thrifty people rich in sheep and horses, and are good workmen. They are given employment on the railroads and in the sugar-beet fields of Colorado, which State adjoins the reservation on the north.

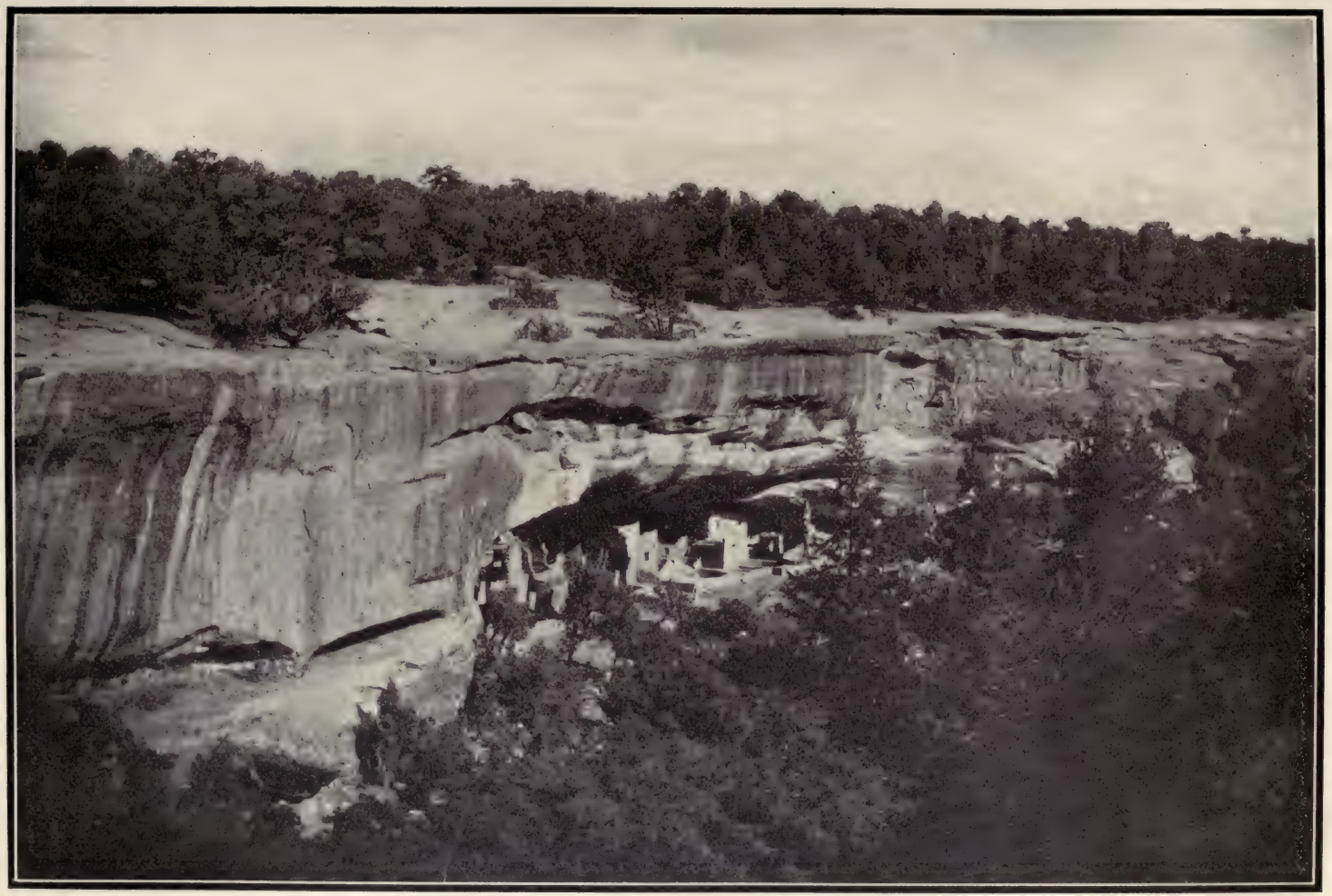
The Navajos are the finest blanket weavers among the Indian tribes; and their fame as silversmiths is widely known. Part of the reservation, which covers 1,958,400 acres, is excellent range country, especially adapted for sheep.

Adjacent to the Navajos on the south is the Zuni reservation, covering over four hundred and twenty-seven square miles, with a population of 1,525. The principal pueblo is Zuni, one of the noted "seven cities of Cibola," and one of the most ancient and interesting pueblos of the southwest. Its famous annual ceremonial dances attract many tourists from all over the world. Here the United States Government has established an irrigation plant with a $250,000 reservoir, by which 6,000 acres of land is irrigated. The Zunis are industrious husbandmen, the majority having from ten to twenty acres under cultivation, some with larger holdings. Their principal crops are Indian corn, beans, onions, melons and squash.

Many of them also have small orchards of peach, apricot, apples, cherry and plum trees.

East of the Zuni reserve is a Mormon agricultural settlement, Ramah, on Pescado Creek, while near by is Fort Wingate and its military reservation, the only military post occupied at present in New Mexico.

Laguna was founded in 1690 by refugees from Acoma, Zuni and Coc-



Showing how the cliff dwellers sometimes built their homes for protection in deep canyons.

kiti, on a high rock near the San Jose river. It original name was San Josef de la Laguna.

Several great battles were fought here by the Navajos and Apaches. The Laguna Indians also occupy tributary villages, such as Paquate, Negra, Encinal and Casa Blanca.

The most interesting and noted of all New Mexican pueblos is Acoma, the "sky city," so called, which is built on the summit of a table rock with eroded, precipitous sides, three hundred and fifty feet above the plain, 7,000 feet above the sea. The pueblo is 1,000 feet long by 40 high, and was formerly reached by a narrow stairway in the rock, up which the inhabitants carried on their backs not only every particle of material for the building of their adobe village, but the earth for the graveyard. Forty years were required for its construction.

At the pueblo of Taos, northeast of Santa Fe, is buried the historic pioneer scout, trapper and guide, Kit Carson, who died at Fort Lyon, Colorado, in 1868. His only daughter, Mrs. Allen, still lives in the city of Raton, New Mexico, located on the old Santa Fe trail at the foot of the Raton Range.

The ordinary Mexican of New Mexico seems content to live in a rather primitive manner, occupying small, adobe houses. Building material, other than this sun-dried brick, is very expensive in this old-new country. The long, narrow Mexican houses, one story high, with an outside door to each room may appear picturesque to the tourist who sees them for the first time, but the Americanos view them otherwise. A small cluster of these houses is called a Placita. The Mexican usually has a small vegetable garden, a few acres of some kind of grain, a few sheep or goats, and a handful of motley chickens. None are too poor to own a burro, that tiny, ill-used beast of burden, who forages his own living as best he can. Some natives own several of these inexpensive little animals costing from one to five dollars. If raised by the farmer, their cost is not reckoned at all. Many of the natives earn a little money by cutting pinon wood, a sort of hard pine scattered along the sides of the Rocky Mountains, and hauling it to town, often ten or more miles, the transportation being in rough carts drawn by four burros abreast. Sometimes the wood is cut into short lengths, deftly packed on the burros with ropes, and peddled from house to house along the streets of cities at 25 cents per load.

Occasionally a Mexican will hire out to tend stock on a ranch, getting as high as 75 cents per day and board.

The people live very simply: beans, chili and tortillas being their staple articles of food. A favorite dish is bean soup well seasoned with chili, a pepper made of dried long red bell-peppers ground coarsely and eaten with the tortilla, a cake made of flour and water, rolled as thin as pie crust, and baked on the floor of the adobe oven, or on the top of a stove, by the few so fortunate as to have one. Sandwiches are often made of two tortillas, with a filling of lard, in which plenty of chili has been mixed. Lard takes the place of butter, unless the family is in a position to keep a cow. Rarely is meat used, unless the householder owns a flock of sheep or goats. If goats, the family enjoys the unusual luxury of milk in the coffee; otherwise it is taken without milk or sugar, but always very strong, as coffee is considered one of the indispensable necessities of the table.

These Mexicans of New Mexico are a hospitable people, and take offense if a stranger happens along at mealtime and declines to join them. Some of those living in or near the cities are adopting the modern cook stove or range, but the majority use the out of door bake-oven for cooking. These primitive ovens are built of adobe, and near the house; often two are constructed, one large, the other small. Their shape is like an inverted bowl, with a door in one side near the bottom and a smoke hole near the top. In use, they are heated very hot with a wood fire; then the coals and ashes are drawn, the floor swept with a sort

of mop, the breadstuffs laid inside. The door is closed, and the dough left till thoroughly baked.

One of their methods of preparing green corn is to fill a hot adobe oven with ears of corn in the husk, then pour over the heap a pail or two of cold water and close the oven door till the corn has been thoroughly cooked by the steam. It is then taken out and husked, leaving on sufficient to braid into long traces, which are hung up to dry. When well dried, it is shelled and ready for use or for market. It is then called Chico, and commands a good price, the market apparently never being overstocked.

Mexican women still cling to the one piece covering for head and shoulders, the black shawl, without which, on street or train, they are never seen. Of late, the girls and young women in or near the cities have begun to adopt hats like their American sisters. Some of the women are extraordinary experts in the finest and most beautiful handmade Mexican work, such as table covers, bureau scarfs, pillow-shams, handkerchiefs and other articles, which not only adorn their homes, but command a good price in the art stores, where they find ready purchasers in the many tourists. The women also assist in the construction of their homes. After the walls of adobe brick are laid, they plaster the inside walls with adobe mortar, putting it on with their hands. The bricks are made of earth, spaded up loosely, sufficient water being poured on to make a thick paste or mud, and a small quantity of chopped straw added. The mixture is worked together by men who trample it with bare legs. The resulting mixture is molded into bricks eighteen inches long, eight inches wide, and four inches thick. These bricks are so heavy that only two can be molded at a time. They are laid in rows on the ground to dry in the sun, which requires six weeks if the weather is fine.

One of the peculiar ceremonies of a religious sect called "Penitenties" is at Easter: when a number of the men, stripped to the waist, start from a given point and go to the "Place of the Cross," chanting a sort of song and cruelly lashing their bared backs all the way with thongs, or whips made from sword-grass, or grass made from the soap plant. The edges of these grasses are extremely sharp, and readily cut the flesh. Long before the procession reached the place where they set up the wooden cross, carried on the back of one of them in imitation of the Savior, the bodies of these penitentes are badly lacerated and covered with dripping blood.

After the ceremony of raising the cross, in the presence of other members of the sect; the wounded backs are bathed by women from bowls of medicine prepared of roots and herbs. Many days pass before the wounds are healed sufficiently for the men to resume labor. If, as sometimes happens, one of this sect dies, whose family is too poor to hire a priest to officiate at the funeral (a priest performs no funeral or wedding ceremony for less than fifteen dollars) the body is buried without any funeral service. At the end of the year, however, a special penance is conducted similar to that of the Cross. By so doing the penitentes believe they help their relative to pass through purgatory.

As a rule, the Mexicans develop young and age prematurely. A marriageable age for a girl is fourteen years; for a man nineteen years. Often both are even younger. Often a girl of fourteen years weds a man of forty-five. The courtship is peculiar to the people. When a young man fancies a young woman for marriage, he goes to her parents and asks their consent. Later the parents consult their daughter. If she is favorable, the parents send for the young man, who takes up his abode with the family till the marriage, which follows shortly. The engagement is announced by the parents of the young woman, who make a feast and invite the relatives of both.

The time intervening before the marriage is devoted to courting, or "sparking." The wedding, if solemnized at the bride's home, is on as grand a scale

as the young man, or his parents, can afford. All the expense of the occasion falls on them. Relatives and friends are invited to witness the ceremony, which takes place at 6 or 8 o'clock in the morning, a priest usually officiating, as the majority of the Mexicans are Catholics. If in church the service is on a grander scale; but in either case a breakfast at the home of the bride's parents follows; then a reception, and feasting is kept up until late in the afternoon, when the guests withdraw. In the evening, there is a grand ball to wind up the festivities. With the poorer classes, the bridal loaf is rented from a confectioner's, and later returned uncut, home-made substitutes serving the guests.

Although the ordinary Mexican is an easy-going, unlettered person, the better class contains many cultured and educated business and professional men of high standing in their communities; many of them are college graduates, who have ably filled positions of public responsibility with credit to themselves and the State. Miguel A. Otero, of Santa Fe, a Mexican ex-governor, enjoys the distinction of serving as chief executive of New Mexico for a longer consecutive period than any other governor under the American regime. He was appointed by President McKinley, and afterward reappointed for two successive terms by President Roosevelt. George McDonald, the present chief executive, is the first governor elected by the people since New Mexico became a State.

Among the many historical buildings of Santa Fe, the oldest city in the United States, is the oldest house in America. Tradition says it was built by Indians (Pueblo) long before Spanish occupation. Certainly it was occupied in 1598 by Onate, one of the Spanish conquistatores. This weather beaten building is of adobe, and has been continuously occupied all these years. The San Miguel church, built in 1540, partially destroyed in the revolution of 1680, completely restored in 1710, is still used as a place of worship, and is said to be the oldest church in the United States. The most interesting building of all is the Old Palace, built of adobe in 1598, and continuously occupied by Spanish-Mexican and American governors for three hundred years. It antidates the settlement of Jamestown by nine years, and that of Plymouth by twenty-two years. One room in it is set apart as the "Ben Hur" room, in which General Lew Wallace wrote most of that noted volume, and also part of "The Fair God," while he was Governor of the territory in 1879-1880.

DAWN

A hush—a stir—the whirring of a sea-gull's wings,
And dawn—the petals red, from off her rosebud flings.
A lilt—a laugh—the crooning of a foam-kissed brook—
As coy, a clover pink peeps from her grassy nook.
A sigh—a song—while lilies pale white buds unfold,
Lifting their cups of gold, to woo the Sun-God's gold.
A rose—a kiss—the violet opens with a silken yawn—
And in my heart, love wakens dear, with budding dawn.

AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.



"The only steamboat that, at that time had ever passed down the upper Yukon was the little A. J. Goddard, which had been built at the headwaters of the river a few weeks previous to this time, and has successfully "shot the rapids."

THE FATE OF A STAMPEDER

By Frank L. Hunt

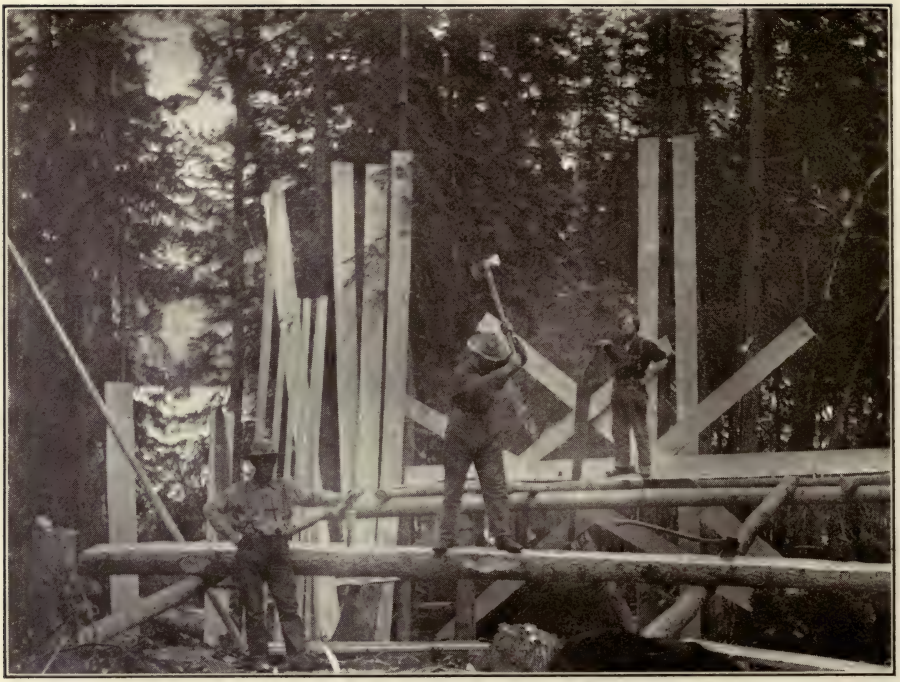
PART I.

"TAKE a turn around that stump there, will you please?" And with the order given more in the tone of a command than a request, Alex Sanderson threw with all his might a long, heavy rope, one end of which was securely fastened to the front end of our scow.

When I say we were going to the Klondike with the big rush of '98, the opening of this story will be readily understood.

We didn't have a railroad car to ride in to White Horse Rapids then. Nor did we have a palatial steamboat to ride in from the rapids. The only steamboat that had at that time ever passed down the upper Yukon was the little A. J. Goddard, which had been built at the head waters of the river a few weeks previous to this time, and had successfully "shot the rapids."

In those days it was labor that afforded means of transportation on the upper Yukon instead of capital. Men possessed of a good muscle and a me-



"A set of common tools, a whip saw, a forest of spruce trees, and a determined mind were all the requisites necessary to turn out the best and most home-like boat on the river—a scow."

chanical turn of mind could afford to ride in the best boats going. There were no mills and factories there at that time to turn out the well equipped steamboats that ply that part of the river now. A set of common tools, a whip-saw, a forest of spruce trees, and a determined mind were all the requisites necessary to turn out the best and most home-like boats on the river—a scow.

Three more determined young men than Alex Sanderson, Gilbert Huntington and myself never started for a mining camp.

Gilbert and I were brothers who had been struggling along on a California farm until we were thoroughly convinced that we could never "get ahead," as we had always expected to and as we would have to do in order to satisfy even a small part of our ambition, for at that time ranching wasn't what it is to-day. Then, a rancher could get only about half the price for his products that he can get now-a-days.

So we were traveling in a boat as good as the best. As we rounded a bend in the Yukon, the Union Jack flying at the top of a spruce tree with the limbs trimmed off which served as a flag pole, came into full view. A little further down the stream a large sign was seen nailed to a tree on the river bank. As we came nearer, we could distinguish the reading on it, and learned from it that we were nearing another station of the North West Mounted Police, and were expected to pull in and report on our cargo. In those days the Canadian officers would allow no one to pass down the river until they were satisfied that he had provisions to last at least one winter, and also that he had no spirituous liquors aboard.

"It's a wonder they wouldn't build their station where there was a strong current," grumbled Gilbert, as we came



"We had made a satisfactory clean-up."

near enough to see that at the place we were expected to land the river was flowing very swiftly against a high bank.

Gilbert held the sweep at the stern, while Alex and I each strained hard at a twelve foot oar.

"Take the line, Alex, and throw it to that fellow on the shore," commanded Gilbert, who seemed to feel all the importance of a steamboat pilot.

And here is where our story opens with the order given by Alex to "take a turn around that stump."

As he heaved the line ashore with all his might, the fellow on the shore grabbed it as quickly as possible, and made a rush for the stump. Evidently snubbing a scow in swift water was not in his line, and in the hurry and excitement of the moment he stumbled when the stump was almost reached, and before he could regain his feet the strong current had taken our boat down the stream out of reach of the stump and caused it to strike an over hanging tree with such force as to overturn our stove and throw it with about half our cooking utensils into the depths of the Yukon.

After Alex had made a grand rush for the things and failed to save any of them, he proceeded to "bless" the fellow on the bank in terms that would not seem so home like here as they did in the Yukon country. However, on a second trial, we succeeded in landing our scow in good shape. About the time we had it well secured, a friend whom we had met up at Tagish post came down to the boat with a broad smile on his face and opened conversation with, "Say. Sanderson, do you know who that was trying to snub your scow?"

"No," said Alex; "do you?"

"I thought you didn't," remarked the friend, ignoring Alex's question.

"Why do you ask?" inquired Alex.

"That's a woman," replied the friend.

"No. You don't say so. Well, I'll be d——d," was all Alex could say in his astonishment. "And I talked to her the way I did."

Later in the day, while we were making our way to the Police Station to make our report, Alex quietly walked off by himself with the remark to me, "You and Gilbert can make the report and I'll see you later."

That evening, as we came together at the scow to prepare our meal, Alex informed us that he had made his peace with the "fellow" that had tried to tie us up. Although Gilbert and I said but little about the affair, we could see that Alex was very absent minded after that. However, after we had done full justice to the bacon, beans and bannocks, we took a short stroll around the mouth of Big Salmon River, for it was there we had stopped, and then returned to the scow for the night.

Although it was now half past ten at night, the sun was still shining on the surrounding hill tops. I had hardly got my blankets spread and a tarpauline well over my head, before I began to feel drowsy and sleepy. The last thing I could hear that night was Gilbert grumbling about those damn mosquitoes biting clear through his tarpaulin.

The next day as we drifted lazily along on the mighty Yukon, Alex volunteered to tell us who he had been talking to, and whose pardon for his extreme rudeness he had succeeded in obtaining the night before. Elsie Starr and her brother Gilmore had left their home, or rather what remained of their home, in Dakota, and started for the Klondike about the same time we had from California, but under somewhat different circumstances.



Getting over the route with a dog team.

Since they were children they, with their mother, had struggled along as best they could on their quarter section of land. Their father had died when they were yet so young that they were scarcely able to remember anything of him. At his death the mother

had stepped bravely forward, and by close economy and industry had succeeded in keeping things in fairly good shape, until Gilmore had become old enough to take charge of their affairs. By their combined efforts they had been able to meet their obligations when due, and were living a quiet and comparatively happy life together when the Klondike gold fever swept its way across the States.

At first the big gold stories and excitement caused no unusual stir in the Starr family, as they all knew it was impossible to bear the expense of such a trip without more means than they could get together without selling their home. So they could only read of the wonderful gold discoveries and wish they were able to go.

Alas, they didn't know how soon the forces of nature were going to open a way for them to go. People who have never lived in that section of country don't know what a Dakota cyclone is capable of. If, however, the wrecked home of the Starrs could have been seen shortly after its members had been reading those gold stories, no further doubt would have been left as to the damage they are capable of doing.

First and worst of all, the poor mother had met her fate by remaining too long in the falling house. Then, with buildings razed to the ground, what little stock they had gone, what was there left to start a home with again? No one could have looked upon that wreckage and blamed Gilmore and Elsie Starr from feeling altogether too discouraged to start another home from it.

Then what could they do better than to sell their quarter section of land for enough to outfit them for the Klondike?

So they left the scene of their mother's death and started for the land of gold. But in those days to start on a journey to the gold fields of the North was the beginning of untold troubles and trials.

They were yet working early and late on the Skagway trail in their eagerness to get their outfit to the lake at the head of the river, when Gilmore contracted that dread disease —spinal meningitas—which had proved fatal to so many before him on the same trail.

It was only after a short illness when Gilmore had succumbed to this disease that Elsie began to realize that she was without a relative within thousands of miles. Words fail to express the suffering and anguish of mind of poor Elsie Starr as her situation forced itself upon her in all its clearness. What should she do? What could she do? Go back to the scene of destruction and desolation she had left behind? No. A thousand times no; now that her brother was gone, too. Only one conclusion could she arrive at after all her deliberations, and that was that she must push on and go on to the Klondike.

She realized fully that there would be many difficulties in the way of a young woman traveling on a journey of that kind alone. But she had already encountered so many difficulties that she now believed she could overcome any obstacles that she would be likely to meet even on a trip of that kind.

It was a difficult thing indeed for the poor girl to muster sufficient courage to present herself on the trail clothed in masculine attire. But there were other women dressed that way. Why shouldn't she, since she was obliged to work her way in now, and her own stock of clothing was very limited?

So we had found her, and so we had left her, as we had a thousand other acquaintances we had made on the trip and whom no one could tell whether we would ever meet again or not.

As for Gilbert and myself, we had not given this particular incident sufficient attention to remember it from numerous other ones of its kind we had noticed all along the trail. It seemed, however, to affect Alex differently. He had often spoken of the affair, and lamented the fact that he would not be likely to ever meet Miss Starr again. His general bearing and

reflections after that led me to believe that he must have seen something about this lady that was far more attractive than her polka-dot shirt and blue overalls, and that the attraction she possessed was not entirely unreciprocated. However, as we never expected to see the young lady again, we gave the matter no further attention.

PART II.

On December 20, 1899, we were sitting around a Yukon stove in our cabin on the bank of the Klondike River. Gilbert and I were deep in a game of "crib," while Alex was trying to warm his half frozen feet. He had just come back from Dawson, where he had gone for the mail, and couldn't wait for Gilbert and I to finish our game, but began at once to tell us about a new strike over on Eureka Creek. Nothing would do but we must stop the game and discuss this matter with him. As the discussion proceeded, it became about evenly divided between two subjects.

The time was now fast approaching that period of the whole year when the subjects of all civilized nations sing:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

Christmas then was one of the subjects that occupied our attention as well as that of the strike. Another part of the conversation which the discussion of Alex's new strike had led us into was Stampedes. In no other country do the people "stampede" as they do in the Klondike.

While Alex was in town after the mail, he had received a "tip" on some property away over on Eureka Creek which was now open for location and which promised to be good property. So he had become quite excited about it, and was now once more anxious to try to secure a claim.

Although we were at that time scarcely two years older than we were when we started for the Klondike—that is, according to the callendar—we felt that by experience we were several times that much older. To give the reader even a small part of these experiences would take volumes. After we had landed in Dawson in '98, and looked over the several creeks, we had taken a "lay," on Dominion Creek. During the time we were working on this lay, we had followed stampede after stampede, until we had almost given up ever realizing anything but a failure from a stampede.

We had made some pretty good "clean-ups," lately, and had now come in off the creek for a short rest. So there we were sitting around that red-hot stove discussing the advisability of trying it once more.

"You see," said Gilbert, "it's been that way with all our tips. They were all sure things."

"Well,, I must admit that a good many of them looked that way," said Alex, who still had more faith in Stampedes than either Gilbert or myself. "But I believe this proposition is different from the others."

"Well, now, it's this way with me," argued Gilbert. "There we've been out on that lay working like slaves and running our legs off on nearly every stampede there was going. Now we have come in here to rest a while and spend Christmas in a half-civilized kind of a way. If we go to Eureka Creek, the chances are that we can't get back for Christmas, and as for me, I just don't care about going. If you fellows want to go, all right."

I confessed that I did not feel encouragement enough to start me away from that fire for Eureka, sixty miles away. Especially as the thermometer on the front of our cabin had shown the temperature to be ranging from forty to fifty degrees below zero for a week past.

"Well, you boys can stay here and keep the stove warm if you want to," said Alex, quite disgusted with Gilbert and I because we were opposed to going. "But I'm going to go. I



In the forefront of the rush line of a new construction camp breaking its way into the primeval Alaskan wilderness

think I can get back by Christmas, but if I don't, it won't be the first Christmas I've spent away from home."

So he loaded his pack-strap and started with the friend who had given him the tip.

Gilbert and I felt far from being satisfied with this result of our deliberations, for we didn't like to have Alex start away feeling that we ought to go with him. Besides this, he had been complaining lately that he had not been feeling well at all.

The next day after Christmas, when Alex had failed to show up, we did not feel any particular anxiety, for we had already met with so many disappointments of different kinds that it now took something very serious to make us feel very much disappointed. Two days later, however, when we were still without any word from him, we did begin to feel uneasy. This feeling was not decreased when, about noon of that day, a stranger knocked at our cabin door and asked if Gilbert and Frank Huntington lived there. When told that he was addressing these parties, he reached in the pocket of his parkie and handed us a note, which read:

"Hunker Creek, Dec. 27.

"Messrs. Huntington Brothers—Your friend, Mr. Sanderson, is here in my road house and is down with the fever. Knowing you would be getting anxious about him by this time, he asked me to address this note to you. I assure you that everything possible will be done for him during his illness.

"ELSIE STARR."

"So that's what has been keeping him—and that's what has become of Miss Starr. It's lucky he stopped at that particular road house if he had to stop at all," said Gilbert all in the same breath, as he finished reading the note.

The next day when I made my way up Hunker to Miss Starr's roadhouse, I found a very small, and, looking at it from the outside, a very insignificant looking little building of logs. As soon as I entered the little cabin, however, everything presented such a neat, clean and home-like appearance that it really made me feel a little homesick.

There was Alex confined to a bed with a well defined case of typhoid fever. From Miss Starr I learned that Alex had come in the day before Christmas, and, after expressing his surprise at seeing her there, he had told her that he was not feeling well and come to rest a while. With that keen perception natural to her sex, she was not long in discovering about Alex's face something far more serious than merely not feeling well. So when he had begun to make his preparations for departure, she had insisted that he was unable to travel farther, and that the only thing for him to do was to stay where he was till he was able to travel. Besides, she said to me, with a mischievous look in her eyes, "I didn't have to urge him very hard to stay."

There was nothing for me to do now but to send word to Gilbert, telling him how I had found things, and, while he would go out to Dominion and attend to our mining interests, I would stay and do what I could for Alex.

Now came the three weeks of anxious waiting and watching before any change of importance could be expected in Alex's condition.

While I am sure that I never will forget how bravely and how faithfully Miss Starr labored to bring back my pardner's health, I am doubly sure that Alex himself will never forget all her kindness to him.

After the crisis had passed and I had seen Alex well on the way to recovery, I could see plainly that I would not be greatly missed if I were to rejoin Gilbert and help to care for our mining operations.

When I told Gilbert that I would not be much surprised if we would be obliged to look after our own business in the future, and that Alex was very liable to take another pardner, he merely said: "I s'pose so."

And sure enough, it turned out that



"The Hillside Roadhouse soon became the popular place for all travelers who passed that way."

way. In place of the little log cabin that used to serve for Miss Starr's roadhouse, and that bore her name on its sign, they soon built a much larger one. With the combined energies of two such energetic persons as Mr. and Mrs. Alex Sanderson, the "Hillside Roadhouse" soon became the popular stopping place for all travelers passing that way. Shortly before coming out of the Klondike, I paid a visit to my former pardner, and could hardly realize that the smiling, cheerful countenance of Mrs. Sanderson belonged to the same person that tried and failed to snub our scow.

MOUNTAIN SOLITUDE

As the mountain monarch's vernal crest,
The rocky slopes of mountain's steep,
Creeping shadows of a fleeting day
Cast their magic spell—
Death-like stillness does prevail,
Enraptured with the restful scene,
The soul of man is all serene,
Night's canopy encompasses all; at rest.



A type of the Southern Cheyenne, Ke-vo-okh-hah-ket.

A Cheyenne girl, Wah-tsiv-is Wo-wo-Has.

Plight of the Full Blood Indians

By Grant Foreman

EVENTS have moved rapidly with the Five Civilized Tribes since Oklahoma became a state and great changes have taken place. The white population of this state clamored for the removal of the restrictions against the sale of the land of these Indians so it might change hands and at least part of it could be purchased by white people. They contended that most of the Indians were capable of protecting themselves in the handling of their property.

Congress was pursuaded, and removed the restrictions on the sale of the lands of 70 per cent of the 100,000 Indians of the tribes—on all but the full-bloods. The inevitable has overtaken these mixt-bloods and freedom from whom Congress released its protecting supervision. Not one in ten retains even a considerable part of his original allotment of land. The white people have got it all; inexperienced in handling property they have been induced to part with their lands for inadequate considerations, the money received has been squandered, and they are now tenants of the white man or are temporary sojourners on the lands of their minor children and in

many cases they are paupers.

The experiment with this class of members of the Five Tribes has been a lamentable mistake. But at least some good should be extracted from it. The lesson should be employed to emphasize the need of protection for the full-blood. The mixt-blood land owner is no more. He is gone and there is practically nothing to do for his class except in the protection of his minor children.

But the full-blood still has his land, for his restrictions have never been released. There is no obligation to these Indians so commanding as the duty of seeing to it that they are protected in their property; this means that the restrictions against the sale of their lands must not be relaxed except under the supervision of the Interior Department. To permit them to sell their land would expose them to their own inexperience and improvidence, to the cunning of the shameless horde of white land grafters who have feasted off the mixt-bloods and freedmen.



Madame Pi-zi, wife of Chief Fall, Cheyenne.

Developments have shown the fallacy of the claim that the mixt-bloods as a class are able to protect themselves in their property rights. The



Children of a mid-continental tribe.

full-bloods are admittedly less competent than the mixt-bloods; and yet it is being urged that their restrictions be removed and they be permitted to sell their land without the disinterested supervision of the Government. Forty-five men of both political parties were candidates for nomination as their parties' choice to go to Congress in the last campaign. Most of them on the stump promised that if elected they would stand in Congress for the removal of all restrictions from the sale of Indians' land in Oklahoma, and the termination of "Federal interference" in the supervision of the Indians of this state.

Recently the writer accompanied

Mr. Warren K. Moorehead, member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, and Mr. J. Weston Allen, Vice Chairman of the Boston Indian Citzenship Committee, on an extended trip through parts of Oklahoma occupied largely by full-blood Indians. We found most of these people bewildered and dismayed by the changes that are taking place around them. Totally unprepared they have had thrust upon them the individual ownership of their lands. In 1908 Congress provided that full-blood Indians might sell lands inherited from deceased relatives. As the rate of mortality is high among these people, there are many such inheritances and many sales have been made. Unable to understand or to resist the importunities of white men in a great number of instances they have been swindled out of these inheritances for a pittance.

Congress unwisely permitted these full-bloods to lease most of their land for five years without supervision. In the Coctaw and Chickasaw Nations thousands of them were induced by white speculators to lease their land, including their homes and little cultivated farms. Inexperienced in such transactions, they gave the white man their home for five years for little or nothing, the consideration depending on the kind of fraud practiced on them. The Indian was then forced to move on the land of a relative or back in the hills on unimproved land with practically nothing to sustain his family.

These leases are extended by methods which the mind of the Indian cannot comprehend, and once out of possession it is practically impossible for the Indian to get his land back. The Interior Department can sell part of the Indian's allotment for his benefit, but in many cases a sale for an adequate consideration is defeated for no other purpose than to prevent another buying the land, or to demand a very heavy tribute for a surrender of the lease.

As property owners these full-blood Indians are but children. Heredity and environment have made them so. Many of them have but the vaguest sort of conception of their property rights. Some of the adults never even saw their allotments. In many cases they have put white men in possession of their land or sold inherited lands without understanding what they have done and often without even knowing that they owned the lands so disposed of.

The newspapers and the court files of the eastern half of Oklahoma are filled with stories of the Indians' undoing. Daily additions are made to these sickening recitals which explain the swift impoverishment of the freedman and mixt-blood members of the Five Civilized Tribes. Every kind of fraud is detailed, forgery, perjury, subordination of perjury, substitution of papers, securing signatures to conveyances by deception, kidnapping, conspiracy, extortion, robbery. Frequent repetition of these news stories in the best papers of the state has excited indignation even in the papers that publish them. Public sentiment is indifferent. If the mixt-blood could not stand up against these conditions, to expose the full-blood to the same hazard would make short work of him.





Chapter V.

BY THE TIME Mr. Burke and the Frenchman had finished dinner the next evening, they had become friends. La Farge was candid. He had nothing to conceal, and with frank sincerity, answered the miner's questions. They sat under the trees after dinner.

"Are you making a long visit with the Marstons?" Mr. Burke asked.

"No. I must return to New Westminster in a week or ten days. I'm afraid the bank will send for me. I'm the cashier."

The conversation turned to the garden party.

"I have known Van Dorn for twenty-six years," Mr. Burke was saying. "He has made his own way in the world, and must have accumulated between ten and fifteen millions."

"Really! Then he has a good standing as a business man."

"Yes." But Mr. Burke had learned something the day before that was quite the contrary. He saw the uncertainty in Mr. La Farge's face, and said with sudden keenness: "Why don't you buy some land from his realty company, or some oil stock? I'm going to try my luck with some of it."

"Do you think it is safe?"

"I wouldn't risk my money if I did not think so."

"No, of course not." Mr. La Farge glanced away. "You and Mr. Van Dorn are intimate friends, aren't you?"

"No, not intimate. When we met a few days ago, I hadn't seen him for nearly twenty-five years. I have been mining all my life; I'm tired of it. It is less trouble to invest your money in a concern that some smart man is managing."

"Perhaps; but these gambling ventures are a long while developing. For instance, my experience: Over two years ago, I bought stock amounting to ten thousand dollars in this Prosperity Oil Company, and I haven't received any dividends yet."

"No?" Mr. Burke exclaimed. Exultant amusement was in his downcast eyes.

"I don't mean to cast a slur on the honesty of the company," Mr. La Farge quickly added, "but it isn't satisfactory to invest without seeing some returns."

"Why don't you demand an explanation of Mr. Van Dorn?"

"I have another plan. Perhaps I

can induce the company to buy back the stock, or a part of it, at least. Ten thousand dollars is a great deal for me to lose."

"It may not be lost. Big things take time to develop."

"But I wish I could sell all the stock and relieve myself of this burden."

A cunning light crept into Mr. Burke's eyes. "Perhaps we can manage things between us," he said. "I'll look into this oil company, and if I find it half as satisfactory as I believe it to be, I am willing to invest ten thousand dollars, and I'd just as lief buy the stock of you. Can't you give me a few days to think it over?"

Mr. La Farge was studying him with surprise and pleasure that soon faded. He was sure that Mr. Burke would hear the same damaging reports of the company that Roy had heard.

"I can't give you more than four or five days, ," La Farge said. "As I told you, I must go back to New Westminster, but if in the next few days you decide to buy the stock, I'll be glad to sell, but don't take it with false hopes. I tell you frankly that the company hasn't a good standing."

A shadow of a smile flitted across the miner's face. "They won't try to dupe me," he said. "I have the advantage of being always on the ground. I think I see where I can make money on the investment. Give me a little time to consider it."

"Very well. I'll agree to hold back for four days; I can't wait any longer."

"That's time enough."

Later in the evening, before Mr. La Farge left, Mr. Burke suggested that they go on a tramp over the hills early the next morning.

"And ask Marston to come with you," he added.

Shortly before five the next morning, Mr. Burke was waiting on the hotel veranda. When the Frenchman arrived, Roy was with him, and with jubilant pleasure the miner hurried down to meet them.

"Isn't this a lovely morning," he said. "Don't you think it would be pleasant to go a distance out the Crystal Springs Road and then cross over the hills?"

Roy gave him a quick glance. "Yes; that's the road I like most."

They started off, Mr. Burke walking between them.

"I told Mr. Marston of your suggestion to buy my stock," Mr. La Farge said as they left the hotel grounds.

"Yes." Mr. Burke was struck by the coincidence of Roy being the lawyer engaged to fight Mr. Van Dorn.

Marston looked searchingly at the miner. He could not understand his willingness to buy this stock. He was positive that the miner and Mr. Van Dorn were not friends, for he could feel an undercurrent of enmity.

"We go down this road, don't we?" Mr. Burke asked, to turn the conversation.

They walked on, chatting, and before long reached the Crystal Springs road, and kept on until they were a short distance from Amata's home, but neither Roy nor Mr. Burke mentioned the girl.

"These hills are very attractive," Mr. La Farge said. "Can't we leap this fence and walk up there? It is more pleasant than this dusty road."

They jumped the fence and started towards the green hills. The perfume of spring and the early morning exhilarated their spirits, and they walked more briskly. The dewdrops sparkled in the long grass and on the wild flowers; the sky was streaked with the hues of the brightening day. The slopes of the rolling hills were a rich, brilliant green like vast stretches of emeralds. Roy threw back his shoulders, and took long, deep breaths, for the beauty and sweetness of nature were invigorating.

"I am sorry that we didn't ask Mr. Van Dorn and his daughter to come with us. I'm sure they would have enjoyed this," Mr. Burke said, turning to Roy. "Our lovely young hostess was the handsomest girl at the garden party. You are to be envied."

Roy reddened. "Miss Van Dorn and I are only friends," he said.

A thrill shot through the miner.

"Pardon me. I was misinformed. "Look!" he gaily exclaimed. "There is the pretty singer."

Amata was gathering wild flowers. Her back was turned to them, and she was singing. They did not speak until they were near her.

"Good-morning!" Mr. Burke cheerfully called out. "You are an early riser."

She looked around and smiled when she saw them.

The men regarded her with admiration, as she stood with her wavy, unbraided hair hanging below her waist. A rosy hue brightened her cheeks and her parted lips were a deep, rich red. Her pure beauty was as brilliant and fresh as the scintillating dewdrops around her feet.

"Won't you come and walk with us?" Mr. Burke asked, unwilling to leave her.

She hesitated, and Roy hoped that she would refuse.

"I'll go a little way," she said. "Father will be expecting me soon."

Mr. Burke frowned when she slipped her basket on her arm and stepped to Roy's side.

"I love to walk at this hour," she added. "Everything is so sweet. I have grown very fond of San Mateo. There is such a variety of charming scenery that I don't believe it ever could be monotonous. But I can be happy anywhere."

Roy turned his admiring eyes to her and was thrilled by her childlike joy.

"Then you are easily satisfied," Mr. Burke said, smiling.

Roy was annoyed that the miner made repeated attempts to draw her into familiar conversation.

"Here are some beautiful flowers," he presently spoke up, seeing the infatuation in Burke's eyes. Roy helped her gather the blossoms and arrange them in her basket.

"I think I should go back home," she said. "Father will be anxious. I'm never gone long." She smiled at her three companions. "Good-bye! We'll meet again soon," and she waved her hand as she started off. They turned and watched her while she moved lightly down the hill.

While they tramped on, Burke resolved to carry out his schemes. He knew now that Roy was not engaged to Marcella, but he believed that she loved Marston. Burke would cautiously begin to supplant Roy in her affections, but until he was near the winning of her, he would amuse himself with Amata, for she was nothing but a foreign beggar girl, and could never draw him into a serious entanglement. He would prove his power over the ambitious millionaire.

Chapter VI.

The last lights of day were fading when Mr. Van Dorn, after an uncomfortable day, went in search of Amata, that her gentle influence might for a moment take him out of himself and his wretchedness. When he reached her garden, he heard her softly singing, and stood for a space studying her as she leaned over the bright geraniums.

"Amata!" he called.

She turned, surprised. "I didn't hear you coming."

"No, because I wanted to hear your song to the end. May I stay a few minutes?"

"Yes. But please speak softly. Father is lying down. Come and sit over here." She pointed to the stumps of two trees at the farther end of the little garden.

"Who taught you to sing those operatic arias?"

"Father. As soon as I was old enough, he taught me all the roles my mother used to sing, because he says I have a dramatic voice like hers."

Mr. Van Dorn did not speak at once. "Would you like to be an artist?" he asked. The pleasure had gone from his tone.

"No," she faltered. "Father says that it is not the life for a girl. If my mother had not been on the stage she wouldn't have had had her terrible experience. But I should love to know all the operas and be able to sing them

just once on the stage with an orchestra and scenery. It must be a great joy. Father says that danger lies in this joy, for it is this false life, this musical emotion, that makes the artists forget their duty to themselves and others. Father was delighted when I returned after your party and told him of my success, but the next morning he said: 'You mustn't do this again. You have the soul of an artist and the vivacious artistic temperament. Last night you were enlivened with your mother's fire and abandon. Try to forget the charm of your success.' But I can't forget it. It was all so new and fascinating." Her eyes sparkled. The soul of her bewitching mother was reflected in them, torturing Mr. Van Dorn.

"I haven't shown you my mother's picture, have I?" she asked, glancing at him as he sat motionless. She ran softly into the house.

He rose. His blood was running with a force that almost made him dizzy. He was going to see again the face of the woman he had abandoned.

Amata hurried back, and eagerly thrust into his hand the small advertising bills that Mr. Keller had described to him.

"Look!" she said, joyfully. "Wasn't she superb!" Her voice vibrated with pride.

Mr. Van Dorn glanced down at the picture and caught a quick breath. The singer was dressed as "Carmen," and was taken in her last pose as she finished dancing for Don Jose in the tavern. Her castanets were in her upraised hands, her head was thrown back and a bewitching smile played on her beautiful lips; her enticing eyes were half closed, but the captivating brilliancy was in them. The poise of her supple figure betrayed her triumphant joy, knowing that her grace and beauty had conquered her soldier lover. Mr. Van Dorn stifled an exclamation. It had been the last night of the opera season in Gold Hill, when she had sung "Carmen," that he, overcome by her enchantments, had made his final plea for her to stay with him, and won. The rapture of that moment came back to him now. When he could take his eyes from the picture, he turned to Amata, as she stood beside him, eagerly waiting for him to speak. It was as though his Amata of the past had come back to him, only this girl had a more gentle refinement.

"Do you like the picture?" she asked.

A moment passed before he could answer.

"She must have been a talented woman," he said in a strange tone. "May I have one of these pictures?"

She hesitated. "Yes." She was pleased that he admired her mother.

Mr. Van Dorn's trembling fingers carefully folded the paper, and he put it in his pocket book. "Your mother was a good woman," he said. "No matter what wrong may have come into her life, she was not to blame. Love her and revere her memory."

Amata looked at him, surprised.

"Her picture tells me this," he quickly added, startled at his own words. "I must go. I'm expecting company this evening." He dared not stay, fearing that he might divulge his secret.

* * * *

At half after eight, Mr. La Farge entered the gate of the Van Dorn home and went slowly towards the house, glancing around the grounds, over which hung the soft shadows of evening, to see if he could find Marcella. As he reached the terrace, he halted. The glass doors opening from the drawing room on to the farther end of the veranda were ajar, and the rich chords of the grand piano suddenly rang out with sparkling vivacity, followed by a brilliant soprano voice singing Arditi's waltz song, "The Kiss." Mr. La Farge knew it was Marcella singing, and he was charmed with the welcome. He went quietly up the last steps and along the veranda until he reached the open glass doors. Marcella, apparently unconscious of his presence, continued the song. He stood motionless, captivated by her animation and the picturesque beauty of her

surroundings, The large square room was softly lighted by electric lamps and the rays of the piano lamp fell directly on her blonde, wavy hair. She was gowned in blue silk, with elaborate designs of silver spangles, which sparkled under the bright light, rivaling in brilliancy the diamond collar on her white, bare throat. When she struck the last chords he applauded, and she turned to him with well-feigned surprise. She had hurried to the piano that she might make an attractive picture when he entered. She did not care for this stranger, but she wanted him to speak of her to Roy with admiration, not knowing of any other way to entice Marston back, since her attempt to stir his jealousy had failed.

"I shouldn't have come upon you unawares," he said, going forward.

"You always are welcome," she sweetly returned, and led him to a chair near the piano.

"Thank you," he said. "Mr. Marston is detained at home, but he promised to be here in half an hour. This is one of the unfortunate times when business must come before pleasure."

"Roy finds many such times." A bitter tone stole into her voice.

"It must be disagreeable for him, when it deprives him of your company." Mr. La Farge gave her a flattering glance. "I am very fond of music. Won't you sing for me?"

She gave him a winning smile, and again sat on the piano bench.

"Do you know the selection from 'La Traviata' that the Italian girl sang the other night?" he asked.

Marcella raised her head with self-satisfaction, and her gem-laden fingers ran lightly over the keys. She began "Ah! fors'e lui" with masterly assurance. An expressive light flashed in her eyes as they turned to Mr. La Farge when the words of the aria gave her an opportunity to coquet with him playfully. She threw into her voice none of the joy, despair and longing, none of the richness of Amata's soulful outpour, filling her listeners with the understanding of her pensive mood while saying that love alone is universal life, the mysterious power guiding the fate of mortals, nor could Marcella like Amata burst sudenly into the folly of the unfortunate woman's hope that she had found at last the man who would guard her waning powers with watchful tenderness and awaken her heart to love. Amata had expressed this vividly with her natural art, but Marcella could not give the effective shading that explains the longing and despair of the fallen woman.

While she was singing, Mr. Van Dorn came softly on the veranda, and stood looking into the drawing room. Having just come from Amata, and with the picture of his dead love he was repelled by the cold brilliancy of Marcella's voice. He saw his daughter coquetting with Mr. La Farge, and he understood the Frenchman's infatuation as he leaned on the piano with his eyes fastened on Marcella. The father turned away and went toward the entrance to the court. He was so absorbed in his distressing thoughts that he did not notice Roy coming up the steps.

"Good evening!" Marston said, and Mr. Van Dorn quickly looked around.

"Good evening, Roy! I thought you weren't coming."

"Business!" he answered, as he shook Mr. Van Dorn's hand. "But Mr. La Farge no doubt is getting on very well without me. Marcella is singing one of my favorite arias. Didn't the Italian girl sing it with exquisite feeling!" He had been thinking of Amata while crossing the lawn.

"Yes." Mr. Van Dorn started towards the other end of the veranda, and Roy followed. "I was surprised at the success she made," he went on. "Unknown singers at social gatherings don't usually attract attention."

"No, but she would attract anywhere. I wish I could know more about her. She apparently has nothing to conceal."

Mr. Van Dorn hesitated. "She has nothing to hide, Roy. She has a deep, rich character that is free from modern vanity and ambition. I haven't spoken with her many times, but already she

has made me know what life ought to be." His tone was low and serious, and Roy gave him a quick, furtive glance.

"I should like to become better acquainted with her," the young man returned. "I am interested in the romance of her wandering life. Like you, I admire a simple, unpretentious girl." He did not think of Marcella when he spoke and he flashed a glance at Mr. Van Dorn.

"You are right," the elder man said, reflectively. "Things seem all wrong nowadays. I used to think that I had become modernized with the advancing time, but that girl has made me understand differently."

Roy looked again at his companion, surprised at his earnest tone.

"She should have some one to protect her, besides that old blind man," Marston said. "Is Mr. Burke a close friend of yours?"

Mr. Van Dorn gave him a quick glance. "No. Why?"

Roy faltered, and leaned against the railing at the end of the veranda, where they had halted. "I don't like the interest he shows in the girl. It isn't the right sort, and she doesn't understand. He thinks she is a toy, just a strolling beggar, making her living any way she can. No one could convince him of her worth. He isn't the kind to see it."

Mr. Van Dorn reddened. All the agony in his heart was reflected in his eyes, and Roy saw it wonderingly.

"What can we do, Roy?" The tone was strained.

"I don't know. Perhaps she wouldn't take a warning as we mean it. This is a delicate situation to handle, but something should be done."

"Perhaps I had better undertake this," Mr. Van Dorn said at last. "I'm older."

"Yes. That is why I mentioned it to you. It is a great pity to see a fine, sweet girl hidden away with no opportunity to make a place for herself. We need more of her kind."

Mr. Van Dorn's eyes lighted with gratitude.

"Let us go into the drawing-room," he said.

They found Mr. La Farge still paying court to Marcella. As she greeted Roy, her eyes lighted with triumphant pride, for she knew that he could see the Frenchman's adoration. All during the evening she paid the greater part of her attention to Mr. La Farge, but Roy was unconscious of her apparent indifference.

PREFERENCE

I walk the simple ways,
 I read the restful books,
I love the dreamy days,
 The dim, sequestered nooks:

Give me to sip Life's wine,
 Lest I its bouquet lose;
Grant me, O Fate, in fine,
 The quiet things I choose.

HARRY COWELL.

LATTER-DAY REVELATIONS

By Catherine Canine

IN CONTRAST with the sunny yard where birds and bees held carnivad amid myriads of peach bloom, the trim, darkened room seemed to hold dreariest shades of night. When her eyes had grown accustomed to the gloom, Sister Holmes saw on the face of the little, white old woman an anguish as of death.

"What has happened?" she cried.

In a voice which was like the thin echo of sound, Mrs. Child replied:

"Jasper has had a revelation."

In Utah, especially in the country districts and in high church circles, revelations are common, their subject matter ranging from national politics to the setting of the old Orpington hen; but Mrs. Holmes knew one theme only which could blanch a woman's face and bring that look of terror and defeat into her eyes. Taking the old lady's hand, she knelt beside her in wordless sympathy.

"I've tried to do His will," Mrs. Child murmured. "Years ago I was prepared for this; but now—in our old age!"

"We women wear a crown of suffering here in order that we may have a crown of glory hereafter."

Mrs. Holmes' voice was low. Her entire being seemed toned down to the dead level of acquiescent despair. She never would have gone on talking as she did had she not realized the comfort which fellowship in suffering would bring her friend. She was loyal, as the French say, to the last three hairs. Her husband was a bishop, and adorable. The anguish he had wrought was in obedience to the will of God. She had never spoken of it; but now, responsive to the need of the little old lady, she opened her heart.

"*He* took another woman. He had six children by her. She died in childbirth, and I brought up the children." Her voice did not quiver nor were there any tears; but the tragedy of years stirred itself and looked out of her eyes.

"That was hard!"

"Yes. But what could I do? Only two of my own were living—four had died. There's a lot of responsibility with one's own; but to bring up some one else's and to show no favoritism! You have to learn each disposition and try to do the best for them."

"I'm not very cheerful," she continued. "I'm not good company for happy people. In a grief stricken house or a death chamber I'm most at home. In those twenty-six years on the dry farm when I brought up *her* children and cooked for hired men, I got out of the way of smiling. No—I was not always resigned. Sometimes I hated the sight of a man! And when I'd go home, my sister would say, 'Julia, if you'd smile, I believe your face 'd crack.' I felt as if it really would."

The look on that calm face strengthened Mrs. Child. Putting her hand against the immobile cheek, she said:

"What others have borne, I can bear. May it all redound to the glory of God—and of Jasper."

Saint City, the home of Mrs. Child and her husband Jasper, still attests the peculiar genius of the prophet Brigham Young, as do many rural villages in the Salt Lake region. His model of a cottage with twin apartments and front doors opening side by side is still used by many people who

have no thought of committing "sporadic marriages." His large blocks, designed to give each man space for a tiny orchard and garden, thus affording means of frugal self-support and easy multiplication, are popular with men and women who have no interest in the hopes and aspirations of the founder. His policy of farming the towns has resulted in the anomaly of villages shipping many carloads of fruit which is grown inside the corporate limits. These fertile plots of ground won the favor not alone of the Faithful who followed him across the plains, but also and especially of foreign proselytes who then came and who come still from the peasant classes. These little holdings answer all the aspirations of many men of the Old World, whose words of praise have caused many changes of heart and religion across seas.

Formed of large squares, Saint City is a place of long distances. As a result, many of the residents do not know, and indeed have scarcely seen, one another. Each of the four wards has its own meeting house and amusement hall, and, except for special services in the tabernacle, all the people seldom come together. Thus it happened that Jasper Child first saw Hilda Jensen when she came with her school friend, Freida Christofferson, to visit the Fourth Ward Meeting House. Because he was the only man near her, the girl ogled him throughout the service. Finding his childlike responsiveness amusing, she followed up the sport by presenting her long, slim hand when the meeting had ended, saying with charming innocence that he looked so much like some one she had dearly loved that she could not resist the desire to speak to him.

Weeks later, when the girl had forgotten the incident, her father, finding her alone in the garden, said abruptly:

"Hilda, Jasper Child wants to marry you."

As perplexity merged into recollection, she burst into a merry peal of laughter.

"The old fool!" was her sole comment.

In Utah, America remakes her foreigners swiftly. Here the sense of economic, social and religious equality is as exhilarating as the mountain air. The second and third generations are transformed. The pity is that the moral development so often lags behind the mental. This transforming force was fully exemplified in Jens Jensen and his daughter Hilda. He was slow, heavy, earnest; she bright, eager, lithe and volatile. The father did not understand this child of his American born wife. The brood of his second mate, who had come from Norway but a short time before they were married, was more comprehensible. It was Hilda, nevertheless, whom he admired and loved and indulged. He had never coerced her, but now he squared his jaw, saying roughly: "You may laugh, but you've got to marry him."

She laughed again at him, mockingly.

"You shall marry him. He's coming to-night, and you've got to say yes to him, or you'll never get another cent from me."

Her smile was exasperating. His fury grew hotter as he realized that it was futile; but he kept on talking as if he had no such realization.

"You're more bother and expense, I tell you, than all the other kids together, and *she* won't stand it any longer. She says you're bound to have kid gloves and high-priced hats if the little fellows have to go without shoes. You won't work at home, and she says you've got to go—go out and earn your living. Now, tell that cursed Gentile, Jim Kent, to get out and never come back; and you promise to-night to marry Child."

"What's wrong with the Gentiles? You're always saying you've no objection to them—that they're good for the country."

"I haven't. I've no objection to an Indian. If he works he's good for the country. But I don't intend to have my daughter running round with

one, especially with one that'll never earn his salt."

Hilda shrugged her pretty shoulders. "Your reasoning is as good, papa, as if you had it fresh from Norway."

Derision always weakened him.

"Don't be foolish, child," he said. "It's for your own good. The old man has a lot of money saved. He seemed willing to agree to anything. He'll furnish a house over on Laurel street and he'll buy your wedding outfit. He won't live long, either."

After meditating with downcast eyes, she said:

"All right. I'll tell him 'yes' tonight."

She stood enjoying his astonishment. Then, glancing maliciously toward the house, she added:

"But, papa, I need money right now. I must have twenty dollars."

He looked at her suspiciously while fumbling in his pockets.

"Fooling about Child to get it?"

"No, honest."

"Well, I've only got ten."

"The other after I've promised?"

Her father nodded, and followed her with puzzled eyes as she walked toward the house.

It was a demure maiden who received Jasper Child that evening. If her hand lingered in his somewhat seductively, her face and air belied the deed. With downcast eyes she sat silent, twirling her long fingers and uneasily twisting her feet, rustic fashion.

Old Jasper's face was very red under his white hair; and his eyes were frightened, although resolute.

"Your father told you what I want."

"Yes," replied Hilda, faintly.

"A little louder, child."

"Yes, he told me." She raised her voice, but kept her eyes down.

There was a long, awkward pause. When he at length said, "Are you agreeable?" his voice was painfully husky.

"I'm very young," she stammered, "and——"

"I'm old. Yes. But I'll make you comfortable. That's more than many a young fellow would do."

"Well, young as I am, I wouldn't marry any one," she said, locking her fingers with apparent nervousness. "But I need to consider papa. He has such a large family. Then my life with my stepmother is so hard!"

"Poor little girl! Come, now, we will change all that. When shall it be?" In his sympathy the old man forgot his embarrassment.

"I don't know when I could be ready," she quavered.

"A month from now?" he asked, eagerly.

"I don't know how long 'twould take. Papa said——"

"Yes, yes, child. No difficulty there." He took a roll from his pocket. Hilda's face brightened at sight of the bills, but it fell again when she perceived that they aggregated only fifty dollars. The old man, fingering them lovingly, had laid them one by one on the table, saying:

"You see, I'm ready to do right handsome by you."

Noting her wounded look and her listless, slim hands which made no movement toward the money, he exclaimed:

"What's the matter? Surely that's enough!"

"If you only knew," she said, piteously. "I haven't had anything for so long. My stepmother begrudges even my food."

Jasper looked regretful but unyielding. Fifty dollars was a large sum. It should clothe a girl if she had no more at the commencement than a young Hottentot.

"That would do for my clothing, of course," she went on slowly. "But there's the linen—the table linen. Papa said you would get a little cottage for me. The linen and—and the bedding."

"Well, I didn't think of you getting such things," answered Child, growing tender. "How much more do you want, little one?"

"Oh, I don't know. I haven't been allowed to spend anything for so long

I know nothing of prices. Just give me an order on the Z. C. M. I. of Salt Lake. I'll buy carefully. I don't know how to be extravagant."

"They don't know me," the old man replied, a cloud resting on his face. "Of course, I'm considerably acquainted in Salt Lake, but those merchants don't know me well enough to honor my order."

"They know how to find out about you," she said, placing pen, ink and paper before him.

Seeing negation in his face, she stood close and let the warmth of her youth plead with him. Then she stooped, her gown brushing his knees, and wrote in a stiff, vertical hand, an order on the Zion Co-operative Mercantile Institution. He remained motionless. She leaned heavily against the table, drooping disconsolately.

"I've worked today till I'm ready to drop," she complained.

Gently he took her on his knee. Putting an arm around his neck she nestled close. "It's so nice to have someone to care for you," she murmured in his ear, "some one you can trust."

After a few moments she thrust the pen into his gnarled hand, commanding playfully: "Sign!"

He still made no movement. Getting on her feet she drew away, coldly.

"I don't care for it. The money would do as well, only I might lose it or something. But if you can't trust me it's all off. I won't marry a man who doesn't trust me."

"Of course I trust you!" Hesitatingly and laboriously, he placed his signature where she desired. Then, opening his arms, he said: "Now come back, little one!" and Hilda snuggled childlike against his breast.

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Jane Child's nephew, Moroni Nelson, had been named for the favorite Mormon angel, and had been brought up strictly in the Faith. Hard labor and extreme self-denial had enabled him to spend two years in an Eastern law school. The thing that impressed him even more than the colossal size of the world outside of Utah was the difference in the standards of other people. His mind, essentially inquiring and literal, had harbored doubts; but he had done valiant battle for his faith, and, saving the bulk of it, had become one of the progressives, but not reactionary Latter Day Saints. His disapproval of church interference in State affairs and polygamy was revolting to him; but he juggled with the latter topic and smothered his distaste with the defense that it had been needful in the past when the State which was destined to become a great empire was so scantily populated. He believed, as do many thoughtful, earnest young Mormons, that the abuses which were the outcome of past conditions or the result of the thought-habits of an elder generation, would gradually be lopped off as young men and women became powers in the Church; but reform must come from within. Attacks from without served only to draw defenders closer together. Wilful misrepresentations and invidious half-truths made even the youngsters resentful and more stubbornly loyal to an unpopular cause.

It was on the day following Hilda's promise to Jasper that he was walking about aimlessly trying to deaden the bitter anger within him, chafing at his impotence to alter deplorable conditions. Newspaper falsities had freshly incensed him, but his heart was hottest against his chief, the man he wished to defend and support, who had been uttering childish equivocations in public. When he met Mrs. Holmes it was almost with relief that he learned of his aunt's illness Here at least was something that needed doing and could be done. But as they hastened on together, Mrs. Holmes told him of Jasper's revelation, adding: "She seemed to bear up well until last night, when she found out when and who it was to be. Then she collapsed and has scarcely moved since."

Moroni's anger burned to the white heat. Bursting into the room where his aunt lay crumpled on a couch, he cried:

"I tell you this accursed thing shall

never be in our family, not if I have to inform the civil authorities myself. The disgrace of it!"

The old man's blue eyes opened wide in remonstrance.

"I had a revelation," he said, mildly. "Too many of you young folks value the civil law above the divine. In the Underground day we were taught to regard the authority of God rather than that of man."

"Damn the Underground days! And I guess you wouldn't care to tell the nature of your revelation."

"I've told every word of it, and I will tell it again, though I wish it might fall on more reverent ears. It was after I had been thinking of the snug sum we had put by, and how our comfort was assured for our old age. An angel came to me in a dream and said: 'Jasper, you're an old man, and you're still concerned about the things of this world. You have failed to multiply and people the earth. There will be no stars in your heavenly crown unless you marry again. You should be thinking of your status hereafter rather than of your earthly welfare.' "

"A female angel, no doubt!"

"No. It was Gabriel."

"Gabriel and a tin horn! Let us end this nonsense. It's killing my aunt. I'll do a son's duty by her since she has no children. The truth is, you can't support one wife. Aunt Jane's helped you these many years, and that neat sum is more hers than yours—earned by long days and nights of nursing sick people. But the financial aspect aside, decent folks don't do this sort of thing any more, and it must end here. Understand! It must!"

A long silence ensued. Believing his contention won, grim humor began to somewhat ameliorate his wrath.

"You might have spared yourself this pain, aunt," he said, "by doing as an acquaintance of mine in Ogden did. She accepted her husband's revelation, but the next night the Lord appeared to her in a dream, telling her that her husband would marry again, and that she would kill both him and his new bride. The revelation seemed to be authoritative. Anyway, he never took another wife."

The old woman raised on her elbow.

"That is nearer blasphemy, Moroni, than I ever expected to hear from one of our family. We will hear no more of it. This thing is the will of God. It is my will, too, and if it proves to be my martyrdom, also, it is because I lack spiritual grace. If you really love me, you will not interfere in any way."

"I must interfere. Don't you see how dishonorable it is to break our pledges—pledges to the nation?"

"We made no pledges. The man who made them was forced to do it, and he is no longer our spiritual head."

"This sort of thing injures us abroad. It kills us with the people of the United States. It is a burning disgrace."

"Disgrace! It is glory," cried Mrs. Child. "Glory! It is always glory to be persecuted for a righteous cause. So were the prophets and apostles before us."

"You had best not interfere," said old Jasper with quiet determination. "This thing is going on. If you attempt to break it up, we will take methods—other methods. You cannot stop us."

In a rage which he knew to be impotent, Moroni Nelson rushed away from the room and the house.

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The dull gray of a July dawn was changing to silvery rose when Mrs. Holmes, Jasper Child and his old wife boarded the train for Salt Lake City. Jasper had opposed his wife's wish to accompany him, for which she would give no reason, until Mrs. Holmes had suggested that her presence would serve to disarm suspicion. She would scarcely avow it to herself, but the little old woman was impelled to go by the desire to be with him to the last minute of the time that he was yet all her own.

Hilda had not run straightway to the city to do her shopping as most girls would have done, but had waited until two days before the wedding.

She said that she was staying at home to save expense, while she thought out economies; that a day would suffice for the little she needed to buy. The old man's confidence in her grew steadily. He looked back with embarrassment upon his first misgivings.

It had been arranged that Hilda and her father should meet Jasper at three o'clock in the afternoon on the Temple steps. Arrangements had also been completed for the ceremony within that sacred edifice. The girl expected neither the old wife nor Mrs. Holmes, and at first her lover was uneasy; but after reflecting how sweetly deferential she had been and how few difficulties she had made at any time, he felt reassured.

The elderly people breakfasted in a little restaurant which smelled of weeks-old coffee and meat frying. Mrs. Holmes then went about her shopping errands. Jasper looked helplessly at his wife.

"What shall we do now?" she asked.

They belonged to that class, now fast growing extinct in America, who never spent a penny needlessly. Since they were down for the day only, it did not occur to either of them to take a room where Mrs. Child could rest. It was a question merely of putting in the time on the streets or in the shops.

"Let's walk," she replied; "no matter where."

She tottered as she arose, and her lagging steps impeded Jasper, who was very nimble that morning. He felt like a young man helping a feeble old lady; but he was tender and gentle, respecting the infirmities of age. Besides, to be on with the new did not for him mean to be off with the old. The Mormon heart, bent upon polygamy, is able to love two, three, even four, with unimpaired constancy; and if that heart becomes a *pension de dames* rather than a home, it has, at any rate, the advantage of being able to harbor all who may come.

The streets were astir with employees hurrying to work. Some looked curiously at the old man with the puffed out chest and the bright eyes, and the tiny white woman in faded alpaca clinging to his arm. The city crowds always gave Jasper a feeling of confusion, which was not merged into exhilaration. He looked at the women especially, and considered them well dressed and pretty, although none of them compared favorably with his fiancee. Suddenly he started. Was not that radiant creature in a costume which far outshone anything he had yet seen, Hilda herself? Involuntarily he made a movement toward her. She shook her head, passing swiftly, with a tender smile and a commiserating glance at the drooping woman by his side. She was accompanied by a young man whose face he did not see, so engrossed had he been with the girl's own bright countenance. Crushing a vague sense of uneasiness, he told himself there was no harm in being on the street with a young man in broad day; but his exhilaration had somehow evaporated, and he accommodated himself with less difficulty to the slow footsteps of his wife.

The air, which in the early morning had been fresh and bracing turned hot and a high, dry wind from alkaline desert tracts drove dust through the streets in suffocating clouds. The couple dirfted aimlessly through the Eagle Gate, on past the Beehive and Amelia's Palace to Brigham Young's grave. When the noon hour had come and they met Mrs. Holmes by appointment in one of the large department stores, it was only by the utmost exertion of her indomitable will that Mrs. Child could stand. Through her brain was whirling the phrase, "It is thus to be consecrated, consecrated, consecrated." She could think of nothing else. Mrs. Holmes put her on a couch in the rest room, and had stimulants administered. After the two others had lunched, Mrs. Child went in spite of protests to await on the Temple steps, the coming of her husband's bride.

Hilda's father arrived promptly and awaited his daughter impatiently. The girl had chosen the hour of three for the ceremony, and her wishes had been

respected, although a long wait in the city and scant time to take the evening home bound train was the result.

The far off town clock chimed the quarter, then the half-past three. The wind and the dust increased. Still the bride did not come.

At a quarter of four there appeared hurrying from different directions Moroni Nelson and a Western Union messenger boy. The latter placed a note in the hands of Jens Jenson. Old Jasper glared at his wife's nephew whom he thought had perhaps defeated the purpose of this expedition.

Regardless of the place and the people, Jens Jenson began to swear violently. When he had somewhat collected himself he said:

"Child, I vow before God I had nothing to do with this cursed business."

Then he read in a voice choked with passion:

"Dear Papa—While you are reading this, Jim Kent and I will be speeding toward happiness and the Pacific coast. We were married by civil law this morning. Give my love to old Jasper, and tell him it's Dangerous to Disregard the Manifesto. Yours hastily, Hilda."

Before the old man had realized the full force of that shock, Moroni said:

"The vixen has used your credit at the Z. C. M. I. to the extent of one thousand dollars. They have taken trunks full of merchandise with them. Every cent of your savings is gone."

Suddenly the old man and his wife seemed to have changed personalities. She was erect, with glowing eyes and flushed cheeks. He shook as with a palsy. Tears gathered in his eyes as he regarded her.

"Your money!" he faltered.

She took his wrinkled hand and caressed it.

"Never mind, love. I'm strong. I'll go out nursing and make it back. We will be comfortable yet in our old age."

MARCH

March, the braggart, blew his trumpet
 Loud, o'er wood and wold,
Waking blooms from winter's dreaming,
 By his summons bold.
Yawning, crept the fragrant violet,
 And through purple eyes,
Watched arbutus, pink and dew-drenched,
 From her slumbers rise.
In the trees, a feathered choir
 Low its chorus sang,
While the trilliums swaying softly,
 Pearly joy bells rang.
Quite undaunted, March blew louder,
 Then, sudden, he grew still,
As April, like a madcap vixen,
 Danced across the hill.

AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.

ANITA

By Francis Lee Rogers

IT IS A terrible thing for an intense nature to love. Sublime and complete as is the happiness of such a one who meets a kindred response, a happiness lifted above the comprehension of those who love, pass on, and love again, it is yet fraught with a tremendous risk; for he who loves with all his life at one offering may empty the incense of his soul before a goddess who is unworthy.

It was in the delightful old Spanish town of Monterey that I was spending a visit. Entranced with its picturesque old adobe houses, its rich gardens, its wondrously blue bay flanked with mountains and lined with rock islets around which all the sea life teemed, I wandered many untiring hours about the streets and shore. One morning I strolled down early to the old Customs House, and sat on a bench in the shade of the cypress trees in front, watching the fishermen as they brought up their night's catch from the wharf up to the fish market.

While they were bargaining with the dealer, a young woman with a market basket on her arm came into the shop. It seemed to me that there was something out of the ordinary in the manner of the fishermen as they stood aside for her, and of the dealer as he waited upon her. I was curious to see her face, but it was turned from me, and she wore a brown mantilla over her head. I arose from my seat and walked in the direction of the market.

She concluded the purchase of a salmon and turned to leave, and then I saw for the first time her face. Her appearance answered to every desire of my imagination. It was not alone that she was beautiful—many are that—but there was a distinctiveness, a fire and impetuousness in her looks, and at the same time imperiousness, as though she were one to be both loved and feared; besides all this, there was a strange look in her eyes that was of the spirit, an ethereal expression that gave me an impression none ever had before, and which at once raised her above all women in my esteem.

So strong, sudden and spontaneous was the attraction I felt for the unknown young woman that I had come near to speaking to her without any pretext, so sure did I feel that I would be kindly received. However, I did the next thing to it. Seeing her shift the basket from one arm to the other, as if it were too heavy for her, in a moment I had resolved venture, and was soon beside her.

"Pardon me, senorita," I said, in a tone which I tried to make convey the ultimate of respect and hesitancy, "I am also going in this direction, and, if you will permit me, should esteem it a favor to carry the basket for you, as it seems heavy."

She glanced at me in surprise, and hesitated a moment, but my glance seemed to reassure her, and she replied in a cordial voice:

"Ah, if Senor will be so kind!" and relinquished the burden to me. As we walked up the old sand-paved street toward her home, I talked with her about Monterey, and asked her a thousand questions about the old Spanish traditions and history. How I should like to visit the old places of the town with a guide who knew their stories! Did she know of any one whom I could secure?

"No," she said in her charming, serious manner; "unless," she added hesitatingly, "I could show you some of them. Our family has lived here very long," she said proudly, "and we used to entertain generals and governors in the olden days."

Her offer was beyond my wildest hopes, and I hastened to express my appreciation and acceptance. We continued to talk on the subject until we reached her house, which was a red-tiled adobe with white, plastered walls and a rose tree over the gate. She invited me in to meet her mother, whom I found to be a rather sturdy old lady, with strong, wrinkled, pleasant features. During my visit I was struck with the considerateness which Anita showed her. Another thing which I noticed was the tasteful arrangement of the rooms, evidently Anita's work. Before I left, it was arranged that I should call in the morning and go out with Anita to visit some of the historic buildings. That night I dreamed that I was living back in the old Spanish times, and that a fierce-looking Spaniard was my rival for Anita's favor.

The next morning opened gray with fog, which obscured the hills, and made the beautiful sapphire bay a dull silver brown. But by the time I reached Anita's house the fog was already breaking, and soon the sun was gleaming through upon hills and water. If Anita had appeared beautiful to me the day before, twice as beautiful she seemed to-day, when she met me at the door. Maybe it was the freshness of the morning, which lends to all things its charm. Maybe it was the different dress she wore, a light, shimmering affair in which she looked as graceful as a woman may. And her manner was full of a subtle fascination, that attraction against which I can steel myself ordinarily, but when one idealizes a woman he is disarmed.

We sallied forth. Anita knew every lane, every old house, and stories about every one of them. Here was Main street, and she told of the time when the wild bull ran amuck, breaking down porches and terrifying the people —until Alcalde Colton was about to order out the army, consisting of fourteen men; but a Spanish horseman, riding down the mad animal, made it helpless with one skillful throw of his lasso. Then she told of the fandangos that used to be held in the old adobe houses, now so forlorn, but which in the olden days were the scene of receptions of the most distinguished men and the gathering places for the beauty and chivalry of New California.

"Ah, the spirit of those days is gone forever, and now the world is dull," she sighed in a manner that brought me to her feet.

Anita seemed to me the very essence of delightfulness, with her innocence of look, her charm of speech, her imperialness of movement; and those who wish may laugh at my love so quickly conquering, but this second day of our acquaintance I had begun to adore her, and it seemed that I had known her a thousand years. She surpassed all women, that was undoubted. And did she not reciprocate my liking? There is a manner, a choice of phrases, above all a look in the eyes, which is a more definite declaration than words. And she, knowing how legible her gaze was, would avert it, and talk rapidly about some very impersonal topic.

Near the San Carlos Mission we came to an adobe house which was out of the ordinary in that it had a stairway on the outside, leading up to the second story. I proposed that we visit it, and asked if it did not have some interesting story or other connected with it. She glanced across the street at the house as if she had seen it for the first time, then looked at me with such a wild, terrible gaze that I was struck with the greatest confusion and astonishment. Had I inadvertently done or said something which I should not have done? But in a second her manner changed. She assumed a melancholy attitude.

"I believe that our walk has been too long," she said. "I feel unwell."

"Let us by all means start back,

then," I said. "I am more sorry than I can say that I have allowed you to tire yourself."

Nevertheless, I pondered at her sudden change of manner, and her depression on the way home. There was something mysterious about the house we had seen; perhaps it recalled some personal sorrow. But of what nature? A terrible, vague jealousy and presentiment of evil seized upon me. But when I took leave of her, and saw the pleading beauty of her cloudless eyes, my fears left me, and we parted with the understanding that the next day we should resume our trips, if she were feeling better.

That evening I paid a visit to a friend of mine, who is a lieutenant at the Presidio. He has always been like a brother to me, and I resolved to confide in him regarding Anita, how she had so quickly gained a strong hold on my affections, and yet now her conduct had given me strange uneasiness. My friend was in his room smoking and studying out some music, for he is an amateur violinist. I led up to the subject and finally came out with the whole story, which was short enough. He listened without interrupting, although he scanned my face very closely as I talked. When I had finished, he still remained silent.

"Well, old man," I said, "what is your opinion of the matter? Do you know the girl, or have you ever heard of her? In this little town it seems as if every one knows every one else, and all his affairs."

"If you insist, I will have to tell you what I know," my friend replied; "but it is too terrible. Be content to let me tell you that you can never have anything more to do with her. Forget that you have ever met her."

"You reckon lightly with my feelings," I replied rather hotly. "I tell you I love her man; that she is the one I have been looking for all these years. And she is so calm, so innocent, I would not believe anything against her without the strongest evidence."

"Very well," he continued slowly, "I will tell you her history in a few words and you are at liberty to corroborate it at your leisure. Listen! In that house where your angel would not take you she murdered her husband to whom she had been married but three days. The cause was never known. She said that it was self-defense, and she was acquitted. And there you have the facts."

My friend thought that I would be overwhelmed, but I looked on it in a different light.

"I fully believe that she was justified," I replied. "It will not alter the resolve that I had already made to ask her to marry me."

"Suit yourself," he responded. "*I* wouldn't do it."

But I did. That was four years ago. To-day, in a certain city not two hundred miles from Monterey, there is a home that is the happiest in all the world, and it is mine. And my wife, my Anita, is more beautiful than ever, and as good as she is beautiful. Long ago her tragedy was explained to me; how cowardly people were to pass judgment on her, when they did not know! But now all that is forgotten. As I write I look out into the garden and see Anita in a hammock under the cherry tree, little Anita in her arms; she is going to look like her mother, I think. I am the luckiest man in the world!



THE CHAPERON'S FATE

By Mabel Reid

IT MAKES her look younger and prettier than ever, but don't let on," Dee whispered after a prolonged inspection of her cousin Margaret, robed in the sedatest of blacks.

Willa nodded. "Though she's dignified enough to chaperon a trip to Turkey, instead of only to California. I know she won't let us look at a pair of trousers under sixty the whole way across."

"Imagine, a pair of trousers aged sixty," giggled Dee.

Sighed one mother as the train nosed its way out of the station:

"I do hope they won't get into trouble."

"I'll be worried to death till they arrive," another fretted.

But the father of the motherless one looked grave, indeed:

"Of course they will arrive safely. Many ladies travel alone now. But I'm sorry that I agreed about the chaperon. It isn't fair. And it's nothing but a silly pose, anyway."

So far as Denver, all kept its wonted conventional aspect. The trio had a drawing room on the Overland, and no one tried sociability—to Denver. You could tell the moment you crossed that intangible, but infectious line which separates East from West. Exclusiveness and reserve fled the air, as sea-fog the western sunshine. Suddenly, every one was friendly, every one enthusiastic, every one visibly and invisibly happy.

"You can fairly smell it in the air, as well as see it, feel it, and hear it," vowed Willa, coming in from dinner. "I adore it, and I mean to meet it half way. It's enchanting."

"You mean the blue eyed one with the aquiline nose," gibed Dee.

"I mean all of them—pug noses, Greek noses (only there aren't any), aquiline noses, and—just noses. Black eyes, brown eyes, green eyes and blue eyes. They're darlings all; and I'm going to get acquainted."

Margaret demurred. "I think we'd best not. Aunt Rachel warned us not to mix with the other passengers.

"Oh, the greeneyed cat and the pessimistic fiddle! They don't know anything about traveling. How can they advise me? Me, Willa McNeer, who have already traveled in free and equal pursuit of life, liberty and happiness half way across these glorious United States of America."

"There's such a nice looking mother and daughter out there in section four. Daughter about sixteen and small boy about ten. I'm going to know them," Dee announced.

"Large boy about twenty-five, too," retaliated Willa.

"Well, he isn't around much, except at meal time, and when they get off at stations. He seems to be friends with the aquiline nose. They're Eastern—the family, I mean. But the one with the nose is Western, I'm sure. My! but his eyes are blue. We met in the aisle, and he looked straight at me when he stood aside for us to pass. Then he saw Margaret, and he didn't look at me any more."

"Dee, you must be careful," Margaret warned.

"Not I. I have a chaperon to do that for me." She bowed low before Margaret. "Madame, permit me to introduce the Duke of Rochester. Mrs. Bronson, my chaperon, my lord. Fact, though, that I have never before seen

such blue eyes—sort of sea-blue, like the Pacific Ocean."

"Anything the matter with the blue of the Atlantic?" Willa queried.

"Well, Pacific sounds kind of novelistic, and appropriate to a dashing Westerner."

"You ought to finish your simile. Do say he has poppy colored hair."

Margaret broke in. "The son has gray eyes, nice ones. He didn't stare like the other; but just glanced up and stood aside politely. That shows his fine Eastern breeding."

"Here! Here!" protested Willa. "I am a native daughter, myself, and I mean to marry a native son before we start back. Then I can be chaperon on the home trip. Very likely Margaret can get a divorce from her husband at Reno, if the worst comes to the worst, and have his majesty of the gray eyes and fetching manners. Girls, we must all go back engaged. You know what a reputation the West has for loads and loads of men, just aching for girls to marry them. It would be an everlasting disgrace if we didn't all get one."

Margaret joined the laugh, then sighed. "I hate lies and pretenses."

Dee touched her soft cheek to Margaret's. "Poor darling. I wish it were not too late to give Monsieur Grey Eyes a chance. But you will make up for it, by and by. A 'husbing' these days is a mere 'inconsidered trifle.' Reno's on the route. Once you are free, Willa and I won't have enough show to clothe our self-respect."

"See if I don't! Speak for yourself, Dee Wonnel. I mean to have the time of my life. Dance? My dears, they say Western men dance like joy itself. As for cards, every Westerner is past master of the art. I dote on good dancers and card players."

On the following morning, the mother and daughter of section four and the cousins occupied neighboring chairs in the observation car. After several come and go glances and half smiles, the mother spoke to Margaret.

"It is dull traveling so far, isn't it? One can't look at scenery all the time."

"We have never been across before, and we find it lovely."

"Yes, that makes a difference. My family and I have crossed several times. My husband's parents live in San Francisco. The men have the advantage of us. My sons have made several pleasant acquaintances." She smiled. "Ladies must be more reserved."

Margaret responded demurely: "My cousins" (with a glance at the girls), "have been lamenting their petticoated condition since we arrived at Chicago. We had five hours there, yet we could not do much sight seeing alone."

"We were more fortunate, having my son for a guide. Perhaps your party and ours—— Do you play cards, Mrs.——"

"Bronson," murmured Margaret, very red. Willa choked in her handkerchief, and Dee's thumb disappeared between her scarlet lips, a trait retained from babyhood.

To herself the mother reflected: "I thought so, newly married." Aloud she volunteered:

"I am Mrs. Warren Roscoe, and this is my daughter, Louise."

Margaret introduced her cousins. Mrs. Roscoe looked closely at Willa.

"Pardon me, but are you related to former Judge McNeer of Rhodes, New Jersey?"

"He was my grandfather."

"How delightful! My husband read his first law under Judge McNeer."

So ripened the acquaintance. Ere the party adjourned, it had been arranged that they should all presently play cards together in section four. John Roscoe and his new Western acquaintance viewed this proceeding with approval from the smoker.

"So your mother's met *the* girls," remarked he of the sea-blue eyes.

"Looks that way."

"Wonder if there's any chance for us?"

John laughed doubtfully.

"Might kind of drop in casually, don't you think, Roscoe? Eastern girls are always nice, but sort of dignified and stand offish. Perhaps, if

we present our Yale and University of California diplomas, with recommendations from the heads of all the departments, and certificates of good moral character from the presidents, they might let us in on a game. But only, of course, under your mother's protecting care."

"I guess they must be rather exclusive, Laurence. You know they have a drawing room."

"No one is too exclusive for a native son, you bet your life! The little one's cute, isn't she? Look at her suck her thumb, just like a baby, while she is making up her mind which card to play next."

"The tall dark one is the beauty, though. Such eyes. And just the faintest smile in the world. That is Eastern, all right."

"Bet you! Western girls *smile*, when they smile. Cheers you up, like champagne. Cheers and inebriates, too, sometimes. The middle one is a swell player. She's keen, too. Keeps them all laughing. Shouldn't wonder if she was Western."

"Well, there's some wit left in the East, old Egotist."

"Some manners, in the West, too, old Conservatism."

Whereupon they both laughed, threw away their cigars, had a wash and a brush, and proceeded to "drop casually in" upon the players.

Mrs. Roscoe saw them before they reached her, and immediately comprehended the whole conspiracy. She hesitated. Her son, of course; but this strange Western man? He seemed very nice. It was all right for John to pick him up. Men do those things. But to introduce a strange man to three, no two, young girls—— She was ashamed of John, anyway. A Yale graduate with a pretty sister soon to bud socially ought to know better.

There was a perceptible pause, after the men descended cheerily upon the group, most solicitous for Mrs. Roscoe's comfort and entertainment. The latter ignored them so long as possible, hoping John would repent. Bob Laurence made audacious and imploring faces from behind the girls. Warren Roscoe viewed these with much mirth and a ten year understanding.

"Mother," he whispered audibly, "introduce them. The girls don't know the boys."

Mrs. Roscoe gave up and presented them very formally. "You boys had best return to your cigars. We don't wish to entertain you."

"Please let us stay," begged Bob Laurence. "We will be good. We forgot our certificates, but we are personal friends of Presidents Hadley and Wheeler. You may wire at our expense."

The ladies laughed, despite their dignity.

"Won't you intercede for us, girls?" he continued. "We are really forlornly lonesome. It would be a work of charity, Miss Bronson."

"*Mrs.* Bronson," crisply corrected Mrs. Roscoe.

Bob Laurence started. His eyes fell to the inevitable rings. Both young people reddened furiously, then Margaret grew white. For the remainder of the game she played cards badly. At its close, she excused herself and sought the drawing room. As Dee and Willa followed her after a merry rubber, Dee said penitently:

"It's too bad about Margaret. Did you notice how that Mr. Laurence acted when Mrs. Roscoe corrected him about the Mrs.?"

Willa nodded. "I suppose the folks would be shocked at our informality. But I must say that I think a world with boys in it, lots of them, all nice and young and jolly, and none of them yours particularly, and none of them wanting to be, is much incer than just women."

"M-m—well, I guest you wouldn't always want none of them to be yours for ever and ever."

"That is just what I would want. I'd hate to have a husband always around. The only fun would be to henpeck. If I didn't think I'd adore to henpeck, I'd be a bachelor girl sure; and live in apartments, with posters and pennants

and a skiddo couch. His majesty, the Duke of Roscoe, doesn't approve of me. I guess it hurts him to laugh much. I mean to be as funny as I can on purpose. I like the Western Mr. Laurence."

"A Westerner, a Westerner, a Westerner for me;
If ever I marry in all my life,
A Westerner's wife I'll——"

Her song snapped in two as she entered the drawing room door. "Why, Margaret! What's the matter, dearest?"

"Oh, I'm so ashamed. I'm nothing but a fraud. I feel just like adventuress sounds. I always did hate pretense."

"Darling, I'll go explain it to Mrs. Roscoe this minute."

Margaret clutched her. "Willa, you must not. I'd die of mortification. What would they all think? Mrs. Roscoe and—her son? Almost strangers. It is only two days, now, and we'll never see them again. I don't believe San Francisco and Senel are very close together."

"We will quit playing cards with them."

"We can't well if Mrs. Roscoe asks us, she knowing your grandfather and all. And as your chaperon, I will have to be with you. Oh, it's not the seeming older and out of the fun I mind. It is just the lie, lie, lie. But I'll be a success at it or perish. Girls, you must both help me when I—I shall *talk about my husband.*"

"You'll never dare!"

"I shall. And to-morrow. Mrs. Roscoe will wonder."

"They're coming over to play to-night."

"All of them?" faintly.

"Every blessed one. I souppse the little fellow can sit in the door."

Margaret kept her word well. Long practice as mistress of her father's house had given her poise, and hurt pride did the rest. Firmly, she kept her mental eye on her father. None but that dear parent should furnish characteristics which lent reality to a truant husband. With much dignity and sweet courtesy she presided at the little party, showing a pretty deference to Mrs. Roscoe and a most gracious care for "the pleasure of the young folk."

Mrs. Roscoe radiated approval. John thought: "What a lovely wife. How proud her husband must be."

They were speaking of their favorite games.

"I like pedro. It's such a jolly, sociable game," Dee averred.

"I, too, that and poker," laughed Bob Laurence.

"Mr. Roscoe is fond of the old-fashioned game of whist," said Mrs. Roscoe. "He accuses me of preferring cribbage out of contrariness."

"I like cribbage, too," smiled Margaret.

"And your husband?"

Dee lost count with her pegs.

"Mr. Bronson prefers bridge, being an attorney and used to intricate thinking."

"Is your husband blonde or brunette, and tall like you are?" As Mrs. Roscoe asked the question, she thought how lovely the young wife looked with her color coming and going at the mention of her husband's name.

The temptation was too enticing for Willa. "Margaret's husband is a little, scrawny, tow-headed boy. You just ought to see him. Or rather you would not notice him with Margaret."

But Margaret had herself splendidly in hand. She smiled indulgently.

"My cousin turns everything to laughter. Mr. Bronson is dark, broad-shouldered, tall, as you say, and quite dignified."

"One would know that," murmured John, apropos of the dignity. Whereat Willa laughed most merrily, if rudely, and Bob Laurence scowled.

Indeed, Willa seemed possessed to allude to "Margaret's husbing," on all occasions, appropriate and inappropriate, during the following days when the two parties were much and pleasantly together.

On the final day, they toured a city

where they had stopped for a short while. It was a tourist city, and they happened at dinner on a hotel where, the season being over, the silver and service was costly, but the food scant and scarcely to be eaten. At last Willa exclaimed:

"I've been most diligent in my effort to find something to eat in exchange for my money, but in vain. Style doesn't recompense me. Girls, let's each get even by taking our small coffee spoons to add to our collection. While I grin at the waiter to distract his attention, all four slip them out."

Accordingly it was done; but Bob Laurence, watching Margaret, saw that she left her spoon. A large question mark rose at the back of his mind. There could be but one of two answers. Bob wanted badly to know which fitted. He slipped his own spoon into his pocket—and later settled the whole matter at the desk. When the girls were discussing their prizes with much innocent elation, a little farther on, he drew his spoon forth, and offered it to Margaret with an irresistible smile.

"I got an extra one for you, Mrs. Bronson."

Margaret crimsoned. "Thank you, but please give it to the girls. I'm not making a collection."

"Margaret's pet hobby is honesty. She expects to take her husbing to heaven," teased Willa.

Bob laughed with the others; but an odd spark struck at the back of his eyes. His question was answered. Yet no one got that spoon.

After that day, the two parties traveled on different railways, each to its destination. When the girls were discussing their late acquaintances, Willa exclaimed:

"Mr. Roscoe made me tired with his everlasting perfection of manner. Eastern boys are such prigs. I liked Mr. Laurence. Did you find out where he lives, Margaret?"

"Certainly not." Chaperoning is wearing.

Arrived in Senel, the trio found themselves speedily popular. With a young son and daughter belonging to the family, and with neighbor boys and girls constantly dropping in, their Uncle Vallejo's ranch was a very gay place indeed.

"I always did like a house-party," declared that jovial banker, ranchman and State Senator. Moreover, he proved it by joining many of the festivities.

To an Eastern chum, Willa wrote a few weeks after their arrival:

"Western little towns are not pretty like they are in the East. They are straggling, hot, sandy little places. But they have an indefinable something about them that allures you, and for which they say you get homesick as you never before were homesick. Neither are Western people like Eastern. Yet they are mighty generous and jolly and independent. They frankly like you, or they frankly don't, and immediately. You know I'm considered a most shocking girl at home, too impulsive and outspoken by ninety-nine per cent; but Western outrightness makes me green with envy. Uncle Vallejo tells a story that illustrates the whole matter. Don't be shocked if I occasionally use too Western a literalness: It seems that there was a poor, homesick Western boy employed in our own New Jersey. Now there is no place where the grass is any greener, the clouds any fluffier, or the trees any pumier than in New Jersey. I can prove it by Aunt Miriam, and she ought to know, because she has spent every single hour of all her forty-five years in it.

"However, this exile had not the nicely cultivated taste to appreciate these self-evident facts. He was homesick to desperation. Said he: 'I know I'm a fool, but you don't know how grand it is at home. The sky is just so blue, and the sand is just so—sandy, and the mountains are just so, just so—you know. Oh, the sky is just so blue, and the sand is just so sandy, and the sun and the air, and the mountains, and everything is just—just so—just so damned what they are!' "

Such barbecues, such tramping, such

riding, fishing, hunting, surf-bathing, as developed from Mountain View ranch. Life became one long holiday. Suddenly, on an evening shortly after their arrival, Dee and Willa, in the midst of a joyous porch party, were startled to hear their uncle ejaculate:

"Well, if there isn't Bob Laurence home again!" He waved his hat cordially to a young man who was tying his horse in front of the gate.

"Hello, Bob!" "Hello, old man!" the young folk shouted.

"Why, it's that young Mr. Laurence we met on the train coming out here," exclaimed Willa.

"Goodness! Think of Margaret," Dee cried.

"Oh, that's nothing, if Uncle knows him. Uncle could explain anything."

Accordingly they greeted their late companion gaily.

"So you met on the train," said the Senator. "That's good. Why, the Laurences and Vallejos have been friends since forty-six, and Bob is one of the jolliest of jolly good Californians. Our bunch is now complete."

While they spoke, Margaret and a fellow tennis player blew lightly round the corner. Margaret looked very young in her short-skirted suit, with flushed cheeks, and laughing lips and eyes. As he viewed her coming Bob Laurence's expression was a study.

"Margaret," her uncle said, "here's a traveling companion of yours. Shake hands, California style, with our old friend and neighbor, Bob Laurence."

Margaret, the self-possessed and stately, gave one glance. Then, like a shy and guilty child, she stood before them all with hanging head, alternately flushing and paling, fumbling with her racket.

"How do you do, Mrs. Bronson," murmured Bob, looking decidedly upset.

"'Mrs.?' Are you crazy Bob?" exclaimed the uncle. "Margaret's but a child."

"Oh, Uncle Vallejo!" Dee gasped helplessly. Willa leaned her head on the porch rail and laughed convulsively. Bob Laurence grew furiously red, then white. Margaret suddenly turned and fled.

"What's all this nonsense?" Senator Vallejo demanded, shaking Willa erect. The story struggled forth amid shrieks of laughter from the young people.

"It was all aunt's fault, Uncle Vallejo," defended Willa. "You know she was to have chaperoned us, and what did she do but get measles, just at the last moment. Imagine the thing! If it had been paralysis, or brain fever, one might have had a little patience. But measles! *Measles!*"

"Willa proposed Margaret for chaperon, when they wouldn't let us come without one. You know she's always so dignified and reserved. And she had her mother's diamond," prompted Dee, when indignation took Willa's breath.

"They had her wear great-grandmother's wedding ring, because it was so old and reverend—and kissed by King Louis XV," gurgled Willa, the irrepressible.

The Senator ejaculated emphatically: "Lord, let me not be like a fool attorney, always scenting trouble! I thought Bronson had more judgment. Have Eastern people lost all the good common sense they acquired in the days of Thomas Jefferson?"

But not the united pleadings of "the bunch" could coax Margaret forth that day. It was only on the aunt's promise that if any dared mention the word chaperon he should forever be excluded from Mountain View joys that she ventured out the following morning.

Bob Laurence smiled boyishly at Willa when the tale was done. "Gee! John Roscoe will be glad to hear this. I thought he was rather hard hit, considering that she was taken. You know I took quite a fancy to him. He is coming down to visit me at the ranch next week, and go in for the hunting and fishing, and general California good times."

Willa elevated her nose. "I'd think his lordship would be too dignified to enjoy such informal fun as we have."

"Oh, now, he's a pretty good sort. There's more go to him than you think. We got to be great pals."

So, anon, John Roscoe appeared. That evening he was initiated into the "Mountain View Pleasure Club" with hilarious ceremony.

According to the law of opposites, it seemed, Margaret and Willa usually chummed together. The same rule, however, found its exception in the fact that they were generally attended respectively by John Roscoe and Bob Laurence. Glancing out of his window one lustrous morning, Senator Vallejo glimpsed them rowing on the lake. He called his wife's attention.

"It's surprising what an affinity those four young people have for each other. I shouldn't wonder if something came of it."

"Well, if anything results from Bob's and Willa's friendship, life will be high comedy for their neighbors. They never seem to say one sensible thing to each other. They keep themselves and friends in a constant giggle. I'd think they'd wear their brains out."

"They certainly do hold a merry tilt of wits. The other is a stately pair, if you like. It's a wonder to me that the four of them hit it off so well. John and Willa quarrel like the mischief when left alone. That is, she quarrels with him. He takes refuge in politeness, which seems to make her try all the harder to torment him."

"Eastern men are always chivalrous and deferential to women."

"Bosh! I thought I'd had you here long enough to get over such foolishness. A family that don't quarrel, don't get along. It's a wonder to me you didn't marry an Eastern man, my dear, since you admire them so much."

"No doubt I would have, if you had not been so stubborn."

"That's it. That's it. A Western man knows what he wants. Knows it quick; goes after it hard; and generally get it."

"You crow very lustily, Monsieur Chanticler."

"It's all right. Take Willa, now; as saucy a little minx as you'd ever find. John Roscoe is more than half afraid of her; but I'll wager that Bob Laurence will have his way with her, and she will go home engaged or married."

"Mercy! How sudden Western men are. If I live to be a million, I never expect to know what one will do or say next. I'd never permit a marriage. I wouldn't want it to happen to my daughter away from home, and I'll do as I'd be done by."

"Fudge!" retorted her husband.

Meantime, the four friends drifted and rowed to the time of nonsense songs and young laughter.

"Oh, the sycamore tree, heigho!
heigho!
Oh, the sycamore tree, heigho!
Put your hat on her head,
Keep her head warm,
Take a sweet kiss,
It will do you no harm,
'Twill do you much good, I know, I
know.
'Twill do you much good, heigho!"

Willa broke in to point out a passing group. "I want you to look at that. Dee and cousin Muriel with four, no five, boys trailing after them with fishing tackle."

"That's an unusually limited number for them," suggested Bob. "A dozen is more apt to compose their following. You ought not to be so slow as to let them get all the men."

"Quality and not quantity was ever my motto. That's why I select you," flashed Willa.

Bob chuckled. "It's because they are petit and blonde that they are so popular. California boys always like little blonde girls."

Willa tilted an impudent chin. "Are you not grieved that you are tall and dark, Margaret? I'm only middlin' myself. Middlin' tall, and middlin' dark. No wonder every one is so indifferent to me. They don't even hate me. And I never think much of Platonic friendships. They are too discouraging. Never one proposal."

"I'd think you two would get tired of hearing yourselves be funny," said Margaret good-humoredly.

While Bob and Willa laughed cordially at each other, John viewed them with an expression of a martyr.

"I hate to give all this up, but I really must leave Monday. A month! Bob, you're an awfully hospitable creature."

"Nothing doing. You don't go a step till my folks get home. Think I'm going to hold down a whole ranch by myself?"

Very oddly did the partners get mixed when they left the boats and tramped off through the woods. Whimsical Bob guided stately Margaret, and dignified John carefully assisted the sprightly Willa over fallen logs. More strangely yet, these young people, who usually hunted in fours, drifted in pairs down diverging paths.

And—

"What do you mean by walking off with my girl, right before my eyes?" exclaimed Bob. He grinned sheepishly, as he thrust his head in at John's door, several hours later.

"Since when have you had an exclusive right to any girl around here?" snapped John.

Bob looked him over slowly, and had a sudden thought. "Heaven help me for a fool! I believe it's Willa you've been after all this time."

"I guess I know something about the rules of guestship. I'll be more careful after this."

"The dickens you will! Gol durn your Eastern hypocrisy. All this time wasted, and Margaret going back East soon."

"Hypocrisy, indeed! Thought you liked little blondes."

After a most ecstatic wrestling match, the friends settled to graver problems.

"Do you suppose they'll have us?" questioned Bob.

"I'm sure I don't know why they should."

"No man that ever lived is good enough for a girl; but they'll just have to have us. You know, I'm—I'm awfully hard hit, John."

"Willa's sure to make game of me," quavered John. "I never before knew I was such a blasted idiot; but I never can think of one self-respecting thing to say to that girl."

Bob caught his breath. "So lovely and so stately."

"Just as I'm about to have a thought," went on John, "up goes that chin of hers, and it is such a dear little chin. Then she'll crinkle up those big eyes and begin to laugh. I didn't know girls laughed like that. And her mouth is so little and red, with such distracting dimples. You never can tell when one will pop out next, or where it will go. In order to keep from jumping up and kissing her I have to hold on to myself so tight that I just sit there like a stick. I can't even laugh."

Bob unexpectedly plunged into the shrubbery, calling: "Never talk to me. There goes Margaret out to the gallery. I mean to ask her this minute."

John gasped. Such rashness and unconventionality were shocking. Nevertheless, where one girl loitered, nearby could always be found the other. John too stepped into the park.

Margaret found a bench facing the sea. Over the hills, winged her forgotten papers, while she dreamed she knew not what idle dreams.

June lay smiling at her own loveliness, that day, under a Western deep of blueness, breathing air flooded with golden warmth and sea salt. To the south, a red road, flanked by two Dutch windmills in action, dipped into forest greenery; below, brown-legged children romped in the surf with much laughter; and far away. stretched the lustrous green enchantment of ocean.

Startlingly, Bob swept through the vines. "Writing to your Eastern husband?" he flung out, saying something he hadn't in the least intended.

Margaret turned a haughty face to the opposite direction.

"Sweetheart, then?"

A cold silence answered him.

Down on the bench beside her, Bob flung himself.

"Say you are not! You don't know how a Western man loves, when he does love. Margaret, I can't do without you. I know I'm not good enough, but please have me, dear. Oh, Margaret, I don't know how to ask you right. All I can think of is how sweet you are. I love you so, and I never asked any one before."

"I'm glad," said Margaret, simply. And turned to him an exquisitely face.

For a man with so limited an experience, Bob seemed to know very well what to do next.

Strolling disconsolately about, John came abruptly face to face with the blithe Willa.

"Good afternoon, King David. Where's Jonathan?"

"Gone to propose to Margaret," blurted out poor John.

"To propose to Margaret," almost shrieked Willa. "You're joshing."

"I never josh. Do you care?"

"Indeed, why should I care what you do. Gone to propose to Margaret. The idea!"

"Because if you don't, I have something to tell you."

"Then why in the name of sense don't you tell me. I never before saw such a dull person. Perhaps, since Bob has taken your girl, and left me forlorn, you'll have the politeness to propose to me."

The dear chin and red mouth went up, the saucy eyes started to crinkle, the districting dimples began their play once too often. John seized her and crushed her to him, his hungry lips on hers.

It was but for a fleeting second, yet a very white and heart broken Willa sprang back.

"I can't help it. I couldn't tell you before. I thought Bob wanted you. I'm *not* sorry. A girl like you ought to have a husband, and not go around setting boys crazy, and having them dream about you, and think about kissing you, and—oh, don't run away! I won't——"

But Willa had already fled from this so ardent young suitor. Like another Atalanta she fled, and John, after her in a haste not to be expected of so dignified a young man. Round the Egyptian fountain, under the historic gallows oak, over the swaying poppy beds and unexpectedly face to face with the two eloquently close together on the bench.

"Oh!" gasped Willa. "Oh!" Fleeing, she bumped against the pursuing John.

"Oh," she cried again, and hid her face in the very nearest refuge.

* * * *

"I'm positively ashamed to go home," said Dee. "Everybody's engaged but me."

While she spoke, Willa thrust a particularly radiant face out of the window, as the train panted into the home station.

"Don't pose. You had a string tied to you when you left home last spring," accused Willa.

"No such thing," flamed Dee.

SECRETS

We pass each other on life's thoroughfare,
Our thoughts and lives secure from keenest stare;
But what a turmoil and a fleeing there,
If once the secrets of each heart lay—bare.

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

Mother Love on Stagger Hill

By L. H. S. Bailey

NO name in particular had been applied to this wooded ridge in the California hills till David Thayer bought a few acres on its grassy highland, and built a small house in which he established a sort of a home. It was, however, used mainly as a sobering up resort, and the application of Stagger Hill settled gradually on the locality, as did that of Old Stagger Dave on the new resident.

It was also on account of his sometimes wandering steps and unbalanced stride that Thayer came to be regarded as old.

The stoop and gait of intoxication, the blanched features and neglected hair carried an impression as of lost youth, but Thayer was not old as it might seem, although the untrimmed beard was greying fast. When the kindly blue eyes were bleared and watery without doubt it was "old Dave" who toiled up Stagger Hill. He was sometimes made the victim of jokes and tricks by the neighbor's boys who were quite willing nevertheless to enjoy his jovial laugh and free-will offerings of candy and sweet crackers when he was sober.

Sometimes he did not stop to refresh himself at the Wayfarer's Rest on his way home from his day's work at the mill in the woods.

On these occasions he would find his cow at the bars and he would milk and feed her before he unlocked his house and kindled a fire in the fireplace in the dusty living room. Then when he would remove his musty coat and toss back his hair preparatory to cooking his supper, he was not "old Dave" of Stagger Hill., but just a strong erect laborer, who if he might confess the truth, was always surrounded with a dark cloud of loneliness, and who in his lack of pleasure and content, had little interest in his supper only to get something on the table in a haphazzard way. His bacon was oily, and the coffee strong enough, it might be said, to carry in wood or restore his absent wits.

One afternoon when going up Stagger Hill and leaving foot tracks not so uneven as usual, gloomy regretful thoughts of his long dead mother oppressed him, accompanied with his abiding sense of ostracism from his fellow humans. Since he was fourteen years old no woman had brushed his coat or cared for his comfort; he had to think most of his lonely life in western Canada, his wild life in Texas, and his long months in the Australian woods where he saw no woman at all. On Stagger Hill it was somewhat better, for once Mrs. Ault had sent her boy with a quart of soup when he had been confined to his bed for several days being presumably ill. He knew a number of children by name, and from his house he could hear voices and the sounds of wheels. On this particular gloomy afternoon when he came to the gate of his small domain the cow was not in sight, so he passed on and reached under the step for his key. It was not there, then he saw that it was in the door and that the door was ajar. He had left it open before and once a cow had stretched her long neck and eaten her fill of a sack of apples.

Reminded of the lost apples he pushed the door wide open. The back log of the fireplace was all

ablaze, and a woman sat before the fire in an arm chair holding a sleeping child in her lap—a young woman, pale and drooping, sad dark eyes looking out from a pallid set countenance. She seemed not startled or surprised.

"Is this Mr. David Thayer?" she asked.

"Yes, it is," he assented hesitatingly, as he drew himself up and threw his hat in the corner.

"I got your letter," she explained, "and two boys met me at the train and brought me up here in a buggy. They said you would be here soon, and they milked the cow and made a fire."

Thayer was entirely sober then, sober from rage and surprise. Bud Ault and Jim Baker—what wouldn't they dare to do? Once he had found a gopher snake in his bed and cats sometimes jumped out at him when he came home at night—but to bring a woman there and a baby? He smothered the remarkable words attending his wrath.

"I advertised in the Sunday paper," she resumed, not disconcerted at his silent stare, "I wanted a place to work where I could keep my baby. Your letter came right off. I was glad that you said you wouldn't mind baby, and I could have a good home. I haven't seen your wife, is she sick?

Thayer knelt down and pushed the back log into place. "She's gone out, gadding around at the neighbors," he muttered, "but you'll have to eat anyhow. Sit right still, I'll get you something."

He went out into the kitchen and returned for coals with which to start a fire in the stove. He slipped a dish of cooked beans into a pan, placed it with the coffee pot on the stove, and put some eggs to boil. After arranging the dishes on the bare table, he went out in the dusk to shake his fist in the direction of the Ault farm. "You dirty Bud, you," he raved, "to insult a nice little woman like that! I'll stay sober a month to get a chance to lick you, you little devil!"

When the odor of the coffee brought him back he poured the black fluid into two tin cups and the strange woman appeared in the door.

Baby's asleep," she said, "let me help."

He pointed to a bench. "No we'll eat now, sit down."

She complied, and he put the eggs and beans within her reach.

"'I warmed some milk for baby," she informed him in a matter of fact way," and I drank some myself—I had to, for I've had no food since a few crackers last night."

"Gosh!" Thayer set his cup down splashing out the contents. Why, is your husband dead?"

"She glanced up with a startled, shrinking expression, and was paler in the dim light of a smoking lamp

"No, he had to go East for a while and, and, I had to do something right away, or let my baby go to somebody's door for a foundling. A peanut man gave me the money to advertise. I couldn't get work in the city with a baby."

"'Well, sure not," remarked Dave sympathetically, "and you just eat everything you see, Mrs. Mrs. what's your name?"

"Don't you know?" she asked, "you wrote it on the letter."

Thayer slapped his forehead. "That's so, I did, but I work in a saw mill, and I forget sometimes. It's Mrs. Mrs. —"

"Mrs. Alice Spencer," she finished, looking about the room, "and if you'll let me stay I'll fix up this place for your wife. If she's sick I'll take good care of her. I'd be so glad and happy because I could keep my baby."

Thayer flushed red and white and dropped his knife.

"Well, I couldn't say just now," he stammered.

The baby cried out and the mother hurried into the other room. Thayer heard her soothing the child, and still imagining himself in the act of beating Bud and Jim, he wiped the dishes with a damp towel, carried the lamp to the living room, and composed his

temper as he stirred and renewed the fire in the fireplace. She couldn't stay there, and how to tell her was his problem. He stood, his hand on the mantel, and she looked a little less worn and sad, sitting before the fire, the sleeping babe on her knee, its round little face red in the glow of the blaze.

"Well, I'll have to tell you, Mrs. Spencer," he began slowly, "I lied to you to make it easier, but I never wrote that letter—the boys fooled you and I haven't got a wife. I'm no account, I'm drunk half the time and those young scamps are always playing jokes on me. This is the durnd'st trick of all, I'll beat them good if I catch them."

Staring frankly at him the woman showed no apparent surprise or horror, and she could not look any more hopeless.

"They sent me the money to come with," she explained, "and I had to come, I was starving there."

Thayer's blood stirred hot. "Your husband ought to be beat too," he exclaimed, "for leaving a wife and baby to go hungry. The officers 'll hunt him up for you when you go back."

"No," she said in the same hopeless monotone, "I can't go back. I want to stay here where there's milk for baby, and I can sing her to sleep with no one to despise me for my mistake."

Something throbbed in David's breast; he remembered that there was nothing so beautiful in the world as a mother singing her baby to sleep.

"Why couldn't your husband come here?" he almost demanded.

"No." She clasped her baby up to her breast and looked at him with a bit of stubbornness showing through her grief.

"No, Mr. Thayer," she began again, "now I'll tell you the truth. I've cried so much I don't care. There isn't any husband, he was John Spencer, but he fooled me with a mock marriage and then left me; my baby was born in the Shelter. I never knew how wicked men could be till they told me there. I've got a father in Oregon, but I shan't tell him. Let me stay here, you've got a good face, you look like Santa Claus, and I know you'd let me keep my baby—she isn't to blame for what happened." She dropped a light kiss on the infant's soft hair.

"O, my Lord," groaned Thayer, "the neighbors would have me arrested, but I wish I could horse whip that Spencer—the coward! Girl, if I'd only had that chance! I'd be a sober man, and a proud man if I had a woman and baby to work for, and by Heavens, girl, I wish they was you. But I'm afraid I'm no good, I'm Stagger Dave."

A faint smile dawned on the girl's face. "But you ain't as bad as me," she affirmed, "I'm ruined, and you are a big strong man, big enough to fight even yourself and win out good."

"Girl, would you trust me?" he cried out exultantly, towering up to his full height.

"You can do things, I know," she said positively, "you look like a picture of Thor in my old school Reader."

He smiled suddenly, glad-eyed, then quickly took a flask from his pocket and threw it on the hearth. He dragged the girl away in her chair as the liquor caught in a flame.

"No more of that," he cried exultingly, "John Thayer's got a wife and a baby. Girl, do you understand? It's home, home."

She looked about with eyes suddenly rested.

"I can cook," she announced, "and we'll paper this room, and have ferns and make it look lovely. My baby will have plenty of milk and a pretty cap. I'll call her Alma Thayer. " She looked up with an air of pride.

He took her hand and held it in a tight grasp for a moment.

"We were both lost, but we've found each other," he said earnestly, then dropped her hand and stood in reflection, till he was ready to explain.

"It's this way, girl," he announced, "you can stay a few weeks with Mrs. Ault. I used to know a Jack Spencer, and I'll tell them you're the widow of

an old friend of mine, and after a little they'll have an idea that we might get married, if I hold out sober, and I will. Now put on your hat Mrs. Spencer, and mother Ault will pet you like a baby, you being the widow of an old friend of mine. Bud is full of tricks but he's a good boy, and the joke's on him, he not knowing that Spencer was my friend. We'll go to the city to get married and they'll never know you wasn't a real widow."

Her eyes were luminous with gratitude. "I must fill baby's bottle again," she murmured, "and now I can always keep her, my sweet Alma, and she'll have a real father." She stood up, and reaching her free arm around Thayer's neck, she kissed him on his weather-browned cheek.

THE GRAND CANYON OF COLORADO

As once primeval man looked o'er this rim
In that dim age that mothered human kind,
And like a bird soared out in fancy's whim
So do I spread my dream-wings to the wind.

Perhaps a thousand centuries ago
He lingered here and mused alone with God,
And gazed adown upon each tall plateau
Whose heights no human foot has ever trod.

Oh, wondrous realm, what is thy history?
What pristine action formed thy massive walls,
What was the great still unsolved mystery
Which wrought thy domes and carved thy granite halls?

Thy high plateaus with lofty crags that soar
In stately towers are like the legends tell
Of some colossal town of fabled lore
With mighty palaces where giants dwell.

Each day the beauty of this fairy realm
In magic bands has held me tightly bound.
My deep-enraptured soul doth overwhelm,
And fairy webs do weave my heart around.

Yet must I leave, oh, fair enchanted land!
But keep my heart; its place is thy domain.
Oft will my thoughts be with thee, canyon grand,
Oft in my dreams I'll visit thee again.

ALEXANDER ROSS.

An Amazing Theatrical Situation

By Robert Grau

THAT the theatrical business in this country is in a serious condition is best shown by the partial amalgamation of the two rival syndicates who for years indulged in a competition that has meant the almost complete capitalization of the modern play producer who no longer seems willing to assume risks, and even now, with the Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger and the Messrs. Shubert operating under a friendly working agreement, there is very little hope that this state of affairs will tempt the producer to activity.

Charles Frohman, who has been by far the most prolific of producers of plays, is curtailing his output in this country and retiring entirely from activity abroad. The firm of Liebler and Company, who heretofore have made from fifteen to twenty productions a year, is entirely averse to new productions and will confine itself to maintaining its present successes. They also have given up the Century Theatre—late the New Theatre—and this institution will next season become the home of popular-priced opera.

The situation in New York is something awful; the Broadway Theatre, one of the finest playhouses in this country, has become a ten cent moving picture house; Wallack's and Daly's of historical renown, are dark now for months, and Marcus Loew is looked upon as the next lessee of both. This means that on Broadway from 28th Street to 42nd Street, eight out of the ten high grade playhouses will have reverted to the camera man. But that is not all. The Astor Theatre is drawing the people at a dollar-a-seat to see "Quo Vadis" in motion pictures, and even the Criterion Theatre is due to become a convert to scientific entertaining, for Jack London's Moving Pictures are exhibited there, and at the Lyceum Theatre, the camera man is already installed.

Over in Philadelphia, the Metropolitan Opera House, erected by the intrepid Oscar Hammerstein, has fallen in the hands of a moving picture syndicate, headed by the irrepressible Marcus Loew, though grand opera will be given there fifty nights a year.

Fortunately the great demand for players and singers in the studios of the film producers has prevented disaster as far as the players themselves are concerned, and where a few years ago these were wont to regard the film studio with caution, they are now falling over each other in an effort to intrench themselves in an industry that many believe will utilize more actors and actresses of the first grade than the stage, and that, too, within a very short time.

With Sarah Bernhardt appearing at a Broadway vaudeville theatre, seemingly with grace and dignity, while three blocks away in a million dollar playhouse, abandoned by the theatrical syndicate, the great French woman's artistry is revealed on the screen—who shall say that the stage calling is not facing a most difficult problem?—that of holding fast the patronage of playgoers who are gradually being enticed away from the two dollar-a-seat theatres, and once lured into theatres just as beautiful and in some instances more modern, the head of a family has been brought to realize that he can obtain a fair grade of

entertainment for the entire family at less expenditure than heretofore required for himself alone.

That this explanation of the modern trend of the theatre is potent is best illustrated, when it is stated that at the vaudeville opening of the Metropolitan Opera House in Philadelphia an audience of five thousand included nearly all of the box-holders of the regular opera season, and to one not informed of the change, the auditorium represented all of the splendor of a gala Caruso night, yet no seat cost its purchaser more than twenty-five cents.

In this same Quaker city there are at this time more than fifty theatres seating from six hundred to forty-five hundred that were not in existence three years ago. All are devoted to the silent drama with a very few presenting vaudeville acts. But the tendency now is to separate the two types of entertainment.

Notwithstanding the number of theatres, permanently devoted to cheap amusements in Philadelphia, all but three of the twelve high-grade playhouses will revert to the camera man throughout the summer season, and already it is settled that at least two of these will not reopen in the fall under the old regime. One will become a low-priced dramatic "stock house," the other will revive comic opera with every seat in the house available at twenty-five cents.

At the time of this writing, the City of Chicago is attracting the attention of the entire amusement world, because of the upheaval created through an effort on the part of the theatre owners to prevent utter disaster. The season of 1912-13 in the windy city has been the worst in thirty years. Chicago has two hundred vaudeville theatres and over five hundred photo-play houses.

One of the oldest playhouses in Chicago is Powers' Theatre. Mr. Powers has had a most disastrous season, and he concluded that with the "pop" houses presenting in one programme two stars, like Amelia Bingham and McKee Rankin, and with no seat costing more than ten cents, the time had come when the play producer and the theatre manager must meet the issue.

Mr. Powers met the issue in a manner that has caused theatrical interests all over the country to look on in amazement. Starting with the production of a new play, "The Money Moon," Mr. Powers announced that all seats remaining unsold at 7:30 p. m. would be available to first-comers at 50 cents each; a line two blocks long congregated in front of Powers' Theatre, a sight not on view there in years, hundreds were turned away unable to gain an entrance, in fact so great were the crowds that Mr. Powers was forced to change the time from 7:30 to 8 p. m., when the "bargain" sale starts.

Two managers in Chicago have announced a policy quite similar, while in other cities the same plan is to be adopted in the fall whenever it is possible to obtain the consent of the visiting stars and managers.

That the situation in the larger cities is serious may be seen from the fact that in Chicago three playhouses heretofore playing the best attractions at high prices have been permanently leased this week by a wealthy film magnate, this means that historical McVickers, the Colonial and the Olympic theatres are to become photo-play houses.

In New York City one man has converted seventeen playhouses into money-making institutions. In not one of these theatres is there a seat costing more than twenty-five cents, while at such well known theatres as the Broadway, the Herald Square and the Savoy fifteen cents is the highest price one can pay.

The man to create this evolution in theatredom is Marcus Loew, who less than seven years ago was operating a penny arcade in Harlem. Not satisfied with the conversion of one-third of the metropolitan playhouses into "pop" vaudeville and motion picture establishments, Mr. Loew has erected

in the last two years four palatial theatres in hithertofore unused theatrical territory. Each of these cost from $600,000 to $1,000,000 to erect; all are open from 10 a. m. to 11 p. m., and it is a fair estimate to state that 30,000 persons pay an average of ten cents each in each house every week.

Will the low-priced fever operate against the best plays presented at the scale prevailing in theatres of the first grade? This is the problem confronting the play-producers of today, and there are many who believe that instead of meaning ultimate disaster to the older method of catering to the public's entertainment, the millions of new play-goers and amusement seekers, originally lured in to the cheap theatres by the attractive scale of admission prices, may yet prove the salvation of the stage calling.

But the play producers must be brought to realize that these millions represent a new public that is on the alert for "bargains," such as Mr. Powers offered with an immediate response.

It would seem that the popular theatre of tomorrow will be one of large seating capacity, that will admit of "bargains" in seat prices.

Aside from these the tendency is toward "The Little Theatre" seating about three hundred, where the intimate play will be seen by that minority public to whom $2.00 a seat is not a hardship.

THE COYOTE'S MOON-SONG

When cloudless in the purple sky
The silver moon is hanging high,
And all the moaning winds are still,
It rises from the lonely hill,
A long crescendo full of pain,
Or wails across the dusty plain;
Or haunts the canyon boulder-piled,
The miserere of the wild.

A ghostly, gliding shape of gray,
A slinking form that shuns the day,
A thief, an outcast, hungry, lean,
Of habits shy, and spirit mean,
Half wolf, half dog, beneath a ban
From savage beast and hostile man,
No sympathetic friend he knows,
So voices to the moon his woes.

MINNIE IRVING.



The Hottest Day of the Year

By Margaret Adelaide Wilson

THE thermometer registered 112 in the shade that day. One writes it with hesitation, lest the printed figures convey an impression of discomfort beyond the actual fact, the dryness of our desert air making it possible to work unoppressed by temperatures that elsewhere would be unendurable. It was unmistakably hot to-day, however. One deliberately avoided the open stretches in moving about the ranch; and down in the apricots Luvo and Aernas made frequent pilgrimages to the dripping olla, swung in the leafage of the end tree, as if even in their seasoned old bodies an unusual process of evaporation were going on.

When it was found at luncheon that my sister and I would have to make a trip to the village on business, we became the objects of general commisseration. It is a casual affair with us on most days, that seven mile drive across the valley to the rambling village of San Acacia, but today we were carefully provisioned for the ordeal ahead of us. A thermos bottle full of hot tea and sandwiches wrapt in a damp napkin were stowed under the seat for our refreshment; we were given the choice of three sunshades and practically all the family hats, and the household gathered about the dogcart to see us off.

Having braced ourselves for the worst, we took a kind of pleasure in observing the effects of the heat along the way. Bare stubble fields fairly smoked; the occasional patches of alfalfa were wilted beneath the unrelenting sun. And when now and again we passed a clump of shade the relief was one of sight rather than of sense, for grateful as was the cessation of the glare, the air under the trees was more oppressive than in the open.

Yet the drive began to develop pleasant aspects. The air, burned clear of every drop of moisture, was light and delicious to the lungs. From the unclaimed lands came the spice of baking sages, horehound, and the tonic Yerba Santa, whose viscid leaves had curled and humped their silvery backs against the sky, heralding to those versed in plant lore the intensity of the sun's fires above them. There was exhileration in these spice breaths, in their hot tang against our nostrils. The heat caressed our arms and throbbed against our necks; little fiery breezes stirred our hair; we were hot through, yet comfortable.

Other discoveries too, we made about this hottest day. Never before had we seen such effects of color. Westward across the plain lies a Spanish ranch, bare and unlovely in glare of ordinary noontides. Now that treeless stretch was veiled in liquid rose, the low cattle pond in its midst was transformed by the shifting heat waves into a lake of flashing sapphire. Dun and violet hills stood out in bold relief against a sky of unfathomable blues. Their colors seemed not so much to belong to them as to be ethereal mediums by which the wide prospect was enhanced for our delight.

Half way across the valley a low chain of hills rises up abruptly from the level ground. On their northern flank we came upon an Indian encampment under giant blue gums, pioneers of civilization in this corner of the plain. It was evidently not merely an affair of fruit picking season, for pains had been taken to make the spot habitable. The tents were disposed so as to take advantage of the shade, and a rough pavilion of palm branches had been erected beside the marshy brink of an abandoned flowing well. Against

the hillside across the road was a low adobe oven of rough cigar shape and fitted with a battered iron door. So completely did it tone in with the grey soil above that we should probably have missed this picturesque feature of the encampment but for the use to which it was being put. Three slim Indian lads were astride it in a row, brandishing horsehair ropes with which in turn they belabored their phlegmatic steed and lassoed the heads of the unresisting sages nearby, at the imminent risk of entangling each other. They were guiltless of any sort of garment, a fact which somehow seemed as natural to us as it did to the fat squaws, their mothers, busy at their hairdressing in the pavilion across the road. The sun evidently found it all right and proper, too, and caressed the shining little brown backs as if by some right immemorial.

We found the village quite empty, except for a large touring car drawn up beside the bank. Two Spanish ladies sat in the tonneau, chatting gaily through their bright swathings of veils, and they smiled at us with an air of pleasant comradship as we trotted up. Our business transacted, we escaped from the stifling bank as quickly as possible and driving past the shaded lifeless houses to the end of the village street pulled up under a fine old catalpa to have our tea. Northward simmered a long stretch of alkali, broken by the vivid green of the cottonwoods along the river bed; westward, down a white ribbon of road, lay the mesa, already gathering glorious tints from the declining sun.

Never had sandwiches and tea tasted more delicious, and we lingered luxurously over the feast. The crumbs went to a mocking bird who had been eyeing us hungrily from a branch overhead; and having given the pony his refreshments at an unsanitary looking old drinking trough beside an empty cabin, we started upon our homeward way.

By this time the heat had perceptibly abated, and the valley was beginning to show signs of revived animation. Some Mexican squatters in the old Madero house had come out to the sagging verandah, where the women were rocking and fanning themselves with a languid grace that even the shabbiness of their surroundings could not dim. A romantic looking youth on the steps toyed carelessly with a guitar. The full flavor of his attitude was somewhat lost, however, by occasional interruptions to chase off a too inquisitive rooster from the bottom step.

At the first ranch outside of town they were irrigating, and the little streams along the brown furrows gave an aspect of coolness and comfort to the scene. Two middle aged women in neat white dresses, New Englanders, we judged them to be, were sewing on the tiny side porch, while a brindled tabby made her fastidious toilet on a cushion at their feet. The homely, settled comfort of the little group seemed oddly out of place in this fierce young desert country.

Much more in harmony with their surroundings were the campers by the abandoned well. The squaws had finished their hairdressing and were making tortillas as we passed, crooning hoarsely to the rhythmic slap of the dough as they tossed it up and down. From the mouth of the 'dobe oven glowed a crimson eye of fire, and one of the naked little riders was busy stoking its recesses with dry bits of greasewood from the hill above. Everywhere were signs of approaching night. By sundown the braves would begin to stroll home from work, dark face would flash greeting to dark face as they gathered for the common meal. Afterward they would sit awhile in the warm darkness, then turn to sleep with the rest of the world while the cool sea-wind wandered up through the western pass, bringing relief to the parched and weary earth, and the leaves of the Yerba Santa turned gently up again, whispering that the hottest day of the year was past.



Joaquin Miller writing at Crater Lake, Oregon.

THE LITERATURE OF OREGON

By Henry Meade Bland

THE YEAR 1898 marks the beginning of the latest era of Oregon literature. It was at this time that a new school clustering around the new Pacific Monthly magazine began to draw around it not only what was left of the pioneer group, but from the entire Pacific Coast. William Bittle Wells, who established the new periodical, combined literary instincts with the executive ability necessary to the handling of the business side of the magazine; and while the publication was in the interest of the development of the great Northwest, veins of promising literature began and continued to appear throughout its pages. A striking note early and strong was that of Charles Erskine Scott Wood, who could easily turn from essay and politics to literary theme and discussion as in his lines on "October" to attractive verse. The names of Lute Pease, author of short stories of a Western flavor; of Porter Garnett, whose short and trenchant literary criticism compelled the respect of writers of all classes, and of Berton Braley, Adelaide Wilson and Charles Clark, whose poetry gave an esthetic tone to the magazine, are some (by no means all) who deserve a record.

Our story of this phase of Northwest literature begins, however, further back when the State was yet a



The Willamette River. A view of Oregon City.



Ella Higginson, author of poems and stories.

wilderness. The pioneer of Oregon first made his way into the State in face of a tremendous battle. The Oregon trail from the Missouri River was no path of ease. And in a new country, where new ways of living had to be learned, where heavy primeval forests had to be hewed to make way for living, where savage Indian tribes had to be pacified or conquered, the battle of life was not calculated to reflect itself in Arcadian pastorals or sylvan odes. Consequently the early Oregonian writings were stamped with the intense seriousness born of terrific endeavor. Hence, the religious cast of the early poem and essay. The Bible was the chief, many times the only, volume in the primitive library, and the early writers were deeply devout in a life so attendant with dangers that it was considered miraculous that one should survive.

Standing in the lead of the writers who were formed by this early stern, serious religious environment is James G. Clark, a poet of the church and the soul. "There is no death," he says:

> "No life nor day declining,
> Beyond the day's departing light
> The sun is always shining."

His best work is in "The Mount of the Holy Cross," his theme in this being the mountain in Colorado known by that name. The poem is tinged with his characteristic thought; but it is not lacking in imagination, which is the possession of the true poet.

"It shall never grow old while the sea-breath is drawn
From the lips of the billow at evening and dawn,
While Heaven's pure fingers transfigures the dews
And with garlands of frost-work its beauty renews."

Along the line of this same austere thought is the one poem surviving from the pen of Blanche Fearing, "Let Him Sleep." Totally blind, Miss Fearing appeared before her Oregon audience long enough to implant the lines which continue to live, and then disappeared no one knows where.

Her one book is "The Sleeping World," and the poem by which she is rightly remembered is:

Let Him Sleep.

Oh, do not wake the little one,
With flowing curl upon his face,
Like strands of light dropped from the sun,
And mingled there in golden grace!
Oh, tell him not the moments run
Through life's frail fingers in swift chase!
Let him sleep, let him sleep!

There comes a day when light is pain,
When he will lean his head away,
And sunward hold his palm to gain
A respite from the glare of day;
For no fond lip will smile, and say,
Let him sleep, let him sleep!

Hush! hush! wake not the child!
Just now a light shone from within,

And through his lips an angel smiled,
Too fresh from heaven for grief to win;
Oh! Children are God's undefiled,
Too fresh from heaven to dream of sin!
Let him sleep, let him sleep!

Among these early "sorrow-singers" are also to be named Belle Cooke, who wrote:

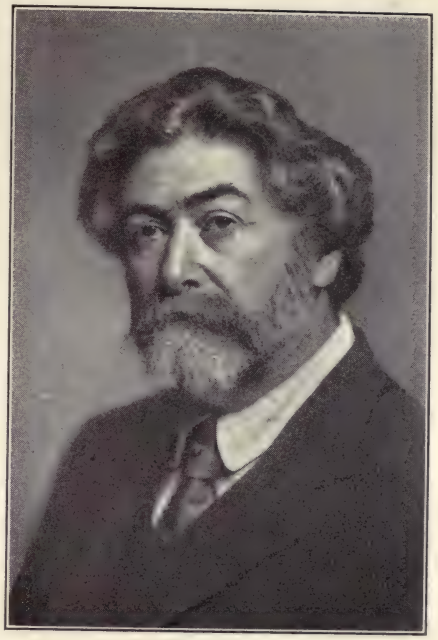
"I know not what the day may bring
Of sorrow or of sweetness;
I only know that God must give
Its measure of completement,"

lines which began a four-stanza poem entitled, "I know not." "Minnie Myrtle," first wife of Joaquin Miller, whose maiden name was Theresa Dyer is also of this school. Illustrating the tenor of her tempestuous life, the following stanza survices out of many verses contributed to Oregon papers:

"I am conscript—hurried to battle
With Fates—yet I fain would be
Vanquished and silenced forever
And driven back to my sea.
Oh! to leave this strife, this turmoil,
Leave all undone, and skim
With the clouds that flee to the hill tops
And rest forever with Him."

Even the great poet Joaquin was not exempt from this early note of melancholy and sadness, as is seen in his first printed piece, "Is It Worth While?"

At last Oregon letters began to lose its doleful tinge and broaden out into hope and beauty, and a more wholesome appreciation of the Divinity as seen in great white mountain, magic shining rivers, and in wonderful seas. And prose writer and poet began to realize, too, what wondrous treasures Oregon upland and lowland were ready to yield even at a minimum of toil to her people who were ready for the work. The problem on the farm was not so much to cultivate as it was to keep the weeds and wild shrub back while the vegetable, the tame tree, and shrub grew.



Charles Erskine Scott Wood, writer of verse and prose.

It is not strange that the new age began to call out and develop new minds, men and women who saw anew. It is not strange when these men and women lifted their eyes to look at Mount Hood, or thought on the magic stretches and graceful curves of the Willamette or Columbia, or gazed on the Pacific, now a tumult of storm, now bathed in Arcadian sunlight, that the new literature was alive with new strength and beauty. The name Oregon, which means "Hear the Waters," is significant of the dashings of the Columbia and Willamette and the splendid breakers of the Pacific as well as of the music of a thousand flashing rills and streams, which break everywhere from the Oregonian highlands.

Hence the literature of this later time is pregnant with description of wonderful and inspiring waters in streams fed by snows from eternally white hills. The big trio of Oregon writers, Mrs. Ella Wentworth Higgin-



Oneata Gorge, Columbia River

son, Samuel Simpson and Joaquin Miller (when he writes of Oregon), as well as a host of minor singers, do not get far from the magic waters or the snowy hills. Samuel Simpson's best work, "The Beautiful Willamette," and Mrs. Higginson's three poems, "The Lamp in the West," "When the Birds Go North Again," and "Sunrise on the Willamette," illustrate the same trend. And Joaquin Miller's essays in "Memorie and Rime," under the titles "In the Land of the Clouds," "An Old Oregonian in the Snow," "At Home," "Fishing in Oregon Waters," and the "North Pacific Ocean," as well as numerous selections from his poems, all tell the same story. Miller himself held that he was a "poet of the waters" and that however he failed in portraying a scene on land, he was master of the music of river and sea. And it is true. In "The Fortunate Isles," in "The Missouri," in "Columbus," the big symbols are all of wonderful waters. His "Song of Creation" is a great poem of the Pacific.

Another side of Oregon literature not to be overlooked deals with Indian and pioneer story. Mrs. Eva Emery Dye, who wrote "McLoughlin and Old Oregon," has in this book given the true spirit of the relation between primitive settler and the Red Man. Her style is clear and to the point, and her themes fascinating. Frederic Homer Balch in a story, "The Bridge of the Gods," has fastened in literature the Indian tradition of a vast span of a mountain underneath which at the Cascades the Columbia once flowed. Indeed a mixture of scientific evidence and tradition shows that a gigantic natural arch once arched the Columbia River at the Cascades; and it seems this was thrown down by an earthquake which disturbed Mt. Hood and Mt. St. Helens. The Indians say these two mountains, one on either side of the river, quarreled and threw tremendous boulders at each other. The earth trembled, and the great stone span fell into the stream. The Indians say that the destruction of this bridge marked their downfall, as the

Great Spirit had ordained that they should be invulnerable till this mighty bridge fell. Its fall, they say, presaged the coming of the whites. Mr. Balch's treatment of this story puts him in the rank of the big Northwest story tellers.

Crater Lake, another of Oregon's natural wonders, once inspired the prose muse of Joaquin Miller; and Oregon's gigantic white-crowned mountain peaks have often been the theme of song, and like the wonderful Columbia, with its storied natural bridge, like Crater Lake, and like the sylph-like Willamette, these peaks are a continued source of inspiration.

While Mrs. Higginson's work that has attracted widest attention is her short stories, two of her songs mark her as a real lyrist. One, "Four-Leaf Clover," is well known. The other, "When the Birds Go North Again," deserves a re-record:

When the Birds Go North Again.

Oh, every year hath its winter,
And every year hath its rain;
But a day is always coming
When the birds go North again.

When new leaves swell in the forest,
And grass springs green on the plain
And the alder's veins turn crimson,
And the birds go North again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain;
But a day is always coming
When the birds go North again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember,
If courage be on the wane,
When the cold, dark days are over—
When the birds go North again.

Nor must be forgotten her "Low Brown Hills," referring to San Francisco:

"Tell me the secret of this charm,
That ever, night and day,
From greener lands and sweeter lands
Draws thought and dream away



Bridal Veil Falls, Oregon.



Mt. Hood from Lost Lake; height 11,225 feet. *Copyright by Benj. A. Gifford, The Dalles, Ore.*

To the low brown hills, the bare brown hills
Of San Francisco Bay."

Oregon must be allowed to claim the birth-place of Edwin Markham. Born in Oregon City in 1852, he lived there with his widowed mother for five years when Mrs. Markham, with her two boys moved to California.

The influence of Oregon upon the child was doubtless through his mother who had a touch of the poetic gift and wrote verses for many Oregonian papers. Perhaps it is enough for a State to have been the birthplace of the author of the "Man With the Hoe."

There can be no doubt, however, that the land of the Columbia and Willamette had vital influence direct upon the poetry of Joaquin Miller; and probably the clearest point of contact was at the time the poet ran the Miller and Mossman Express, carrying mail and gold dust to the mines of Eastern Oregon. Here in early morning rides he learned to know the glory of the dawn as no poet before him knew it, except perhaps Robert Browning. Every tribe of East Oregonian Indian had looked to these snow-crowned ranges, and had picked out a white peak which, for the tribe, became a "Sunrise Mountain," for the Indian worshipped the white splendor of the dawn. These radiant sunrise mountains, Miller, who readily picked up esthetic Indian traits, found a source of great appeal; and I am ready to believe it was this experience that enabled him to write later such stanzas as the last in "Sunrise in Venice," beginning:

"The East is blossoming, yea, a rose."

Critics have said that Miller in writing this burst was influenced by his friend, Robert Browning's

"Day!
Faster and more fast
O'er night's brim day boils at last."

It is worth while to compare the two. Yet no one can doubt that Miller could have written this independently who has seen the sunrise clear over snow-white California Sierras, where the effect is the same as in the Rockies of Eastern Oregon and Idaho.

Samuel L. Simpson, writer of the "Beautiful Willamette," is named by Professor John B. Horner as "The Burns of Oregon." However true this parallel is, no very deep study of Simpson's verse need be made to show that both Edgar Allen Poe and Lord Byron also had a strong influence upon him. Poe's "Aidenn" is woven in his lines on the Willamette. And as Byron in the "Apostrophe to the Ocean" wrote:

"Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow,
Such as Creation's dawn beheld thou rollest now,"

So Simpson writes:

"Time that scars us,
Maims and mars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee."

Poe's influence on Simpson is further seen in lines "To a Feather." The brief sketch of Simpson at our disposal, together with a perusal of his poems, reveals a life out of which something has been lost never to be recovered, a life touched with the divine light, wavering in the midst of clouds. Perhaps, had he been more devoted to the muse, had not the lure of journalism absorbed his heart and time, the work of which "The Beautiful Willamette" is a clear prophecy would have been achieved. Perhaps it is enough for one man to have created a State's greatest poem to its most lovable river.



A row of eucalyptus trees in Berkeley.

Hillside Homes in California

By Roger Sprague

PERHAPS the most favored city dwellers is the one who does not dwell in the city; to be more explicit, the surburban resident. However, the advantages which he enjoys have been enumerated too often to make it worth while to recapitulate them here. His disadvantages have been the butt of too many witticisms. Rather, it is the purpose of this sketch to portray a few of the features to be found in one of the surburban communities of the Pacific coast—one of those tributary to San Francisco.

In any delightful residential suburb, it is always possible to find homes which are truly works of art as are the paintings and statues displayed in our galleries or museums. Upon their adornment has been lavished all the care and thought that would enter into a multiplicity of pictures, for such a place must be an artistic composition when seen at any angle.

What beautiful homes may be found on the foot-hills two or three miles to the east of San Francisco bay! There they stand, crowning low hills, overlooking the broad stretch of harbor, with the Golden Gate in full view, and the city itself less than ten miles away, its heights rising from the opposite side of the water. Surely such a site should stimulate both architect and builder to do their best. In fact, it has.

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The little electric train had arrived at the end of the avenue. From the yellow wooden box which serves as a station, I looked up at the Berkeley hills. The first object which caught my eye was an immense structure,

planned for a hotel, standing at the very foot of the heights.

Behind that building, there rose a dark grove of giant eucalyptus trees, whose dense masses formed an appropriate background for its architecture, and served to bring out every detail—the yellow walls striped with brown, the yellow chimneys and red roof pierced by a score of triangular dormer windows, and the square tower, surmounted by a cupola and flagstaff, which crowned the edifice. It was in the base of this tower that the deep archway of the main entrance had been set.

That edifice was the outcome of an ambitious dream, which so far has not been realized. Projected ten years ago, its progress has been fitful. Structurally complete, it still remains unfinished and unfurnished within. While it has been hanging in abeyance, a surburban community has been growing on the lower ground before it, to make another link in the chain of similar communities that stretch along the base of the hills. The more pretentious residences have been built on the foot-hills.

Of these, the first to catch the eye lifts its gray concrete walls, crowned by a red tiled roof, from the midst of a sumptuous garden. The triple archway of the portico is reached by means of a score of wide concrete steps ornamented with bushes in green tubs, and guarded at the summit by a pair of snarling stone lions, each of whom opens his jaws in a most unfriendly grin, while resting one paw on a shield which stands before him. It would seem as though these ferocious beasts might have been set more appropriately at the entrance to the garage, there to warn away the thief that comes to steal the automobile. Their presence at a point where they seem to repel the friendly guest gives an inhospitable impression.

Everywhere the tone is one of studied artificiality from the multiplicity of windows which pierce the concrete walls, to the lawn decorated with marble urns set on marble columns, down



The doorway of a suburban home.

to the immaculate road which circles the brow of the hill, below which a belt fifty feet broad on the steep slope has been planted with parallel lines of red geranium. The trim concrete retaining-wall is hidden by the green and scarlet of another row of the same plant, which is matched by a similar row at the foot of the wall of the house.

On the sunny side, the broad verandah, which faces the garage and is enclosed by a semi-circular colonade, affords a sheltered and comparatively secluded retreat, where guests may be entertained at dinner. Dark green vines, spattered with blossoms of brilliant scarlet, clamber up the columns and trail on the trellis overhead. In the evening delicately tinted incandescent lights, artfully placed in the foliage, turn their soft glow on the dining tables, and lend an additional charm to the scene.

Novelists and romancers of the florid school delight in refering to "green



Home of E. M. Marquis on Russell Street.

velvet" lawns. Here is a case where the term seems the only one to employ, so perfectly does it apply. Cropped and shaved to the last degree of precision, that mat of green is the perfection of its sort. On the further side of the lawn run fifty yards of colonnade, leading from verandah to garage. Behind it rises a dense screen of shrubbery. The gardening is immaculate, and wherever we look, whatever we see, that is the term which fits best.

In fact, the appointments are too perfect. Somehow, an impression is left similar to the one made by a well-groomed city man, just after he has passed through the hands of the tonsorial artist. Trimmed, manicured, shaved and powdered; his clothing tailored and pressed to perfection; his hat and his boots glossy and gleaming, he seems to belong to a metropolitan environment and to no other. So is it with that residence; a beautiful home, but better suited to the city than to the country.

A hundred yards beyond this palace, a home of a very different type nestles against the side of the hill. It faces squarely to the west. Placed on a lot of the narrowest, a scant fifty feet in width, room has still been saved for a garden, in which it seems as though every available inch has been utilized for ornamental vegetation. Scarlet geraniums completely hide the low retaining-wall, which is pierced by a little wooden gate, framed in ivy and overhung by the brilliant pink of ivy geraniums. Inside of this, a flight of wooden stairs ascends. There perhaps a fluffy white Persian cat reclines, basking in the afternoon sunshine.

Behind the retaining-wall a tiny lawn rises, from which springs the front of the house. It is of frame construction, covered with dark shingles to match those on the roof. In the dark wall are set white-framed windows, cut into dozens of little panes. On the topmost floor, great bunches of ivy geranium burst forth from the windows and sleeping-porch, the pink of the blossoms contrasting vividly with the bright green of the leaves. Nor are these the only touches of vegetation on that wall. A

mantle of ivy half covers the chimney, which has been carried up the outside of the building.

While that house has not been overshadowed with trees, as residences located in spacious grounds often are, yet trees are not entirely lacking. A young eucalyptus stands by the side of the steps, while a young maple has been planted by the side of the sidewalk. It would be a foolish task to itemize every plant and shrub. We can only repeat that every available inch has been utilized for ornamental vegetation, and this has been done with such exquisite taste that nothing is eclipsed by the rest; we see a garden, not a jungle.

When the beams of the warm afternoon sun fall full on the front of that little home, causing every color to glow and sparkle; as the eye of the observer rises from one feature to another—from the scarlet blossoms against the retaining-wall, and the green of the little lawn, to the white-framed windows set in their brown background, and to those magnificent masses of ivy geranium which dominate all the rest, the impression received is that of a perfect picture.

A contrast—in some form—is always needed for the full enjoyment of anything. To enjoy rest, we must be weary. To enjoy food, we must be hungry. For the proper appreciation of all good things, it is necessary to have known the lack. In this case, we do not have to go far to find the requisite contrast.

A scant hundred feet further up the road, there stands another home which forms the complete antithesis—where signs of refined taste are as lacking as they are conspicuous in the case just described. Built in nearly the same style, almost no attempt has been made towards ornamentation by means of plants and flowers. It's true there is a lawn, but no one would dream comparing it to green velvet, for it is a mass of weeds. The shingled walls are as bare as they were the day the builders completed their work. The few sickly plants which



A Berkeley street.

languish below them would hardly be noticed except by the keen scrutiny of a Sherlock Holmes. Not even the dark red of an outside chimney serves to relieve the wall. The entrance is reached by a stiff angular flight of wooden steps, placed at one corner. No tree has been planted to protect their ugliness. In short, the beholder sees at a glance how unattractive that type of residence may be when left bare and unadorned.

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It is not necessary for these homes to cling to the hillside. A hundred regal residences might be set on the summits of the spurs which protrude from the main body of the hills and fringe their base for leagues. Below their slopes, the long straight streets of the town stretches for three miles to the bay.

A few hundred yards to the south, an outstanding foot-hill is crowned by a residence which cannot be criticised as unsuitable to the country, for it is



A California fan palm.

a copy of an Italian villa. A winding drive leads to the long low mansion. Full-faced to the rising sun it stands. From the entrance a broad flight of steps descends the slope, through a terraced garden of rare beauty.

The hillside has been carved into a series of ten narrow benches, all of them planted with the crimson and green of geranium; and yet it is not one-tenth as picturesque as was many a hillside or ravine on the land of some Chinese farmer in the days of the opium poppy, when globe-trotters were exhausting their stocks of adjectives in describing the glory and gorgeousness of those terraced fields. Today, were we to visit China, we should find the terraces arranged as formerly, for they were and are primarily for the cultivation of rice. But no longer are they misused to produce the pernicious poppy after the rice has been harvested. The immeasurable benefit, which was gained when opium was prohibited, was accompanied by one loss—that of the flowery fields, the most picturesque feature of the empire.

With wide acres around it, and unobstructed outlook, the location of that villa is idyllic. Should the owner seek a broader outlook, he can gain it by climbing the higher hills above, up which the automobile road serpentines in long loops, with breath-taking flights of concrete steps lying between the bends.

Wearing an air of supreme contempt, that mansion looks down from the summit of its steep hill on the less aspiring homes, huddled two hundred feet below. To their occupants it seems to resemble, in its haughty isolation, a baronial castle rather than an Italian villa. Yet those long streets that stretch from hills to bay are broad and fair. While we do not observe the almost tropical luxuriance of vegetation which is sometimes found in the older California communities; while we find no homes that are lost in jungles of palms and populars, dragon trees and roses—they all have their ornamental shrubbery, the endless variety of which is a never-failing delight.

This section has been built up within the last few years, but is losing rapidly the crudities of newness. At first the houses stood there—awkward, wooden and angular, their harshness unadorned, possessing none of the charm which tasteful lawns and shrubbery can supply. But under California skies, in a land where flowers bloom the year around, it does not take long to remedy such a deficiency. Today trailing vines and semi-tropical plants are in evidence everywhere. The very names of the streets, Pine, Linden, Magnolia—are suggestive of the surroundings. As the visitor saunters along beneath long lines of elm, he finds that not one of those avenues

but represents a hundred charming pictures.

Here is a home, the sharply peaked roof of which is almost hidden by the frounds of an "ornamental" date palm. Here is another, as square in design as the first was V-shaped, with its walls literally covered with evergreen ivy. A third has its front tapestried and garlaned to the roof with clinging masses of passion vine. Another is almost smothered in roses. The purple blossoms of a bougainvillia are arched above an entrance. Fences are buried in ivy geranium, while fan palms are planted by the sidewalk. And so the story runs. Were I to continue, the tale would be one of flowers, flowers, flowers; palms, palms, palms; grass, grass, grass; more flowers, more palms, more grass; until the reader was weary. But they are all in moderation; the old-style California jungle must be sought elsewhere.

These homes on the more accessible lowlands are those in which the great bulk of the suburban population resides.

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It was a day in September. I was loitering on the heights. A rain-storm was coming, and I sat on a low retaining-wall in the rising wind to watch the clouds gathering. As I rested, I dreamed of the succession of landscapes which accompany the succession of seasons, and pass in panorama before the dwellers on those foothills.

Thoughts first arose of the soft, warm, languid days of September, with the air filled with haze which hides the bay from view. Those days are broken by the first shower of the season, which gives a hint of the approach of autumn. That shower may be followed by many weeks of dry weather, during which come those soft October twilights, when a glow which is almost blood-red in its intensity borders the western horizon, while above it hangs a single brilliant star. Perhaps the glow begins as a gorgeous orange, that gradually deepens and



A home beneath a eucalyptus.

reddens, shading through tone after tone, until it commences to fade away.

More showers succeed, and then come the north winds of November—dry and cold, searching out the cracks and crannies in each house, where they shriek and whistle, while other blasts come howling down the chimney.

December passes; perhaps Christmas is bright and clear. So far, the showers have been mild, unless the season is abnormal. But with January the heavy rains arrive. How the south winds roar as it flings the fury of the storm full and fair against the windows, lashing them with its torrents in a vain attack on the comfort which resides within! How the hills stream with water which descends into the creeks and channels, down which it booms! But the bluster of the elements only serves to enhance the enjoyment of those who are so safely sheltered from their rage.

In all our literature, poets and prose writers have combined to celebrate the



A Hillside home.

long winter evenings; the contrast between the storm raging without and good cheer reigning within. How they love to describe the yule-log blazing, the table spread, the guests assembled, the bounteous banquets, followed by the circle about the fire, with wit and repartee flashing from lip to lip, while the pitiless gales of winter hurl their floods against wall and casement. It was Thackery who wrote:

Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we;
Little we fear,
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

For weeks the deluge continues. Perhaps a morning may be fair, but, if the suburbanite glances across the bay, he sees a cap of clouds, resting on the summit of Tamalpais, a triangular peak which rises half a mile above the water. Before noon has come, the sky is overcast and the drops are pelting down. At last a day arrives when a breeze sets in from the west. The cap on Tamalpais is seen to be breaking up. All afternoon detached clouds chase each other across the sky. They grow fewer and fewer. At nightfall the heavens are clear. The myriad stars shine out in all their splendor. The weather has changed.

Next morning, the bay and its encircling hills lie revealed in matchless beauty. The brown slopes of autumn are now clothed in the softest green. Below lie the homes of Berkeley, interspersed with the dark forms of trees. Miles to the left is the city of Oakland, marked by the sky-piercing tower of its city hall. Beyond all lies the bay, stretching to north and south until it is lost in the deeper blue of the water. Under that dazzling light, the broad harbor glows like sapphire. Against its surface gleam the white sides of ferry and river steamers, plying to suburban towns or to the streams of the interior. Three long piers rule the water with their black lines, seeming to stretch half-way to the further shore.

As the sun strikes San Francisco's hills, the gray walls of separate buildings stand out bright and clear, while broad windows flash back the rays. The Golden Gate is dotted with the sails of schooners, bringing lumber from the forests of the north, while the sky above it is blurred by the smoke of ocean steamers. In its very center lies an island, which—with its low pointed ends and the square bulk of the military prison above looms like some gigantic dreadnought. A pair of military masts are the only accessories needed to complete the illusion.

But February is not without its heavy rains, followed by those of



An avenue of elms.

March. Perhaps the month is a second edition of January. April follows, with some days fair and some days showery. This is the season when great fluffy fleets of cumulous clouds come sailing through the sky, or hang on the southern horizon, where they gather and build until the picture is that of an immense snowy Alpine range. What an infinite variety of cloud scenery is afforded—ridges and spurs and peaks and valleys, carved in onyx and alabaster. What a study in delicate shades, from the most evanescent purple to the deepest black—the tones and shadows changing as the forms and outlines alter. There they hover, with the blue sky above them and the green earth beneath, seeming to form a separate world of their own.

And then comes May with its roses! Far be it from me to give the impression that there is only one month when California roses are found in profusion. Is there a time in the year when they do not bloom? Nevertheless, that seems to be the season when they appear at their best.

The summer months—June, July, and August—follow. I seem to sense again those warm afternoons—the leaves hanging sleepily, the sunlight falling full on the palms, the hills dreaming in the distance. While there are many more which might be warmer, when the cold gray fog hangs overhead, filling all the sky from horizon to horizon. It seems to lie about half a mile above the earth, or it may sink a little lower, until it rests on the summits of the highest hills. The sky imparts its tone to the whole landscape. The bay is leaden gray; the homes are gray; the very vegetation seems to assume the same neutral tint.

Sometimes there comes an occasion—a year may pass without it—when the winds forget to blow, when the

bay lies breathless. Observed from some commanding point, it spreads like the oft-quoted mirror. Then may be seen, reflected in its waters, the spars of tall ships riding at anchor, the sails of schooners drifting with the tide. But those occasions are rare, indeed, for San Francisco is celebrated for its afternoon breeze. In fact, it is the chilly, blustery ocean wind which impels many, who would otherwise make their homes in the city, to seek a residence in the placid foothill region that lies to the east of San Francisco.

Thus the year rolls round, with its succession of ever-varying pictures, appealing to the sense of beauty that exists in each lover of nature.

The suburban resident loves to glide at night over the waters of San Francisco Bay—to watch the lights of the city rising in glittering constellations from the red and green points along the wharves and piers to the myriad gleams that cling to the summits of its hills. He loves the quiet repose of his sleeping porch, where he breathes the pure air of heaven, unsullied by the taint of the town. He loves to spin in his motor car over long country roads where he exchanges, for the din and roar and rattle and tumult of the city the breezy open spaces of the hills and fields. He loves to watch the glorious sunsets, when mighty masses of rose-colored cloud flame upward in the Western heavens as though from the conflagration of the world, while the sky behind them glows in orange or sea green. He loves to watch the change of seasons, and to witness the unfolding of flowers and vegetation which accompany their round.

All of which brings us back to the statement with which we started—"Perhaps the most favored city dweller is the one who does not dwell in the city."



INDIVIDUALITY

Who sees through others' thoughts sees Truth through many-tinted veils,
Nor ever views one shining path amid a maze of trails:
But who shall to the utmost trim the Light of his own mind
Shall some day hew a pathway new—for other feet to find!

SADIE BOWMAN METCALFE.



On the trail up Mt. Wilson, overlooking Pasadena and Los Angeles.

A "Santa Ana" in Southern California

By Delphine Delmas Barnes

IN POINT of strength and power of destruction the wind must surely take precedence over the other elements of the earth. All over the world there are winds so famous as to be known, and spoken of, by names.

The great wind in France is the "Mistral," which sometimes blows for two or three weeks without stopping. Its name is a corruption of the old French word of the Provinces, "maestral:" literally, the master-wind. steady, violent, cold, it sweeps over the Riviera, tormenting alike the body and nerves of those invalids there in quest of health. A French author writes that upon arriving at a town in Southern France he heard all the church bells ringing to call the peasants to public prayer, for the purpose of supplicating Heaven for the cessation of the "Mistral."

Equally well known in France is the piercing wind called the "Bise," of which La Fontaine speaks in his fables; a wind so dry as to have become a synonym with the French: "sec comme bise." Poetically speaking, the Bise means the winter.

Analogous to the "Mistral" is the dread "Gregale" in Malta, which prevails for days at a time. So furious is the force of this gale it tears down stone walls and isolates the island, through the extreme danger of crossing the harbor. The "Gregale" is the "Euroclydon" of the Bible. For two thousand years or more, it has swept down the Mediterranean. St. Paul speaks of encountering it when he took

ship for Crete. "But not long after, there arose against it a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon—— And when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was taken away."

In Italy the principal winds are called the "Tramontana;" the "Libeccio," and the "Sirocco," the latter famous in two continents. Dry and parching, this depressing wind crosses the Mediterranean from the plains of Africa in great clouds of red dust and sand, darkening the air and obscuring the sun. During the passing of these clouds, rain frequently falls, which is commonly known as "blood rain."

In those tropical countries where great droughts are followed by hurricanes, dust-clouds are swept from dried lakes and river beds, an swim in the atmosphere till they are caught by upper currents and carried to the regions of the trade winds, which, in turn, carry them over vast stretches of land and water. When they travel over snow covered countries, the colder atmosphere will frequently bring them to the ground, covering the snow with dirt. An instance of this has been known in Russia, when the winds have been off the steppes of the Caspian Sea.

These migratory dust-clouds come into play as agents for the transporting of minute organisms and seeds, which, when they fall upon sympathetic soil, make for themselves another habitat, and thus save their species from extinction. It is wonderful to think of these infinitessimal particles floating through space for thousands of miles, finally to fall and take root in a land the antithesis of their own.

Destructive as the monsoons of Southern Asia are to life and property they are also life giving. With the coming of the monsoonal rains great barren wastes are transformed into fertile lands. Thus are we made to know that all things are for our ultimate good; although, at the time of disaster, we are frequently incapable of recognizing it. "He knows that which he does, and the hour and the way, and sees the end in the beginning."

The "Pampero" is the tempest wind which blows across the pampas of South America. In its wake come frightful storms. Great masses of cloud, fifty miles in length, and black as steamer smoke, are borne forward at tremendous speed, never losing their shape, as though composed of some solid substance, and spilling out their rain as they pass.

Among the tremendous storm-winds of the ocean one is known as the "white-squall," a fair weather whirlwind. Its duration is brief, but its destructive power is terrible. In a few seconds a ship will be stripped of sails and masts and left to roll in the boiling seas—a helpless hulk.

With these winds, the desert storm in Southern California, known as a "Santa Ana," may well take its place, though possibly unknown beyond the State. I recently experienced in Santa Monica, the most violent of these storms that has been known in thirty years.

In the early morning the wind came out of the Santa Monica Canyon from off the Santa Ana desert. Impelled before it, great clouds of dust and sand hung an obliterating gray pall over the mountains and the ocean. The world was completely blotted out. The parched air was charged with stinging grit; blinding to the eyes, flaying to the skin. Of a most penetrating power, it forced its way under doors and windows, and wherever it could find an entrance, covering everything with sandy dust. The interior of the house resembled that of a Pullman train which has come across the desert. Like the on-sweep of an invisible tide, the wind hurled itself out of the canyon. It lashed the branches of the poor, mute trees that "bless us all the year;" swirled through the tremulous plants as though to tear them from the earth; wrenched away the clinging vines that went streaming out like pennants from a mast head; clam-



Near Grossmont, El Cajon Valley, Cuyamaca Mountains in the distance.

ored over house tops; leaped over walls; sped across fields; and reaching the great bluff of the Palisades, paused not, but plunged over, and into the sea; and on and on, leagues upon leagues.

The clamor of the storm was like the "Ride of the Valkyries;" so full of shrieking voices, of furious crescendos, of suspensive pauses, of a grand and mighty tumult of sound. Through the black night, in antiphonal response to the treble of the wind, came the booming bass of mountainous seas breaking upon the beach.

"Where the countless herds of the billows are hurl'd
On all the lonely beaches of the world."

What a power in these graphic lines to send the mind to all those surge-beaten shores where the foot of man has never fallen; where, by day and night, night and day, through illimitable time, the mighty waters of the ocean upheave and subside in endless repetition; where the rocks reverberate to the roar of seas that are never at rest; thundering seas of flying spume that Shelley says "seem hungering for calm."

For two days and two nights we were in the clutch of the storm. During that time not once did the fury of the wind abate; not once did the impenetrable gray pall lift. The sun and the sky were hidden by day; by night, the moon and the stars. Time seemed to have stopped. The gradual deepening of the sombre light alone denoted the approach of night. The wind veered to the snow-fields of the mountains, and swept with bitter keenness through the biting air. The thermometer fell to 30 degrees. Gutters were spanned with ice; ice spanned the miniature pools of the dripping faucets; and the lovely tracery of the frost lay over the land. Shallow-rooted trees lay prostrate. On the side nearest the storm, eucalyptus trees were stripped bare of their leaves; on the ground the whipped-off bark lay like curled cinnamon sticks.

Wherever the scarifying finger of the frost had touched, trees and plants were as though seared in a furnace. Oranges and lemons were frozen stiff, on their branches; in many instances the trees themselves were dead, their beauty and usefulness gone in a night. The vagaries of the frost are many. It will take the life of one plant, to leave unscathed the one growing beside it. It will pass through an orchard in a winding path, as though selecting the trees for its blighting breath.

On the shore the storm wrack was strewn, filling the air with its pungent



Lower Otay Lake, near San Diego.

smell. Delicate frond-like seaweeds of coral and brown; slippery green sea weeds with fluted edges; trailing heaps of umber kelp, with crackling bulbs; twisted beach grasses, the green hair of the mermaids, pebbles of many hues, all the playthings of the tide, left on its nursery floor.

With the dawn of the third morning the storm was over. Down the trackless road on which it had come the homeless wind had trailed away with its obliterating gray pall. For the devastation it had wrought it might well have cried: "Peccavi! Peccavi!" But the blue sky was overhead once more; once more the cream white cliffs of Point Dume stood out of the water and caught the long light; and the immutable mountains stood guard again, like sentinels at their post. In the serene air nothing stirred; not a sound save one: the lilt of the lark, that "Singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest." To hear this blithe bird pour the rapture of his song through the morning sunshine is to become imbued with his happiness and inspired to look onward—not back; to turn from life's shadows and march "breast forward."

In the evening I stood upon the Palisades. Like the bastioned walls of some medieval fortress, they tower above the sands for miles and miles in gigantic grandeur. The world has traveled far since they first watched over the ocean, defying time and the elements in immutable majesty. Across the moving surface of the sea the fiery ball of the sun sent a burnished path that lay upon the wet sands in opalescent tints. Solemn sea gulls, standing upon their mirrored double, rose, skimmed a wave, wheeled and settled again. The sound of the ebbing tide came to me as the soughing of wind in pine trees. In the worthwest the ever-changing cloud pictures were bathed in glow.

With the sinking of the sun, "the deep, divine dark dayshine of the sea" was gone; that wonderful transparency which is at once the beauty and the mystery of water; the only one of His creations to which the Creator

has given it. Upon the threshold of the horizon the two vast fields of color met; the conflagration in the sky, rising from crimson into rose, and amethyst and amber, and at last into the whole blue vault of heaven; and the deep cobalt of the Pacific, of a wonderful intensity of blue where the glow lay against it; where a breath of wind ruffled it, of the blue of a harebell; and from that into mauve and dim and distant gray, where the pale blue outline of Catlina lay. In deep purple shadows the mountains were limned flat against the sky in a serrated line, seeming to have no breath or thickness; only height and length. Deeper purple shadows lay upon the darkening water at their base, where a faint white mist floated. Slowly and softly the twilight dimmed into dusk; the dusk slowly and softly drifted into the hidden depths of the dark; and low in the quiet skies the evening star shone. The wonderful panorama was gone; its beauty faded to a memory, Through the dark the ocean still throbbed; throughout the dark the sound of the ebbing tide still came to me as the soughing of wind in pine trees.

No hour of the day is at once so mystic, so dreamful, so restful as the hour of twilight. The beauty of the eventide falls upon the soul. The hush of coming night spreads its infinite peace over land and water. The slow-gathering of the dusk, veiling the outlines of all things into a blur, and from a blur darkening them into the infinitude of night, is a transition perhaps more beautiful, though not more mystic, more wonderful, than the battle of the night with the day; the slow reappearing of the outlines of all things through the filtering light into the full exultation of the dawn.

In this drama of life, its exigent demands carelessly crowding upon us, we only really live during those hours when the soul is steeped in beauty. Few can witness the aureate splendor of evening skies; the surpassing loveliness of morning skies; the silent majesty of mountain ranges; the unswerving procession of the stars; or indeed the pageant of any day or of any night, and not forever store away the remembrance of beauty, of beauty so ineffable, so eternal, the mind is overwhelmed with the sense of its sublime immutability.

The doors of the dawn will eternally open for the sun, bringing us the day and flooding the shadows with its life-giving rays; the doors of the night will eternally close on the sun, leaving us with the planets of the night and the fathomless void of the night. It was, it is, it shall be, for evermore.



WOMAN

Petulant, penitent; elated, sad;
Humble and suasive; arrogant and royal;
The gamut of the moods, from grave to glad,
You run through in an hour—and still are loyal!

ARTHUR POWELL.

A CHILD'S EXPERIENCES IN '49

As Related by Mrs. M. A. Gentry of Oakland, Cal.

By Jennie E. Ross

I. The Long Trail.

EARLY in the spring of '49, my brother-in-law, Rice Howser, decided to seek his fortune in the newly found gold fields of California. I was visiting my sister at the time; in fact, I had, to a large extent, made my home with her since her marriage, several years before. My sister was far from strong, and I, though young, was a diligent little worker, and able to render her much assistance in her household tasks.

No sooner had my brother-in-law made his decision than I began to beg my sister to take me with her to the far-off land. A story had come to our ears, telling how the little daughter of General Sutter had found many nuggets of gold, and my imagination had been fired by the tale. So I begged and pleaded until my sister consented, and thus, at the early age of eleven, I became a forty-niner.

My mother, whose home was two hundred and fifty miles distant, knew nothing of our venture till after we were gone, for in two weeks' time we were upon the way. Mails traveled slowly in those days, and there had been no time for an exchange of letters. I afterwards learned that it was something of a shock to her when she received the letter my sister had written saying that she and her husband had started for California and taken me with them. But realizing that I was in safe hands, she calmly faced the inevitable. As it chanced, we were not the only members of her family to go gold seeking, for my oldest brother, Robert Lee, soon followed in our footsteps.

For conveyance, we had a substantial ox-wagon, with a body built out over the wheels and a top covered with white canvas to keep out sun and rain. It was our coach by day and our sleeping room by night. Provisions enough to last us the whole distance, blankets, bedding, and all necessary tools, guns and amunition were included in the load.

Slowly and uneventfully, we made our way from Linden, Missouri—our starting point—to St. Joseph, where we crossed the Missouri River on a ferry boat, and joined a great train of ox-wagons. Well do I recall the big corral formed by the hundred wagons grouped in a circle. In the center were the oxen, one or two pair for each wagon. About the camp men were cooking and kneading great batches of bread, while others were washing clothes and making ready to start for the West. It was an impressive sight and one that is vivid in my memory to-day.

In a few days we were upon the trail and out upon the open plains, uninhabited save by a few solitary ranchers and wandering tribes of Indians. Our progress was slow, not only on account of the slow pace of the oxen, but because we were obliged to make frequent stops to allow our teams to rest and feed. When we came to a favorable camping place, where good water and grass were abundant, we often stopped for a day, and sometimes two.

Then everybody would wash their garments, and perform other duties, and if an Indian encampment was nearby, I would make friends with the children and play with them till it was time to resume the march.

We were not alone on the trail; everybody seemed to be going to California. Wagon trains drawn by horses and mules were continually passing us, their occupants often laughing at our slow progress. But, though our oxen were slow, they proved superior in the end, for the horses could not endure the journey across the desert, and scores of them died. The mules, being more hardy, lasted longer, but even they were inferior to our cattle. Many of the wagons which passed us were gorgeous affairs, built like small houses on wheels, with doors and windows at the sides. Some of them contained furniture; pictures and bureaus I distinctly remember seeing in one wagon. But little, if any, of this furniture ever reached the coast. As long as the route lay along the open plains all went well, but in crossing the mountains the heavy wagons were at a disadvantage, and had to be abandoned with all their cumbersome loads, and only the bare necessities were packed upon the animals for the rest of the trip. In the latter stages of our journey we often came across the discarded wagons, and in some cases recognized the very ones that had passed us long before. Others made an error in taking too great a supply of provisions, and in places we came across huge stacks of bacon piled up by the roadside. It was the team with the lightest load that made the trip most successfully.

Our great wagon train began to break up into small companies, as we journeyed farther and farther to the west. Some were dissatisfied with the captain's leadership and drew off by themselves. The camping grounds selected by the captain were one of the causes of dissatisfaction. Other dissensions arose, of whose nature I knew little and cared less, and other parties separated from the main body. Some wished to travel at a more rapid pace, while others preferred to go more slowly and spare their oxen as much as possible. So one by one they drifted away, till only two wagons remained with ours. This left but five men in our party, a small number in case of Indian attacks, but fortunately all the redmen we met were friendly and gave us a welcoming hand.

These Indians were a constant source of wonder and delight to me, and to this day I cherish the kindliest of feelings toward our red brothers. A guard against hostiles was often posted at night, but it was entirely unnecessary, and our guns were never used against the tribesmen. Strange to say, I cannot recall ever being afraid of an Indian. Doubtless this was largely due to the fact that I was accustomed to seeing friendly ones all about my childhood home, and my elder brother frequently went hunting with them and always returned unharmed.

At a frontier fort with a reservation nearby, we halted for awhile, and an old squaw made me a pair of moccasins. I distinctly recall the air of pride and dignity with which she came into our quarters, and seating herself with all the self-assurance of an honored guest, began to work upon the little moccasins. When they were completed, she gave them to me, and I wore them throughout the rest of my journey.

To-day the popular idea of Indians is that they were a filthy race, slovenly in dress, and with no regard for personal cleanliness. But these tribesmen of the plains were a cleanly people, and trained from early youth to bathe and swim. Often we would see all the children of a village swimming and sporting in the Platte River, which we followed for many miles. And the garments of young and old alike were spotless and beautifully ornamented with fringe.

The warriors were, without exception, very erect, and walked or rode with equal dignity. Mounted on splendid horses, they made a fine picture as

they came riding up to our camp. Another thing that impressed me was the look of intelligence on the faces of young and old alike. One band I especially remember. They were a war party of twenty-two braves on their way to fight another tribe, as they made us understand by signs and the few words of English at their command. A tall, stately group they were as they lined up in a long row and gravely shook hands with the men of our party. All were dressed alike in suits of buckskin trimmed with fringe, every coat a perfect fit. In their left hands they carried bows and on their backs were quivers full of arrows. It was a sight that awakened my admiration, and I cannot recall ever seeing a finer looking group of men.

My brother-in-law shook hands with each in turn till he came to the last warrior in the line. To him he extended only his little finger, the action being prompted by a foolish curiosity to see what the Indian would do. Proudly the warrior drew himself up to his full height and strode away in haughty anger. Child though I was, my brother-in-law's discourtesy shocked me. Though he regarded it as a good joke, I felt ashamed of his lack of manners, and to me he seemed far below the Indian in breeding. It was an insult that might have been followed by disastrous consequences, for our little band was completely at the mercy of these redmen, and I have often wondered if much of the trouble between the Indians and white men was not caused by just such foolish and insulting actions.

Indian villages also held my interest. These plains Indians had fine, large wigwams of beautifully dressed buffalo hide. Each covered a large area, and it was always easy to tell where there had been an encampment, long after the Indian had moved away, by the large circle of barren ground where the tepees had stood.

There were a few beggars among the Indians, mostly old men and women, and many who wished to trade. We heard many strange stories of queer bargains made by the travelers with the redmen. One story was that a man in a preceding train had sold his wife to a warrior for five ponies. Whether there was truth in the story I do not know, but I always was inclined to credit it in view of an experience we had. One day a chief came to our camp with five ponies, which he offered in exchange for my sister. Naturally, she was much frightened, and climbed into the wagon in haste and buttoned down the canvas flaps as tightly as she could. I was asleep at the time, and so have no personal knowledge of the episode, and do not know how the men managed to decline the proposal without giving offense to the old chief.

Though the Indians were, as a rule, truthful and honest, they coveted ponies, and would steal them if occasion offered. When we were in the sage-brush country, one of the men brought word into camp that an Indian, with branches of sagebrush bound on his head, was creeping around in the gully below us. The doctor of our party had picketed his pony near the place, and the Indian apparently was bent upon stealing it. So the pony was brought closer into camp, and the thief, realizing that he had been detected, disappeared. This was the only incident of our whole journey that shows the Indian in an unfavorable light.

Buffalo were plentiful everywhere, increasingly so as we neared the foothills of the Rockies. Frequently the hills to right and left of the trail would be dotted with the shaggy animals. One of the men had a saddle horse that had been trained to hunt buffalo, and he sometimes turned aside to hunt. One day I came into close quarters with a wounded bull. I was walking and saw the bull coming toward me. Without molesting me, he passed between me and the wagon, so close that I could see the blood dripping from the bullet holes in his shaggy hide. Our hunter pursued him and shot him again and again, but so tenacious of life was he that it was necessary to stick him in order to kill him. After

he was dead the men counted a hundred bullet holes in his hide.

Antelope were very numerous on the plain, and we saw many herds of them. They were the most beautiful and graceful things imaginable. I especially admired their lovely brown eyes, which always seemed so kind and gentle, and the dainty grace with which they lifted up their forelegs as they stepped lightly along. When we reached the mountains, elk were sometimes seen, but they were more shy and seldom came near.

Sagehens too were numerous, but were difficult to discern, as they were just the color of the sagebrush. Prairie dog mounds or villages were everywhere about us. These mounds, with their connecting trails, were a great source of interest to me, as were also the little animals themselves. Their barking reminded me of real dogs, and to see them sitting upright with their forepaws hanging down was a sight of which I never tired. Though we never ate any ourselves, other people often spoke of the delicate flavor of their meat, and among the Indians they were a regular article of diet.

One tribe we met were laden with the carcasses of those they had killed and were taking home for food.

After many days' travel, we came to a fork in the trail. Here the train halted while the men debated which road to take. The left-hand trail was the Salt Lake route, and I, who had heard many tales of the hostility of the Mormons toward all Missourians, feared lest the men should go that way. The year before, the Mormons had been driven out of Independence, Missouri, and were alleged to have sworn eternal vengeance against all citizens of the State. So many threats of retaliation had I heard that my fear of Mormons amounted to a possible terror. In that day their rallying point was Council Bluffs, so whenever we met any one on the trail traveling toward that place, we at once branded him as a Mormon. To my youthful fancy, these men seemed the embodiment of everything unworthy. Great was my joy and relief when the men turned to the right.

As we went along, we left our names written or carved on rocks and trees by the wayside, so that others of our original party could learn our whereabouts. At Independence Rock, a well known landmark, there were hundreds of names written. This great rock, with its precipitous sides, reminded me of a courthouse, as it rose solid and substantial from the level plains around. Shortly before our arrival, it had been the scene of a frontier romance for a young couple journeying to California had climbed to its summit and been married there.

It was through writing our names in various places that my brother Robert came to join us. He had been following us all the time, being a member of Captain Waldo's ill-fated train in which the cholera broke out and made sad havoc. One by one, the men were stricken by the fatal disease, and died by the roadside. But my brother, who with several companions had formed a separate mess, and kept somewhat apart from the rest, escaped the dread malady. This he largely attributed to some preventive medicine which my mother had prepared for him before starting out. Learning that we were on the trail and not far ahead, he left his companions and hastened to overtake us. By rapid traveling, he soon came up with us, and from that point accompanied us to our destination.

On the Fourth of July we stumbled upon a natural curiosity. We were then approaching the mountains when, in the middle of a deep valley, we came to a beautiful pasture where the grass was green, though all the country round was dry and barren. We wondered much at the cause of so much fresh grass in the midst of a region so dry, and one of the men, either out of curiosity or in search of an underground spring, thrust his ramrod down into the sod. A few inches below the surface he found ice, and, apparently, the whole area was underlaid with ice, which, melting, accounted for the freshness of the grass grow-

ing on the sod above. Since then I have often wondered what strange freak of nature was responsible for the strange phenomenon. Among our supplies was a bottle of lemon extract, a rather unusual article to take on such a journey, and with the ice just discovered, my sister made some lemonade, or what very well passed for lemonade, all quite as though we were not a thousand miles from civilization.

It hardly seems creditable that any one without money or provisions would have attempted to go to California, but there were a few venturous souls who undertook the journey. Such a one was Peter, an Irishman, whose surname I do not recall. Without funds or supplies, he was beating his way to the coast, for subsistence depending upon the hospitality of the other travelers. He attached himself to our party, but though he did his share of the work, and was of much assistance to the men, he was an added burden, for provisions were precious and could not be replaced.

In the mountains, traveling was more difficult, increasingly so as we mounted higher. The trail, at times, was less easy to follow, and we often had to hunt for the blazed trees and piled up stones that marked the route. When such marks failed us, we had to rely on the tracks left by other parties ahead of us. There were many delightful little valleys, with fresh streams of water in the mountains, all of which were most welcome after a long stretch of dusty trail. Sometimes I found wild berries, though they were seldom abundant, and wild roses were numerous along the streams.

In the sagebrush country fuel was scarce, and we had to depend upon heaps of sagebrush, or, when that failed, buffalo chips. Fortunately, it was a rainy season, so we did not lack water till we reached the desert. Although vegetation had been sparse in many places, it did not entirely fail us till we reached this sandy waste. Here there was nothing but sand, with not a bush or blade of grass to be seen, and what little water there was was dyed red by the alkali and unfit for man or beast. We had to keep a strict watch on our cattle to see that they did not drink this water. It was sure death to all that drank it, and was responsible for many of the losses of livestock belonging to the travelers, for the animals in their thirst would drink it unless closely guarded.

At the last place where good water could be obtained, we filled all our kegs and cooking utensils and started out upon the barren waste. It was hard going, for the wheels of the heavy wagon sank deep into the sand, which became heavier and deeper as we went along. Our slender store of water soon gave out, and then our suffering began. I slept in the wagon most of the time during the worst part of the crossing, and as my sister and I were given what water there was, we suffered less hardship than the men of our party. During the latter part of the journey, my brother's tongue became so swollen from thirst that it protruded from his mouth, and our oxen lolled and panted and were near exhaustion.

At this juncture, we met a party traveling eastward, who brought us the welcome news that water was not far distant. They had a copious supply with them, for which my brother offered a large sum of money, but their own need was pressing, so they refused, after giving my sister a drink.

Soon we came to a beautiful little stream, with shady trees along its banks. After the burning heat of the desert, it was as delightful a spot as one could wish to find. After a short rest, we once more started on our way, and soon began to ascend the Sierra Nevadas. Traveling here was even more difficult than in the Rockies, but we struggled on, cheered by the thought that our goal was on the farther side.

Much of the way it was so steep that one pair of oxen alone could not pull a wagon to the top of a slope, even though we lightened the wagons as much as possible by packing a part of our goods on the men's saddle horses. In such places the train



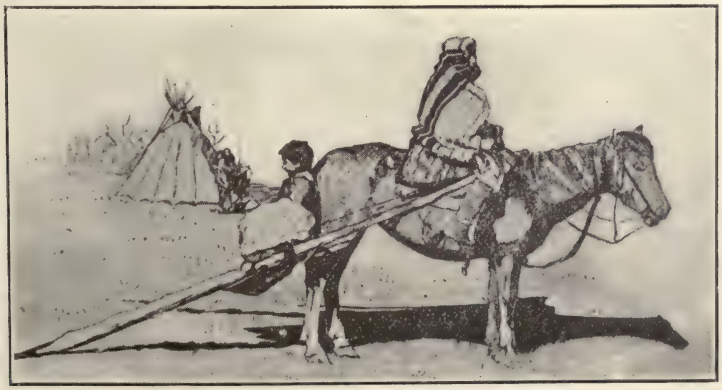
Indians hunting buffaloes.

would be halted and the oxen from the two rear teams brought forward and attached to the first wagon. In this way it would be taken to the top of a bench, and then the cattle would go back for another load. This was slow work, but we steadily climbed up, bench by bench, and at least reached the pass at the summit.

Passing through, we began to descend on the farther side, where other troubles awaited us. Many places were so steep that the oxen could not take a wagon down with safety, so a long rope was made fast to the rear axle and wound about a tree at the top of the descent, and slowly payed out, thus letting the wagon down slowly and safely.

This was slow work, but finally we reached the lower levels, and made our way to Placerville, at that time the center of the gold mining. It was now September, and we had been four months on the way, but we had reached the gold fields and were at the end of our journey.

(To be concluded next month.)



Christendom in Great Danger

The "Very Elect" Protected

By C. T. Russell, Pastor London and Brooklyn Tabernacles

"God shall send them strong delusions that they should believe a lie; that they all might be condemned who believed not the Truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness."—2 Thessalonians 2:11, 12.

THE STATEMENT of the Apostle James that God tempteth no man is not to be understood as a contradiction to the language of our text. God tempteth no man to sin, to do wrong, but He has at various times sent or permitted siftings and testings among those who are nominally His people—to separate the true from the false. Sometimes a great truth becomes the sifting or separating cause, as at our Lord's first advent. There our Lord's presentation of Himself in the flesh to the covenant-nation, Israel, as the long promised Savior, Deliverer and King, became to that people as a whole a test, separating the "Israelites indeed" from the mass of the nation—separating the wheat from the chaff. Our text tells of the end or Harvest-time of this Gospel Age, and of how the Lord will now permit or "send" strong delusions for the purpose of sifting and separating the true from the false among those who have named the name of Christ. We hold that, according to the Scriptures, we are living in this Harvest period, and that the sifting of the wheat from the tares has begun, and that the strong delusions mentioned in our text are coming upon Christendom.

The Scriptures bring to our attention a class of spirit beings which fell from Divine favor before the flood. These, we are told, have from that time until the present day been confined in chains of darkness in Tartarus—the circumambient air of this planet. The story of these fallen angels is briefly stated four times—in Genesis, 6:2; 1 Peter, 3:20; 2 Peter, 2:6; Jude 6. The Old and New Testament records are thus in agreement. Additionally, however, we have a multitude of Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testaments, which refer to these fallen angels as "demons," unfortunately mistranslated "devils" in our common version. Without exception these demons are represented as cunning, deceitful, treacherous, devilish and as having a special malignant attitude toward mankind, and as taking special delight in misleading and deceiving humanity, particularly along irreligious lines and immoralities.

The Fallen Angels.

We call to your remembrance the Apostle's statement regarding this matter, to the effect that God's people have their struggle or contention, not with flesh and blood, but with wicked spirits in influential positions. Again the same Apostle points out to us that Satan is the chief leader of these spirits or demons and declares that we are not ignorant of his devices, his intrigues, his deceptions; again he styles him as wily, adroit, cunning. He informs us that the heathen world, while thinking they are worshiping God, are really deceived by these demons; their religious theories and practices are really

demonology instead of theology.—Ephesians 6:12; 2 Corinthians 2:11; 1 Peter 5:8.

Two Opposing Gospels.

The human family is in great distress through the fall; mental, moral and physical imperfections are manifest everywhere: "there is none righteous, no, not one." As a consequence, all are agreed to the Apostle's broad statement, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together." (Romans 8:22.) Naturally enough the groaning ones seek for the cause of their trouble as well as for a remedy. The Bible sets forth as the cause of all earth's woes and sorrows the brief statement, "By one man sin entered the world and death by sin, and thus death passed upon all men, for all are sinners." It sets forth the remedy also, namely, "Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures," and at His Second Advent He will introduce times of restitution of all things which God hath spoken by the mouth of all the holy prophets since the world began." Thus, in brief, is the Gospel of Christ, (Acts 3:21; Romans 5:12; 1 Corinthians 15:3.)

The "gospel" of the demons contradicts this from first to last. It denies that man ever was created in God's image and likeness; denies that he ever fell from it into sin and death; denies that Christ ever redeemed us, and holds that we need no Redeemer; that a process of evolution is at work which is lifting mankind from a mean and low brute beginning upward, to ultimately make of the race gods, and that all that is necessary for this grand result is time. As for death, demonology denies that there is death, and claims that what seems to be death is really a change from a low form of life to a higher form.

This demon teaching is to be found among all the heathen peoples and in all their religious writings, but it is not at all sanctioned in the Scriptures. They teach to the contrary, as we have shown, that death is the penalty for sin; that it is a real penalty, a real death; that the dead are really dead, and that there is neither wisdom nor device nor knowlege in the grave (Sheol), whither all go, and that the hope of the race lies in a resurrection, and that the hope of a resurrection lies in the redemptive work of our Lord's First Advent, and in the glorious power and authority which He will exercise at His Secon l Advent.

A pertinent question for each of us, dear friends, at this moment is this: To which of these teachings do we give adherence? Are we holding fast "the faithful Word of God," or are we giving heed to these seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, against which the Lord and Apostle gave so many warnings? Is our theological faith an anchor of hope holding us firmly to the truth as set forth by the Lord, or are we to any extent drawing on the original falsehood told by Satan and perpetuated by the lying spirits—the falsehood that death is not death, that our dead friends are more alive than ever before, etc.? If this be the case, let us at once begin a thorough examination of the Divine Word, assured that error never sanctifies, but is always injurious, and that our Lord was right when He prayed for His disciples, "Sanctify them through Thy Truth, Thy Word is Truth."—John 17:17.

How consistent is the Word and Plan of God, which, so far from speaking of death as the angel God has sent, assures us that death is our enemy, which already has taken from us many of our loved ones, blighted our lives, and will ultimately destroy us except as we become united to the great Life-giver, Jesus. Those who do not see that the dead are dead do not catch the full, weighty import of the blessed assurance that Christ is the Life-giver, and that He came into the world and died for our sins that we might have life, and have it more abundantly. Nor do they see the real beauty that lies in the promise of a resurrection from the dead, for if none are dead how could there be a resurrection of the dead?

Only those who clearly and distinctly see the Scriptural teaching on this subject are fortified against the delusions of these demons, built upon this erroneous feature of theology, which not only has permeated all the creeds of Christendom, and to a large extent has made of no effect the Word of God respecting our redemption from the grave and the hope of the resurrection from the dead at the Second Coming of Christ.—I Corinthians 15:12, 13.

Christendom Ripe for Delusions.

The erroneous belief that the dead are alive has been to some extent for centuries offset by another error, namely, that the majority of them are confined to a place of torment—purgatory or otherwise—and a small minority were far off enjoying the bliss of Heaven, all of which hindered the thought that they might be communed with through mediums. Besides, there has been a kind of "horse-sense" prevailing which has restrained many from having great confidence in spirit communications. While faith was expressed, a doubting fear was associated with it, and this doubting fear was increased by finding that some of the spirits seeking communion were "lying spirits," and although others made different presentations they were all more or less held in doubt and fear. Now, however, we are coming to a time when all intelligent people question the fables of the Dark Ages respecting hell and purgatory, fire, devils, pitchforks, etc.

Consequently it daily becomes easier for spiritists to find sympathy for their claims that the spirits of the dead are hovering around the living, that our atmosphere is full of them, that they are not confined to heaven nor in hell. This thought has been aided by many sermons on funeral occasions, depicting the dead as hovering over the friends gathered at the funeral, the assurance being given that if the dead could only speak he would say to the weeping ones, "Weep not," etc. All of this unscriptural guess-work, presented in the name of the Bible and in the name of Truth and in the name of intelligence, has had its effect upon the masses, who are now thoroughly perplexed as respects the place and condition of their dead friends. A growing intelligence forbids the thought that a God of Love and Justice has consigned them to the care of devils in eternal flames of fire or other torture.

Inquiries of the clergy respecting the place and condition of the departed bring no satisfaction; the few who still tell of tortures in infernal regions are less and less believed, and the others of increasing number who deny that the dead are in tortures are unable to give any answer respecting their whereabouts. No wonder the confiding sheep are perplexed. Oh, that they would look to the Word of the Lord, that they would remember "the Lord is my Shepherd," that they would seek from the inspired source the knowledge which their souls crave! Oh, that they might learn that the hope set before us in the Gospel of Christ is the hope of the resurrection of the dead! Mark the clearness of the Apostle's statement on this subject—If there be no resurrection of the dead, then they that are fallen asleep in Christ are perished.—I Corinthians 15:17, 18.

The Delusion is Sent.

The reason for the sending of the strong delusion mentioned in our text is plainly stated in the context, but before it can be appreciated it is necessary to have some grasp of the Divine Plan of the Ages; it is necessary to see that the Lord's work throughout this Gospel Age has not been, as many suppose, an attempt to convert the world, but, as the Scriptures declare, He has been merely electing or selecting out from the world a people for His name—to be the Bride of Christ. (Acts 15:14.) We must see, too, that this elect people does not include all who become nominal members of Christian churches, but merely those who through full faith and consecration

become followers of the Lord Jesus in very truth, and receive the spirit of adoption from the Father. These, through the trials and difficulties of this life, shall be proved overcomers of the world and its spirit, and accepted as joint-heirs with Christ, as His Bride, in His Kingdom. This class, the Scriptures distinctly tell us, is but a little flock. Our Lord's words are, "Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom." The Apostle declares also, "Not many wise, not many mighty, not many noble hath God chosen." "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, heirs of the Kingdom?" —1 Corinthians 1:26; James 2:5.

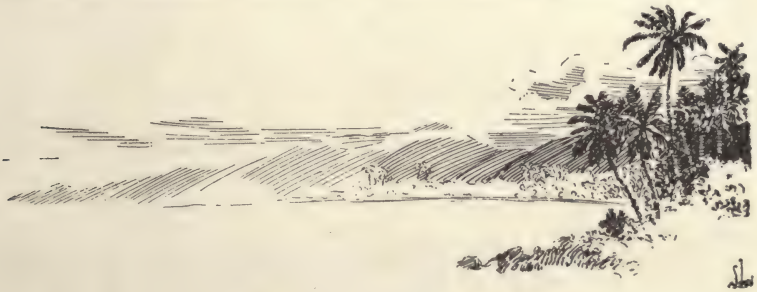
After we once see that only the overcomers or Kingdom class are being selected during this Gospel Age, we are ready to see that God's great time for dealing with the majority of our race is in the future—after the Second Coming of Christ—during His Millenial Kingdom whose reign of righteousness will bless and give opportunity of eternal life to all the families of the earth.

End of the Age not End of World.

We are not of those who expect this world to be burned up. Quite to the contrary, we expect its rejuvenation, its perfecting as the Garden of Eden, the Paradise of God, the everlasting home of the majority of the human family—of all except the truly consecrated Church of this Gospel Age and those who shall ultimately die the Second Death. We have no sympathy of thought, therefore, with those who are looking for the destruction of the earth; but we nevertheless believe, as the Scriptures teach, that the present age or alon will cease and a new age or alon begin. In error the translators have rendered the word alon "world" and have given a misimpression.

More than this, we believe that the Scriptures clearly indicate that the present age is now ending and the new age, lapping with it, is beginning. It is at this particular juncture that all the New Testament writings, as well as our Lord's great prophecy of Matthew 24, center, indicating a time of confusion, a trouble such as the world has never known before, and pointing out that these are judgments of the Lord designed to prepare the world for the next Dispensation and the reign of the kingdom of righteousness. Furthermore, the Apostle distinctly points out that these judgments will begin at the House of God—the nominal church. Our Lord also points out the same thing, calling it a separation of wheat from tares in the "harvest" or close of this age.—Matthew 13:30.

It is because Christendom as a whole —though nominally a wheat field, is practically a tare field with a scattering of wheat intermingled, that there is to be such a commotion in connection with the separation of the wheat and the tares. True, the Lord who knoweth the heart, who knoweth them that are His, could easily separate them from the others, but He has chosen to make a separation publicly to demonstrate His own justice in the matter. Hence in this harvest time—at the proper time to separate the wheat from the tares—the Lord not only sends the sickle of Truth to gather the wheat, but He also sends the strong delusions to gather the tares.





Burbank Shasta daisy, world's most popular white flower. A number of new varieties now offered.

Luther Burbank Devotes His Time to the Origination of New Forms of Plant Life

WHO Luther Burbank is and what he has done has been told in a myriad of books, publications and periodicals of every sort. Of him Dr. L. H. Bailey, Professor of Botany in Cornell University, says: "It is an honor to California that Luther Burbank is its citizen. He is all that he has ever been said to be and more."

David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford Junior University, California, said that: "Luther Burbank is the greatest originator of new and valuable forms of plant life of this or any other age."

Hugo De Vries of Amsterdam, Holland, probably the leading botanist of the world, says: "In all Europe there is no one who can even compare with Luther Burbank. He is a unique great genius."

Theodore Roosevelt says: "Mr. Burbank is a man who does things that are of much benefit to mankind."

Professor E. J. Wickson, for many years Dean of the Department of Agriculture of the University of California, says: "No other man has given to horticulture so many valuable things as has Luther Burbank,"

Luther Burbank was born in Massachusetts in 1849. From his early youth he had always been interested in the study of nature, particularly of plant life, and prior to his coming to

California in 1875, he developed the potato which bears his name.

Establishing himself at Santa Rosa, he then began his systematic development of new types of fruits, flowers and vegetables. His methods include breeding from selected individuals of a species which show unusual qualities, the interbreeding of different types within a species or "crossing," the interbreeding of different species, or hybridization, and the development of "mutations" or types which originated from new conditions and causes often unknown, but which remain constant. Of these methods Mr. Burbank says: "Hybridization followed by selection is the shortest plan by which valid new species can be produced." But merely to set down the method of the man is little encouragement to either the layman or the expert; for Burbank's genius lies in the distinguishing ability to perceive the valuable points, often latent in a plant, which it is desirable to develop.

As his work progressed his fame began to spread from his laboratory and proving grounds at Santa Rosa and Sebastopol, until the name of Burbank reached the uttermost points of civilization. Then came the bombardment—interviewers, flower fanciers, growers, agricultural experts, all asking for information, time or actual product of his genius until Burbank himself found that in seclusion was his only escape. In order to continue his creative work, he separated himself from the many onerous duties that were piling upon him, and through the medium of the Luther Burbank Company, the original productions of Burbank are now distributed to the world.

Removed as he is at present from distracting influences, he now devotes his time exclusively to origination. The burden of finding avenues of distribution for his productions and the details connected with the same have been lifted from his shoulders. To enable the general public to participate in and enjoy Burbank's extraordinary horticultural creations is the function of The Luther Burbank Company.

The process of obtaining sufficient seed from an original Burbank production is an interesting one. Thousands and thousands of plants are grown, thousands and thousands of plants eliminated and discarded.

The few ounces of seed that result or the few feet of grafting wood, as the case may be, are then taken by The Luther Burbank Company and propagated in sufficient quantities for introduction throughout the world at the lowest possible cost. Thousands of dollars are expended to produce a single creation. Up to date, this kind of work represents an outlay of a quarter of a million of dollars. If only a few of a kind were introduced, the price would be prohibitive, yet the real value of every original Burbank production is represented by all that goes before in its history. Only because of the magnitude of the propagational work of The Luther Burbank Company is it possible to produce these novelties in such quantities as to bring original Luther Burbank creations within the reach of all. Naturally, years must elapse before sufficient quantities of seeds of certain varieties can be obtained for general distribution. During all that time, the true reproductive and germinating qualities of the seeds are determined, so that there can be no question as to their quality when finally offered the public.

When he withdrew from all other endeavor than creational work, Burbank did so with the certainty that mankind in general would receive the benefits of all that he had accomplished. It was his great ambition to give the man and woman who owned or rented a modest cottage the opportunity of enjoying his floral creations, and also to give the practical grower the opportunity to grow his new orchard and field varieties, the utility of which the world has and is proving day by day.

Luther Burbank's achievements can hardly be judged by their practical

usefulness alone, although pretty nearly everything he has done has in one way or another a strong utility side. His researches, the data furnished for the study of influence of hereditary and environment and the actual production of new species are of inestimable value to the science of biology and the establishment of the truth of the theory of evolution. In 1904 the Carnegie Institute in recognition of his services granted him an allowance of $10,000 annually for ten years to aid his experimental work, but this sum in no way met the necessities of his unusual experimentation.

The great work of Luther Burbank now progresses undeterred by the trifling or the larger mental disturbances that made it impossible for Burbank to give all his time to the complete unfolding of his genius.

Among his greatest achievements is the perfection of the Burbank Spineless Cactus. After experiments covering sixteen years, this type was perfected. It is palatable and eagerly sought by cattle, hogs and poultry, and in it will perhaps be the solution of many of the great feeding problems of the world. We herewith enumerate a few of the many other creations that have been the basis of his well merited fame:



Burbank Giant Evening Primrose, one petal as big as ordinary flower.

THE PHENOMENAL BERRY introduced in 1903, and now a favorite on the Pacific Coast, a cross between the California dewberry and the Cuthbert raspberry.

THE HIMALAYA BERRY origi-

nated 15 years ago at Santa Rosa by selection from seeds brought from the Himalaya Mountains. This plant bears four times more fruit per plant by weight than any other berry.

THE PATAGONIA STRAWBERRY, with its distinct flavor, which connoisseurs have pronounced superb.

THE SUNBERRY, commonly called the wonderberry. This berry is a blue berry, especially valuable for cooking purposes, and in the judgment of many, superior to wild blackberries, elderberries, or huckleberries as a pie berry.

THE PLUMCOT, an absolutely new fruit, unlike any other fruit ever grown on earth before. It has as its base a wild American plum, Japanese plum, and an apricot. There are a great number of varieties of this new fruit, sometimes the flesh is yellow, sometimes pink, and sometimes crimson. It has pits sometimes like the apricot and sometimes like the plum. The fruit is highly colored and the flavor is indescribable, being as unique as it is delicious.

Ninety-five per cent of all new plums introduced the past twenty-five years that have become standard are Burbank productions, although five times as many were introduced from other sources. This record speaks volumes for the genius of Luther Burbank.

THE STONELESS PLUM. For many years there was growing in France a tiny plum with only the suggestion of a pit. By breeding this plum with others in order to increase its size and flavor, a satisfactory plum has been produced, through which one may cut in any direction with a knife. The pit has disappeared, although there still remains a soft inner core which is found in the interior of every pit, and which resembles in this plum the seed of an apple, but softer.

THE BURBANK PLUM, introduced 20 years ago, and now more generally known and more widely known than any other plum of any name or kind. Although better plums have since been produced by Mr. Burbank, they have not yet supplanted this old, well known favorite.

THE SANTA ROSA PLUM. It received the gold medal at the Lewis & Clark Exposition.

THE BURBANK CHERRY. The earliest of all large cherries; were bought in 1908 at auction for $15 per 10 pound box in the Eastern States, and later at $7.50 per 10 pound box in carload lots. The next year (1909) they were sold in Philadelphia for $31 per 10 pound box. This cherry is not only the best of all early cherries, but will hold its own among cherries of any season.

THE PINEAPPLE QUINCE: Introduced in 1899 and acknowledged to be of unequal quality, having a distinct pineapple flavor.

THE OPULENT PEACH is widely recognized as the best in quality heretofore produced.

WALNUTS. Mr. Burbank produced a walnut with a shell like paper, which could be readily crushed in the hand; but it was found that the shell was so thin that the nuts were totally destroyed by the birds, and Mr. Burbank was obliged to retrace his steps and increase the shell of his walnut before he could place it on the market. Mr. Burbank has also taken the tanin out of the walnut meat, the tanin being a coloring matter in the walnut which has a disagreeable flavor. Among the most useful of Mr. Burbank's experiments in walnuts are the production of the Royal and Braddox varieties. These are rapid growing walnuts and are very valuable commercially for timber purposes. They attain a great size, individual specimens growing 70 to 80 feet in height and 2 to 5 feet in diameter in 16 years. The wood is of good quality, and can be used for the finest finishing purposes, and consequently commands a large price in the lumber market. They are disease resistant. An important feature is the furnishing of superior stock for top grafting, by which method a grove is hurried several years in arriving at maturity on account of the very rapid growth.

THE BURBANK POTATO. The Burbank potato, the first great production of Mr. Burbank's, was produced in Massachusetts in 1873, and, although it received little attention at first, it is to-day grown each season by the millions of bushels and is more and more supplanting all the other varieties of potato. If he had never done anything but produce this potato he would be entitled to the profound gratitude of his countrymen. Though Mr. Burbank has achieved so much with his potato, he has perfected new and superior varieties, some of which are ready to be placed on the market.

THE CRIMSON WINTER RHUBARB. This rhubarb was rejected by all growers at first because of its new and unique qualities, and was wholly unappreciated, but to-day in warm climates it is generally recognized as the rhubarb par excellence, and it has rightly been named the "mortgage lifter." Fortunes have been made in growing it in California and Florida.

THE GIANT RHUBARB. The last of all Mr. Burbank's rhubarbs just introduced, and which it is predicted will excel the original crimson winter rhubarb 400 per cent. It will outyield any other rhubarb known at least three to one.

MUSKMELON. He has a variety of muskmelon rhubarb which has the character of ripening late in the season and is somewhat larger than the ordinary muskmelon, and if picked when ripe will keep like the Hubbard squash—all winter. The flavor of this melon, which is named the "Christmas Cassba Melon," is not at all unlike that of the original muskmelon, and is delicious.

Mr. Burbank has also improved corn, tomatoes, melons and other vegetables almost too numerous to mention.

FLOWERS

In the realm of flowers Mr. Burbank has been equally successful. A few of the more prominent varieties are mentioned:

THE SHASTA DAISY. The flowers are from 5 to 7 inches in diameter. There are distinct varieties of these daisies, both fluted and double and single.

THE GIANT AMARYLLIS. This flower averages from 8 to 10 inches in diameter, sometimes reaching 12 in. The stem is stocky to hold the bloom.

THE BURBANK ROSE received a gold medal at the St. Louis Exposition as the best bedding rose.

With this array of horticultural accomplishments to mark an ever progressing genius, the greatness of Luther Burbank stands secure against the wearing influences of historic time. But as far as he has gone, he will still go further. Even to-day, Burbank has evolved several new, remarkable plant forms, announcements of which have not yet been made. It is safe to say that his unique wizardry will manifest itself in a continuous performance of horticultural wonders until such time as his subtle hand and brain are stilled forever.





William H. Crocker —*See Page 341.*

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ONE NIGHT IN TAHITI

By

Lewis R. Freeman



Tahitian cracking open a cocoanut.

THE FRENCH islands in the South Pacific perform satisfactorily the regulation duty of all the other of that republic's tropical colonies, that of furnishing a retreat for a governor, secretary, judge and three or four other high-salaried officials, during such time as they may require to accumulate fortunes sufficient to permit them to retire to Paris and ease for a good portion, if not all, of the rest of their lives, also for a small army of minor officials who never have a chance to accumulate and go to Paris. These latter young gentlemen work—or rather sit

at desks—six hours a day, drink absinthe six hours, and dream absinthe dreams the remainder of the twenty-four hours.

Besides a regiment of soldiers and a gunboat or two, it takes over five hundred officials to keep Tahiti in order. Departments which in an economically run British or German colony could be handled by one man with enough time over for a horseback ride in the morning and a half-dozen sets of tennis in the afternoon, are here in the hands of a substantial mob. There is but one road on the island, but it takes a whole wing of Pamare's old palace to house . the clerks who report on the condition of it. There is about one case of petty larceny and one of battery a month, but the bench is occupied by a full half score of august judges. The total value of a twelve-months' shipping of all the 150—more or less French islands in the Southeastern Pacific—the Marquesas, Paumotos and Societies—is not equal to the annual output of a single Hawaiian sugar mill, yet the financial and commercial officers are numbered in three figures.

What do they all do? That would be a little difficult to find out; but try and do something yourself—to get a concession for a vanila plantation, for instance, and you will begin to get an inkling. You will be referred and referred and referred. There will be papers to sign and papers to sign and papers to sign. And permits to be taken out ad infinitum. You will struggle through wildernesses of quill-scratching, past gaping catacombs of pigeon holes, till your efforts die away in the peopled solitude as a lost seagull perishes in the midst of the Sahara.



Typical native hut, Tahiti.



Papeiha River and Fantania Falls in the distance.



Native woman washing out clothes on the beach.

Six hours a day for the government, eighteen for themselves. What of these latter hours? Let us see what we can learn at the cercle Colonial. The cercle is a low, rambling structure of aching white, cooled by green trees, green jealousies and green drinks. You see these little clubs in the great republic's tropical outposts which occasionally have not the green blinds, one or two may even be recalled which have not the green trees; but a Cercle Colonial without the green drinks, never. "Where flaps the tri-color, there flows the absinthe." I am not positive who first enunciated this great truth, nor where I first heard it; sufficient that it has become a law as inflexible as that of gravity. Haul down the one, and the other will cease to flow. Stop the flow of the other, and the one will cease to flap. Certain French patriots who are strangers to the French tropics may indignantly question the truth of the latter statement; of these I would respectfully request to be cited an instance where these respective symbols of their republic are flapping and flowing independently.

Certain of the best paid Tahitian officials straggle home to France every other year or so by Suez or America; others send intermittent letters to their loved ones by the irregular post; but when all is said and done, the only really well established line of communication between the island paradise and Paris is the absinthe route.

"I'd envy these poor devils their nocturnal trips from 'hell to home,'" said a friend in Papeete, "if it wasn't for the fact that they are always doomed to sail with round trip tickets. Coming out of any old kind of a dream is more or less of a shock; but coming out of the Mohammedan paradise of an absinthe dream is stagger-



The river at Tautira.

ing. Just about one a month of these young fellows decides that six hours is too long to wait for the inauguration of another dream, and in the pale of the dawn launches himself off on the journey for which no round trip ticket can be foisted on him. The suicide rate in Noumea is higher than here, and, I am told, Saigon, Matinique and Guadaloupe are worse still."

"Fools and cowards," you say, but before judging let us watch them for a while at the Cercle Colonial, embarking, and in transit, "on the absinthe route."

Four o'clock of a January afternoon in Papeete, and the usually steady stream of the southeast trade, clogged and obstructed by suffocating puffs of humid air which have rolled in since morning from the oily seas which stretch unbroken to the equator, has ceased to flow. The glaring coral streets throw back the light like rivers of molten tin; the distended blossoms of hau and hibiscus fall like plummets through the puddly air, to break and scatter like glass on striking the ground. Everything of the earth glows, everything of the air gasps, in



Under the cocoanut trees of Tahiti.

the swimming waves of the clinging heat.

The shaded walls of the Cercle Colonial hold still a modicum of last night's coolness, and the closely-drawn green blinds of the lounging room check the onrush of the calid flood from without. The man with the gold lace on his ripped open coat collar, sitting in the corner toward the silent billiard room, is an officer from

between themselves. Men do not drink for sociability on a day like this, for he who lives in the tropics realizes what the inhabitant of cooler latitudes knows but hazily, that the mental consciousness of human propinquity, even without the effort of conversation, raises the temperature.

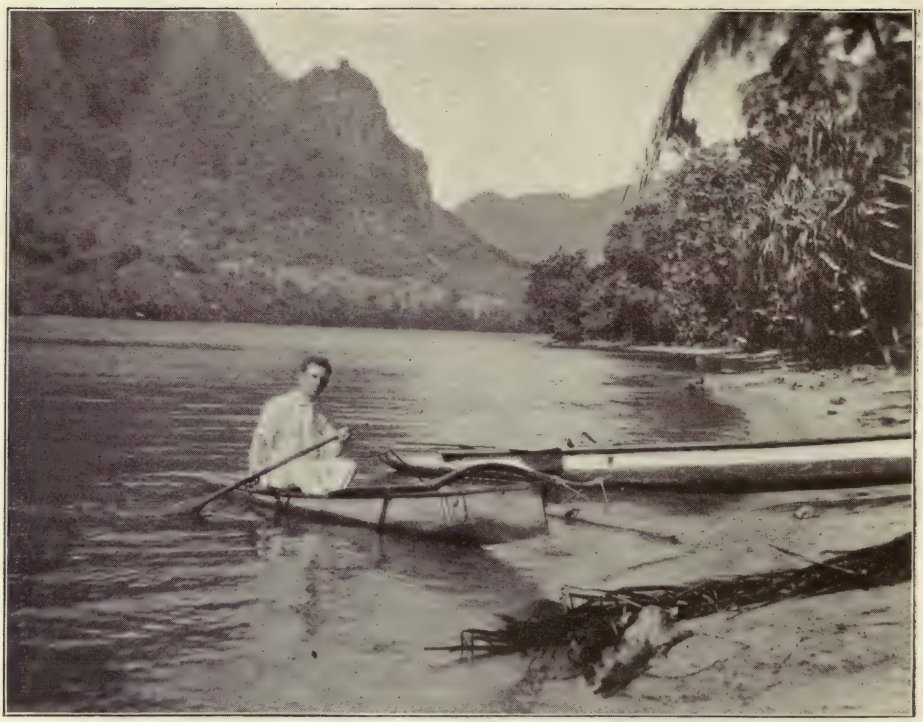
The government offices across the square have just brought their short day of perfunctory work to a close,



The schooner Lurline in a quiet anchorage at Tahiti.

the barracks; he with the tanned face and the imperial in the opposite corner is the commander of the gunboat in the harbor; the youth with the opera bouffe mustache at the table by the palm is the disgraced son of a rich Marseilles merchant, whose quarterly remittances are payable in Papeete. They all know each other, but by an unspoken mutual understanding have put the longest possible interval

and such of the officials as have membership in the Cercle Colonial come hurrying—the first unlistless movement they have made since morning—up the blossom strewn walk. They slip through the green swinging door like thieves in jealous efforts to shut out the furnace like blast which pursues them into the tepid interior, and a low growl of disapproval greets the man who is so thoughtless as to enter



On a Tahitian water course.

leisurely. Each goes to a separate table, and when there are no untenanted tables left, the newcomer drags his chair to a window ledge or mantelpiece.

The waiters work noiselessly and expeditiously. There are no orders taken. Each man is noted by a watchful garcon as he enters, and to him is instantly brought a large glass of cracked ice and a green bottle. After that, except for ocasional replenishings of the ice, he needs no attention.

Before long a change comes over the spirit of the place, a change like that which flashes over the face of a field of drought-parched wild flowers at the first touch of long-awaited rain drops. Watch it in that yellow-skinned youth by the darkened window. Plainly a "transfer" from the prison colony at Noumea, he, with the dregs of the pernicious New Caledonian fever still clogging his blood. He has some kind of departmental billet, by the ink on his forefinger. He slipped through the door a moment ago, and the garcon had his glass and bottle ready on the window ledge almost before he was seated. He spilled the absinthe over the sides of the glass in his eagerness to fill it, and in spite of the cracked ice it must have been far from delectable frappe of the connoisseur when he gulped it down. A second pouring took up the remaining ice, and he called for more.

But now note him as he waits for the ice. Has a spirit hand passed across his forehead and smoothed out those lines of weariness and ill-health? Perhaps not, but they are gone, nevertheless, and a tinge of color has crept into the sallow cheeks. Now he gathers his relaxed muscles and pulls his slender frame together. The thin shoulders are thrown back, the sunken chest expanded, and with open mouth and distended nostrils, like a man who comes from a hot, stuffy hall into the fresh air of the cool, open street, he takes several

deep, quick breaths. You, who know the futility of drinking anything alcoholic or narcotic in endeavoring to keep cool, and have only sipped at your glass of lime juice and soda, can swear that the air of the place, far from being cooler, is getting closer every minute. But don't try to tell that to the young man by the window. It's cooler to him—yes, and to every one in the room but yourself, with your foolish lime juice and soda; they are sitting up and drinking it in all around you.

You have seen the stolid Britisher thaw out and wax friendly and sociable after his second or third brandy and soda, and perhaps you expect that something of the kind is going to happen here. The brandy and the absinthe routes start from the same place —but their courses are diametrically opposite. The brandy and soda addictee expands externally, the absinthe drinker expands internally; the one drink strikes out, the other strikes in. The Britisher cannot forget himself until he has had a couple of brandy and sodas; with two glasses of absinthe the Frenchman only commences to remember himself. Don't look for any flow of spirits around you, then; your neighbors are only going the absinthe route—they are off for home.

Turn your attention again to the youth by the window. A fresh glass of absinthe is before him, and he is pouring himself another drink. Ah—there is your real absinthe artist now. See with how steady a hand he pours that unvarying thread of a trickle; not faster than that must it go, not slower. See him turn the glass to the light to mark the progress of the green stain in the white body of the crushed ice. As it touches the bottom, the pouring stops, the glass is twirled once or twice, and then lifted to the lips and drained. Just as much water as a thread-size trickle of absinthe will melt from the ice in finding its way to the bottom of the glass and back to the rim; offer it to him any other way —after that first mad gulp or two— and he would probably refuse to drink it. Thus absinthe a la Cercle Colonial de Papeete.

At five or half-past, an army officer looks at his watch, yawns, stretches himself, pours a final hasty glass and picks his reluctant way to the door and out into the still stifling air. Two officers of the gunboat follow suit, and from then on until seven o'clock dinner time, by occasional twos and threes, but mostly singly, perhaps a half of the strange company—at the call of family, military or social duties—takes its departure. The residue —unmarried officers and departmental officials and a few unclassified—is made up of the regular voyageurs; you will find them in their places when you look in after dinner.

As you saunter down to the hotel in the gathering twilight, you note that the hot, humid air body of the afternoon is cut here and there with stratii of coolness which are descending from above and creating numerous erratic little whirlwinds which are dodging hither and thither at every turn. In the west hangs the remains of an ugly-looking copper and sulphur sunset, and to the north there is an unbroken line of olive and coaldust clouds; you hardly need the 29.70 reading on the hotel lania barometer to tell you there is going to be wind before midnight.

Nine o'clock at the Cercle Colonial. The jalousies have been opened during your absence, and then closed again, this time to keep out the scurrying vanguards of the rising storm. The air is cooler now, and you give the waiter the recipe for an American gin fizz, to get something which refuses to fizz and is built, apparently, on a bay rum base. You solace yourself with the thought that you didn't come for a drink anyway, and turn to your friends of the afternoon, the voyageurs. Most of them have "arrived," and if they are aware at all of the relief of the cooling atmosphere it is but to tell themselves that it is good to breathe again the air of la belle France after those accursed trop-

ics. Each sits solitary as when you left, but where then they were separated by a few scant yards at the most, now they are scattered from Paris to the Riviera.

But it's plain that it's Paris with the most of them. The youth with the yellow face is still in his chair by the window, but his eyes are now fixed admiringly on a colored lithograph of a ballet dancer in its black frame on the wall. Maybe he's doing the Louvre, you hazard. Oh, no—look at his eyes. That picture is flesh and blood for him. She's the headliner at Rizzi's and she's coming down to drink with him as soon as the crowd stops its accursed encores and allows her to leave the stage.

That dapper fellow with the lieutenant's epaulettes and the "spike" moustaches who sits so straight in his chair—where is he? The Champs Elysees, without doubt, and riding. No; he's walking. Don't you see the swagger of his shoulders, and that twitching of the fingers is the twirling of his cane. Didn't you see him stiffen up and twirl his moustaches as he looked at your table just now? No, he didn't care a rap about impressing the American visitor to Tahiti; you were a carriage or a motor with the latest opera favorite in it pulled up to the curb.

That tall civilian there with the high-bred but dissipated looking face (you recognize him now as the next highest official on the island who, they told you at the hotel, is in Tahiti as punishment for peculations while occupying a high place at home) is at Maxim's. That chair into which he is staring so intently is not as empty to him as it looks to you. There—didn't you see his lips move? You wonder who she is, and what he's telling her.

That other civilian with the clear cut features and the alert air of the trained professional man—ah, yes, he is the famous Parisian doctor from whom the medical world has awaited for two years the announcement of the discovery of a cure for the dreaded elephantiasis. He had triumph and world renown in sight months ago, you were told, when he began "seeing green," and has since, through the demoralization of his special hospital, lost most of the ground he had gained. That must be a clinic for whom he is drawing those intricate diagrams on the table with his cigarette holder.

But what of that portly old gentleman with the benevolent face and the beaming eye? You think he's with the others in the cafes chantant or on the boulevards. Look again. See that tender smile. He has—or has had—a wife and children, and he's with them now. A look like that for a concert hall girl! The old fellow is in the bosom of his family.

But listen to the noise outside—the storm is sweeping in from the sea and the reef is roaring like an avalanche. Why is there no sign of excitement from the silent dreamers? Are they telling themselves that it is only the thunder of the traffic on the Parisian pavements? But those clanging bells and those frantic choruses of yells that sound above the roar of the storm! Only a fire in the Quartier Latin, perhaps, they say, and go on with their dreaming.

Now the batteries of the storm have got their ranges and the shot commences to fly. Hear those cocoanuts cracking off, and right around the club, too. Snap! Bang! Ah, this will rouse somebody. With a heavy crash the top of a broken palm is thrown against a shuttered window, and the sallow youth, with his glass and bottle goes rolling on the floor. That will fetch him, sure. But still no. Pouf! he has seen these little disturbances at Rizzi's before. He beckons to the waiter to bring more absinthe and clear up the debris, and again turns his eager eyes to the picture lady where she still pirouettes her way through another interminable encore.

But hark again! New noises are sounding without; this time a shrill whistle, the tramp of feet on the veranda and a banging at the door. A



A native hut on the edge of a forest.

moment more and a captain of gendarmerie appears and shouts something in excited, gesticulative French. You fail to catch it, and ask one of the waiters.

Ah! A half dozen schooners are pounding to pieces on the seawall, and the gendarmes are impressing all the men they can lay hands on for rescue work—the "law of the beach," through all of the South Pacific.

Dazed and speechless with consternation, the unlucky dreamers are hustled to their feet by the not any too gentle officers, and shoved out into the night, where ten seconds of rain and wind and driving spindrift punch the return of their round-trip tickets to Paris, and leaves them on the Papeete waterfront with an incipient hurricane in front of them and the rough-handed gendarmes behind.

THRENODY

Crouching low in the poisonous shade
Wearily moaning, they push the spade,
The dead who bury their dead.

Praying aloud to the vanishing night,
Holding their backs to the glorious light,
The dead who bury their dead.

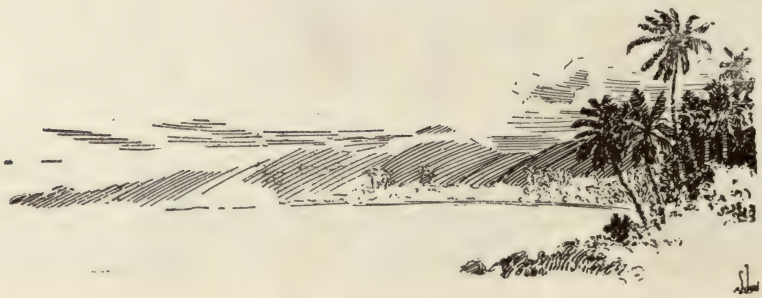
Dreaming of pain till the day departs,
Dragging the load of their own dull hearts,
The dead who bury their dead.

Tell them, O Father, before they fall,
The past is little, the future all—
The dead who bury their dead.

Tell them of Life, and her endless store;
That Hope has much, and Love has more—
The dead who bury their dead.

Alas! for the shade and the stupor of sleep;
They bury themselves so deep, so deep—
The dead who bury their dead!

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.





View of the Imperial Theatre, Tokio.

JAPAN AND MODERN DRAMA

By Walter S. McBride

JAPAN is full of surprises. Just as the foreigner is constantly coming upon new and transcendent natural beauties in a country where nearly every scene is one of charm, so too is he constantly having revealed to him new evidences of the amazing versatility and capacity of the Japanese people. The world has not ceased to marvel at this little island empire that in the period of half a century has achieved a civilization that entitles it to rank as one of the great nations. The recent war with Russia afforded the clearest manifestation of the genius of its people. The brilliant exploits of the armies in Manchuria and the fleets in the Straits of Tsushima and the Sea of Japan marked an epoch in the evolution of the science of warfare. In the administration of government and in education, Japan has shown her ability successfully to assimilate alien ideas. In commerce and industry, her progress has been astonishing in its thoroughness and scope. In the field of art, this nation has long been the admiration of art lovers the world over, and the influence of the great Japanese masters of the past on modern art is one of the commonplaces of criticism.

If the advancement in the narrower sphere of the drama in Japan has been less conspicuous than that in practical affairs, it has been marked by the same thoroughness, understanding and method. The imposing cream-colored pile of the new Imperial Theatre, overlooking Hibiya Park and the Imperial Palace moat, represents the concrete determination of a group of To-



Mme. Sadayakko repulsing the villain Scarpia, in the second act of Sardou's "La Tosca," Imperial Theatre, Tokio.

kyo's progressive citizens to foster an appreciation of the highest, not only in the dramatic art of Japan, but in that of the world at large. On its stage have been produced the dramatic masterpieces of the classical and modern writers with rare discernment of their worth as works of art and as a means for the better understanding of modern social conditions and of complex and mysterious human psychology.

It was with a strange mingling of sensations that we made our way one rainy afternoon in June through the district of Kojimachi, in Tokyo, to the Imperial Theatre. Ever since our arrival in Japan we had been eager to witness some of the native dramas. After the novelty had worn off, however, there was little that was diverting in the pantomime plays that we saw in Yokohama. The gory tragedy of the Forty-Seven Ronin, in innumerable scenes and consuming hours of time, was entertainment we were not equal to in its entirety. Our Yokohama friends rather discouraged our interest in the Japanese drama. Foreign residents seldom attend these native productions. This is due to some extent to their lack of interest, but largely to their habitual attitude of contempt for all things Japanese. We had chosen this particular afternoon for our visit because Mme Sadoyakko, the "Japanese Bernhardt," who was in her native land for a short stay, was to give a number of performances of "La Tosca." That we should be entertained by the five plays to be presented we were quite certain; that we should probably be quite as much amused and edified was a conviction that lurked in the back part of our mind. The prospect of hearing a Mozart opera sung in Japanese was one that convinced us that some one had perpetrated a huge joke on these polite, simple minded people. One simply could not associate the dainty artificiality of the "Magic Flute" with these shy, unemotional, mysterious Orientals; nor could one picture the impassive Japanese woman portraying the melodramatic horrors of "La Tosca."

Performances in the Imperial Theatre begin at 5 o'clock and end at about



Scene from "The Treachery of Terutara," Imperial Theatre, Tokio.

midnight. There is a restaurant and cafeteria on the second floor just above the foyer, which enables one to dine between acts. There are other features which make this luxurious foreign-style theatre rather unusual. In all of the corridors are shops where one may buy all sorts of pretty trifles. At those in the wide passageway which encircles the auditorium and separates it from the cafe, one may buy dainty lacquer boxes, vases, purses, bags and artificial flowers. Further away are the candy booths, and in the farthest corner near the ladies' and gentlemen's smoking rooms may be had all the smoker's requirements. In the upper passageway is a refreshment room, all in white enamel, where tea and foreign ice cream and cake are dispensed. The auditorium proper is not unlike many of the theatres in this country, where sumptuous furnishings have been carried to the verge of good taste. The walls are of deep cream with touches of old rose and elaborate decorations in gilded stucco. The hangings are of old rose and blue velvet.

The program opened with the "Magic Flute." The rising of the curtain revealed a picturesque setting, representing a rocky wilderness,, and Tamino, the Egyptian prince, impersonated by a tall, good looking Japanese, wearing a curly black wig and classic tunic, was imploring the gods in a somewhat uncertain tenor voice to save him from an extremely ridiculous serpent. After he had fallen exhausted, three young women, attendants on a neighboring queen, appeared and with their gleaming spears despatched the amiable reptile. Their nationality was effectually disguised by their wigs of flowing brown hair, but was almost immediately disclosed when they crossed the stage by their large, flat, pigeon-toed bare feet. Their costume consisted of a Brunhilde-like glittering metal corselet and helmet and diaphanous skirt of gauze. Their gestures were as unvaried and deliberate as swimming strokes, and their voices were high pitched and nasal, though not unpleasantly so. In the concerted numbers the want of assurance which seemed to afflict all of the singers caused them to lag and confuse the tempo in a quite hopeless



Baiko Onoe, a Japanese actor, as Mario Cavaradossi in Sardou's "La Tosca," Imperial Theatre, Tokio.

way. After the first impression of novelty had worn off, one watched the performance in the hope that the tall, pigeon-toed Tamino would not be long separated from his fair Pamina, and when the curtain at last descended on the blissful pair, one breathed a sigh of relief that this particular piece of neo-Japanese musical culture had been disposed of.

An air of suppressed excitement and expectancy pervaded the auditorium after the intermission, when the Japanese men and their shy little wives came tripping back to their seats. The women settled themselves, smoothed out their kimonos, gave a final touch to their wonderful coiffures, and waited for the curtain to rise, for Sadoyakko, Japan's most famous actress, was about to appear. The orchestra blared forth the savage strains from Puccini's opera, and the curtain slowly rose on the familiar scene in the chapel of St. Andrea. There was nothing in the stage settings to distinguish it from any other production of "La Tosca." The tall, handsome man sitting on the platform on the right at work on the Virgin's picture, seemed to be quite as much at ease in this role as any of the foreigners who have acted in it. Not until the entrance of the fugitive Angellotti did one realize that this was a performance by Japanese in the Japanese tongue. Angelotti's jerky movements as he darted this way and that about the stage suggested a man with a peculiar mental disorder rather than one frenzied by fear.

But the sound of Floria Tosca's tapping on the door set the house in a flutter, and a loud volley of hand clapping broke forth as a slight, dark-haired little woman tripped smilingly out onto the stage. She was unmistakably Japanese in face and movement despite her foreign dress and foreign air. She was winning and pretty and indicated fairly the lighter moods of this spoiled and capricious mistress. If there was charm in her portrayal there was, on the other hand, no trace of genius. The most surprising thing about it was that a role demanding grace and fire could be made interesting by a woman who possessed neither. Pictorially she was quite wrong. Her old-fashioned evening dress was even further from the period of the play than a present day costume would have been, and she wore about her neck an ugly and anachronistic feather boa. Her intonation, as well as her attitudes, were strongly reminiscent of Bernhardt. This was even more marked in the following act with Scarpia. Her writhings and clutchings and her facial expression were mere imitations of the great Frenchwoman. Where the latter is tigerish in her rage, Sadoyakko was hardly more

than shrewish. She pleaded prettily, and was to a degree a creditable enchantress, but in the tragic climaxes she was lost.

One forgot Sadoyakko's shortcomings in contemplation of the splendid acting of Baiko Onoe as Mario Cavaradossi, the lover, and the subtle malignity of Koshiro Matsumoto's Baron Scarpia. In the opening love scene there was fine emotion and tenderness in Onoe's Mario, and in the later torture scene he displayed a touching and noble fortitude. There was complete understanding of its alien psychology at every point. His voice was musical and expressive of varied emotional states, and he presented at all times a singularly appealing personality.

Equally sincere and vital was the Scarpia of Koshiro Matsumoto. There is only one way to play the part, and that is to infuse into it all the harshness and subtle villainy possible. While one loathed this Scarpia for his diabolical acts, one could not but admire the art with which they were portrayed. There was no futile imitation; what one saw was a powerful and original characterization.

The impression of extraordinary facility evoked by these two Japanese actors was heightened by their work in the one act Japanese historical drama, "The Treachery of Terutora" which followed. If in the portrayal of Sardou's melodramatic monster Matsumoto exhibited unusual skill and intelligence, in his impersonation of a noble Japanese war lord there was superb talent. Like a figure on some old screen or kakemono, he looked, in his antique costume of silk glittering with gold threads and great swords thrust through his waistband, and when he spoke he brought back those old, romantic days when men's passions were fierce and easily aroused, and human life was sacrificed for the gratification of a passing whim.

Nagao Terutora, the Lord of Echigo, is about to give battle to a neighboring prince, and while his troops outnumber the forces of the enemy, he fears that the day may be decided by



Koshiro Matsumoto as Terutora, the Lord of Echigo, in "The Treachery of Terutora."

the superior skill of Yamamoto Kansuke, the valiant warrior of Harunobu, whose military prowess is recognized throughout the land. He accordingly decides to resort to treachery in an effort to win Kansuke to his side. He summons his principal retainer, Naoye Sanetsuna, and intrusts him with the accomplishment of the intrigue. Sanetsuna's wife, Karaginu, is a sister of Kansuke. Her mother, Koshiji, has been invited to pay a visit, and when she arrives, the husband will try to persuade her to induce her son to join Terutora. The first step in this scheme is the presentation of a costly kimono once owned by the Sho-

gun Yoshiteru. But the visitor says she cannot understand the reason for this uncalled-for favor, and declines to receive it. To offer her a second-hand garment, no matter how renowned its origin, she says, is an insult.

Terutora is dismayed at her unexpected anger, and in an attempt to appease her ruffled feelings, he dons his flowing silk robe and condescends to serve her glittering trays of appetizing viands. This only serves to increase her rage, for she now perceives his mercenary motive, and in her contempt she replies with a burst of scornful laughter. She upsets the trays of food and soils his lordship's ceremonial costume. She asks him how he dares thus to outrage the mother of a samurai by thinking that her son is no better than a poltroon. Terutora is no longer able to suppress his wrath, and attempts to strike her with his sword, but is intercepted by Sanetsuna and his wife, who succeed in cooling the quick temper of the great warrior, whereupon Koshiji takes her departure.

Your true Japanese war lord indeed was Matsumoto as the fierce Terutora, in his voluminous cloak of lavender and gold, quaint headgear and terrible swords. His treachery was more subtle and convincing than Scarpia's, because it represented an authentic trait in a diabolical character, and not a means of securing a theatrical effect, which is the only justification for the cruelty of Sardou's villain. Terutora's crafty efforts to win the aid of the mother of the Lord Kansuke was indicated by Matsumoto with the vicious cunning of the unscrupulous. His ingratiating manner and oily speech, however, made no impression on the splendid samurai mother. In the scene following that, where the woman openly charges him with seeking to bribe her and knocks over the trays of food he has presented, Matsumoto was magnificent. His wrath was quite terrible as he rose to his feet, threw back his gorgeous cloak and flashed out his long sword to strike her. There was something akin to genius in the delineation of that savage mood. No slavish following of tradition was there in the enactment of this dramatic episode. The chanting of the oddly-dressed man at the low desk at the side of the stage and the monotonous twanging of the samisen player next to him did not mar the illusion of reality which Matsumoto succeeded in creating.



Baiko Onoe in "The Treachery of Terutora."

In the slight role of Naoye Sanetsuna, Terutora's chief retainer, Baiko Onoe did all that was expected of him, and contributed to this picture of feudal Japan a striking figure in sage green and gold robes and flowing trousers. After Sadoyakko's feeble and imitative efforts in "La Tosca," it was gratifying to witness the unsuspected

emotional power and graceful bearing of the women of the cast. These three as they moved slowly about the stage in their shimmering antique kimonos, reminded one of stately peacocks. The fearlessness and scorn of the samurai mother, played by Miss Fusako Fujima, was a revelation of what the shy, sophisticated Japanese women can do in simulating passion. There was as much finesse in the acting of Miss Namiko Hatsuse, as the wife of Sanetsuna, as in her playing of the koto when she sought by that means to calm the anger of the Lord Terutora.

Onoe and Matsumoto were to demonstrate their astonishing versatility still further in a farce called "The Ascent of Mount Fuji," in which they impersonated two "foreignized" Japanese swells of the present day in a spirit of amusing comedy. In the final entertainment they appeared as two firemen at a festival set in Tokyo in the days of the shoguns, a hundred years ago. Amidst that quaint throng of villagers, peddlers, geisha girls, soldiers and beggars, these two gifted men performed one of the celebrated national dances, with marvelous grace and dexterity. One came out of the theatre with high admiration for these genuine artists, and a finer appreciation of the dramatic possibilities of the Japanese.

A SPRING SONG

My spirit rides high with the wind to-day,
 My voice rings out jubilant, clear;
For winter is o'er, the cold is no more,
 And the glory of springtime is here.

The hillsides are weaving a carpet of flowers,
 A carpet of marvelous sheen,
As poppies unfold their rich treasures of gold,
 Midst the vivid, luxuriant green.

The happy birds sing in the trees to-day,
 A song of the Great Father's love;
Who sends them their dower of sunshine and shower
 From His wonderful storehouse above.

'Tis fine to be flower of the field to-day!
 'Tis fine to be bird in the tree!
But oh, best of all, is the country's glad call
 That is drawing both you and me!

MARIAN TAYLOR.





Enthusiastic Freshmen gathering firewood for "the big blaze" at their first class rally.

Berkeley's Three Big Rallies

By Mary Carolyn Davies

THE Freshman rally, "Pajamarino night," and the "Axe Rally"—the Freshmen who saw them last year for the first time, will never forget them. And the stranger who was fortunate enough to be present at these reunions of the big "California" family—well, the Golden Bear, the Axe and California spirit will mean something to him for all the rest of his life.

The Freshman Rally was the first big event of the fall. It was a black, sweltering night. In the darkness, hundreds of eager students and townspeople panted up the slope to the Greek Theatre, "the Greek," as the students affectionately dub it. The silent tiers of seats were full of spectators, sitting there in absolute blackness. There was a curious human silence, made up of a still, continuous hum of many whispers.

Against the black sky, the white outlines of the pillars shone pale. Behind them rose a blacker shadow, the eucalyptus trees.

Suddenly the stillness was shattered by a mighty roar, and from the entrance serpentined a black mass, a

long, sinuous line of moving bodies. They settled, like locusts, and gave a yell:

"Up with the red, down with the green
California! Sixteen!"

From the other side poured another twining mass, and the Sophomores' deeper cry boomed out:

"Eat 'em alive! One-five!
"Eat 'em alive! One-five!

Then came the Juniors, in stately triumph, and Junior "plugs." And lastly, traversing the sacred platform itself, the Seniors marched more slowly in, one long locked line of men. From all the tiers of spectators came a cheer of welcome.

Then, some one suddenly flung upward a sputtering bunch of firecrackers, and the hugely built bonfire structure was ablaze. Twelve thousand faces flashed out of the blackness, and a cheer went up.

Behind all the fun, there was a big thing. They call it the California spirit here. In Leonidas' time they called it something different, perhaps. But it looked precisely the same. It shone in the eyes of the men and women gathered at this "family reunion."

Hundreds from San Francisco and the bay cities joined the students in welcoming the newest class. Two thousand Freshmen, from the four corners of the world, but from that night each one sealed with the seal of loyalty for all his life. As the "Cal" put it, "The allegiance sworn at the Big Rally is no great mistake, even though it may not have been brought about by a syllogism."

It is the bigness of the whole thing that impresses you. It is the same spirit of virgin space, of boundless opportunity, that is the heritage of the West. The University of California, more than any other thing, typifies the West and the youth of the world.

You thrill to the words of the men on the rostrum. Staid business men listened to these boys and cheered them with the same fervor that the newest Freshman did.

"Stan" Arnot, the leader of this year's "Oskis," Ralph Torry, the president of the Student Body, for California has the honor system and senior control, Professor Setchell, the well-known botany authority, and Henry Morse Stevens, our own "Henry," the biggest man at U. of C., known the world over as authority on history—one after the other they delivered their message, which was the same message after all: "Welcome—and do your work."

Then came the big thing that the night had been born for, the mighty Oski, that "Johnny" Stroud, the Rugby captain, called for half-defiantly, "an Oski of the old sort." Then Arnot, and Pitchford and Delaney raised their arms as if in benediction; then swooping down, brought the thousands slowly to their feet. Arms upflung, the yell burst forth like a flood:

W-o-w!
Oski wow, wow!
Whiskey wee wee!
Ole muck ei!
Ole Berkeleyi!
Cali-forn-ia!
Wow!

Then came the California Bear song that Charles Mills Gayley himself composed, the man perhaps that the college is proudest of:

Oh, have you seen the heavens blue,
heavens blue,
When just seven stars are shining
through, shining through,
Right overhead a valiant crew,
They're joining hands to make the
bear.
He has a very patient air,
He wears a Paderewski hair,
He's center rush in th' heavens, I
swear,
Our silent, sturdy, golden bear.

Then came the saucy little:

Rah, rah, rah,
Cal-i-forn-i-ah!
Stanford, have a care,
When you hear the rooters
howling——"



The great Panjamarino Rally, held at night in the Greek Theatre before a huge bonfire.

Then "Give 'em the Axe," whispered the yell leader, tersely, and the yell crackled forth.

"Spell it," he snapped next, and "C-A-L-I—" all the way through the word they spelled, with the three long "Californias" at the end.

The band broke into "Boola" then, and as everybody sung the California words to it, the black serpentine wound out of "the Greek," and down to Harmon Gym. There, on the old steps, they formed, and with a hush, off went every hat, and bareheaded, they sang the Te Deum of California, "All Hail."

All hail, Blue and Gold,
Thy colors unfold,
O'er loyal Californians, whose hearts
are strong and bold;
All hail, blue and gold,
Thy strength ne'er shall fail.
To thee we sing:
All hail, all hail!

No sooner does the bonfire die down after the Freshman rally, than the "Pajamarino" is being looked forward to.

The Pajamarino rally is unique in the annals of history. What circus day is to the small boy, Pajamarino night is to the undergraduate at California. There are shocking tales floating about the campus about former Pajamarino rallies. There are all sorts of wild tales about the origin of the orgy. It seems to be a Junior traditional affair chiefly. One irreverent Sophomore explained the origin not incredibly: "There is a tradition

that there was once a Junior who had enough money to buy a suit of pajamas," he said, "and the Juniors have celebrated it ever since." One tradition is of some professor, who, on being roughly serenaded at his house, came out and addressed the crowd, clad in the now traditional ceremonial robe of Pajamarino night.

The Pajamarino rally found "the Greek" all ablaze with electricity. As the classes filed in, each man, clad in irreproachable pajamas, white and shining, surmounted with nightcaps, there was a laugh from above the diazoma.

The Juniors and Seniors, followed by the lower classes, wound whitely around the stage, so that the elaborate concoctions of lace and negligee could be duly admired. All that the trained imaginations of several thousand college men could do, was done.

The Junior yell leader was startling —a willowy, feminine looking person in white, lacy gown, boudoir cap, and fair braids tied with pink ribbons. The Senior leader was a blue and silver spangled ballet girl.

When the stage was cleared, the "stunts" of the evening began. From the Stanford funeral procession, to the burlesque on Henry Morse Stevens, pipe, whiskers and all.

After a blaze of Greek fire, touched off by the daring college boys, on top of the pillars, the speeches of the evening came on. Professor O'Neil, with his jokes and the graver men with their counsel, brought out the cheers.

That night marked the passing of the Senior plug. It has long been one of the traditions of the University, but it has been superceded by tradition so absolutely Western and unique that every one cheered the innovation. A huge black plug, some ten feet high, was burned amid rejoicing, and as the last black shred burned out, with one cry the Seniors all threw their new insignia high in the air—the sombrero, the real Western buckaroo hat, sacred to the Seniors on the campus as long as the University shall stand.

Bigger, almost, than the Big Game, is the rally that prepares for it—the great rally of all, the biggest outpouring of California spirit—the "Axe Rally."

There is no other Axe Rally in the world. There is no other body of men who keep an axe in the safe deposit vault of the First National Bank, who have guarded it with police for thirteen years, and who worship it, like an idol, once a year.

It rained the day of the Axe rally. So it was a bobbing mass of black umbrellas that serpentined down to the bank, and brought up the trophy in triumph to Harmon Gym.

The floor below was jammed with men; above, the co-eds strained to get a glimpse of the blue and gold twined axe.

The mass of men knelt, and rose to the opening Oski. Then, with the pent up delight of a year of waiting, sharp and quick came the Axe yell:

"Give 'em the axe, the axe, the axe," slow at first, and then rising into a quick roar of fury. Then the band crashed into "Lights Out," and the words rang out:

"And fight for California,
For California through and through!"

Then came the thing we had assembled for. The immortal band, "the men who stole the Stanford Axe," had sent three of their famous band to tell us about it, the tale of the Rape of the Axe.

It is a long and merry tale, how Stanford had the huge axe made, and taunted California with it at the game, cutting up blue and gold ribbons with it, flourishing it in our rooters' faces, and yelling "Give 'em the axe;" how the reckless 'Varsity bunch assaulted the Stanford men, the fight, the chase, the strategy, when the girl helped get the axe across the ferry under the noses of the police and the Stanford men; how it has been guarded and paraded with yearly, for thirteen years and has brought luck to California's teams.

The new custodian of the axe was sworn in, the speeches made, the axe yell given again and again, and the Bear yell growled out aggressively. The axe motif was woven through it all.

"We're going to scalp you, Stanford,
We're going to scalp you blue,
We'll do it with that tomahawk
We took from you."

rang out the challenge.

Then the escort formed to take the axe back to the vault, to be guarded jealously from Stanford vengeance another year. But before they went, they shook the air with one final Oski, and then, bareheaded, they reverently sang California's hymn. "O'er golden fields of poppies," rang out the lines, and heads went up proudly at the words, "O'er loyal Californians, whose hearts are strong and bold," and the lines swelled out to that splendid climax. Softly they sang the last words, "All hail, all hail!" California spirit —no one who saw California's three rallies can fail to know what the words mean, and not even the most staid business man can quite escape the thrill of it. The Freshman Rally, Pajamarino Night, and the Axe Rally —the undergraduates call them California's three great religious celebrations. Well I, for one, should not like to affirm that they are not. Should you?

SONG OF THE CAMP

Up in the naked branches,
The lonely night-wind grieves.
Something rustles, softly,
In the drift of wind-tossed leaves.
The nights are filled with glamour,
When the year creeps 'round to Fall,
That chains us to those olden-things,
From the days beyond recall.

There's frost upon the marshes,
And the wild geese are a-wing.
The dawns are gray and listless,
And the birds no longer sing.
But you hear the game-trail calling,
As you watch the camp-fire blaze—
So fill the night-bound forest,
With a song from olden-days.

CHART PITT.



WILLIAM H. CROCKER

AN OPTIMIST

THERE nearly came to fruition a remarkable accomplishment in San Francisco, namely, the erection of an opera house, which would have been an architectural ornament to the city and a home of education in matters musical, dramatic, literary and historical for present and future generations.

Chiefly through the efforts of William H. Crocker, President of the Crocker National Bank, subscriptions were pledged by a number of leading citizens to the amount of nearly $900,000. The opera house was to be erected without cost to the city; its up-keep and maintenance of operatic seasons were to be guaranteed by the subscribers. The response for subscriptions was generous and came from all walks of life, and most diverse elements of society. For the first time in the history of the city, personal differences and antagonistic coteries were forgotten. There was a comman and general appreciation of the great benefits which would be far reaching, furnishing instruction and delight to the humblest citizen as well as those more fortunately endowed with wealth, and affording a common ground where all classes could gather and listen to the great artists of the world. The list of subscribers (some 380 in number) is the most democratic expression of a universal sentiment which it had ever been the good fortune of San Franciscans to give voice. Citizens who for years had been at cross purposes in matters business and social, forgot their differences and offered their generous contributions for the up-lifting cause. At last there was to be a meeting place, a temple of harmony where, at least for the time being, all classes could gather together under the inspiration of the great tone pictures of the world.

The project, so far as the city and the guarantors were concerned, was a very simple one. What is known as the Civic Center is a large area of land in the center of the city, upon which are to be erected several important public buildings, such as the City Hall, the Public Library, the Auditorium, etc. A plot in the Civic Center sufficiently large upon which to erect an opera house with ample grounds around it was to be set apart by the city authorities. It was to be free of taxation, and the exterior lighting and watering were to be furnished by the city. The guarantors were to put up the money, erect and equip the opera house, and be responsible for its upkeep, under a board of trustees consisting of the Mayor, one member of the Board of Public Works, one member of the Board of Park Commissioners, one member of the Board of Library Trustees, one member of the faculty of the University of California, one member from that of the Stanford University, and ten members from among the subscribers. As to the succession of the last ten members of the Board of Trustees, the same plan was to be adopted that prevails with reference to the Board of Public Library Trustees, namely, a vacancy therein was to be filled by a new member of their own selection. The trusteeship should continue only so long as the upkeep and maintenance of the opera house were conducted without cost to the city.

The opera house was to seat in the neighborhood of three thousand. The number of subscribers to the fund of

eight hundred and fifty to nine hundred thousand dollars was less than four hundred. In return for their subscriptions, these subscribers and guarantors were to have the privilege of being permitted to place their respective names upon their seats (about three hundred and eighty in number) and to occupy the same by paying the regular price for each performance, providing they signified their intention so to do at least twenty-four hours before any particular performance; otherwise, these seats, boxes or loges were to be thrown open to the public the same as the rest of the house. This privilege of occupying and paying for a particular seat was also capable of being assigned or left by will. There was also a further proviso that there should always be upwards of five hundred seats in the family circle which would never be more than one dollar and a half for any operatic performance. Of course, as in other grand opera houses, there would be galleries for the accommodation of probably one thousand seats that would not be above one dollar in price.

The arrangement for the building of an opera house on the above plan had to be accomplished through the medium of an ordinance passed by the Board of Supervisors and approved by the Mayor. Such an ordinance was passed and approved in 1912, but a question arose as to the legality of its terms in that in this ordinance the subscribers named ten of the fifteen trustees themselves. The Supreme Court of California ruled that such a body of trustees would have to be appointed by the city in order to be legally constituted. A second ordinance was prepared, framed in accordance with this decision. It passed the Board of Supervisors, and was brought to the Mayor for his approval. To the consternation of all concerned, the Mayor vetoed the ordinance upon the ground that it was undemocratic and would result in creating class distinction.

This veto came as a great shock to the enthusiasm and public spirit of a large number of our representative citizens. They saw in it an intimation that they were seeking to claim some preference or distinction in occupying a particular seat, box or loge to the *exclusion* of the audience at large. Instead of welcoming with open arms a most public-spirited and democratic contribution of an enormous sum of money for the uplift and advancement of art in San Francisco, these subscribers were to be singled out and pointed at as arraying themselves in their own circle of exclusiveness.

As a matter of fact, all opera houses and theatres have galleries, family circles, dress circles, orchestras, loges and boxes. These permit any person to pay for and occupy a seat in accordance with his or her means. Never in the history of any place of public amusement has the criticism been leveled at the occupant of a high priced seat that he or she in occupying the same is excluding somebody else from so doing.

The subscriptions for the particular seats, loges and boxes to make up the required amount with which to construct this opera house were open to everybody. Mr. Crocker took delight in going from one end of the city to the other to get these subscriptions. and was overjoyed at the generous response. At the time the ordinance was passed by the Board of Supervisors these subscriptions were still open, and any good citizen, even after the construction of the Opera House, could obtain the ephemeral and nominal privilege of having his name placed upon a seat by adding to the subscription.

There was nothing left for the subscribers and guarantors to do but to desist from all further effort and contribute mutually to the payment of the expenses of preparing very elaborate and up-to-date plans for the proposed structure. The great modern opera houses of Europe had been visited, their architectural plans obtained, and there would have been erected the very best and latest edifice, both from a practical as well as aesthetic stand-

point, that it would have been possible to accomplish.

The great sorrow of it all is that the rest of the world has had another illustration of the eccentricity of San Francisco. Here was an opportunity for our city to announce that we were prepared to welcome the great musicians, orchestras, singers and operatic works in an auditorium fit in every way for appropriate production. The phrase "grand opera" has the deepest significance. It is the highest expression of civilized life. It illustrates the best of music, painting, acting, drama, history, prose, poetry, scenery, costumes—ancient and modern—and electricity in its great field of development. No other form of intellectual activity combines so many varieties of study, research and the results of the creative instinct as the staging of a grand opera. The presence of an opera house in a community calls for the establishment of conservatories of music, local orchestras and choral societies as necessary corollaries. All these things were to have been ours without cost to the city or any increased taxation. In Europe there is hardly a city of any importance but that a certain portion of its taxation is used for the maintenance of an opera hourse, just as it is used for the maintenance of schools; in fact, they consider an opera house as a school house on a large scale and devoted to the higher realms of education.

Mr. Crocker has expressed himself as still enthusiastic and willing to put his shoulder to the wheel once more to accomplish the same object, but how he can do so in view of the terrible setback he and other public-spirited citizens have had from the action of the Mayor, he is at a loss to see.

It always requires some one with enthusiasm to move others to the accomplishment of aesthetic results. As Napoleon said: "Imagination rules the world." In Mr. Crocker we have a citizen eminently practical and immersed in business undertakings of large magnitude, and yet ready and willing to take the time to arouse an interest in an undertaking which primarily has nothing in it except the expenditure of a large sum of money and an enormous outlay of time and detailed attention. He has the prophetic eye to see that the future would bring forth the very best of results, a cleaner and higher-minded citizenship, a love for the beautiful, an appreciation of the ideals of life, and above all, an opportunity for future generations to obtain a hearing and give an expression to their efforts in art, poetry and music under climatic conditions which were not even approached in the palmiest days of Greece and Rome.



Breaking the Western Bronco

By Max McD.

BREAKING the Western bronco is no easy job. It requires all the skill and dexterity of the man of the plains. He is a combination of the mustang and ordinary horse, and his dictionary name is the North Western Bronco. There is no phase of Western life that has not been influenced by this animal. Pioneer, cowboy, sheriff, Indian, prospector—all have used the bronco. He has been the cheerful companion of each of them. In fact he was the sine qua non of the exploitation of the West.

The broncho has a good deal of treachery about him, though not so much as his ancestor, the mustang. He is a rugged, steady, useful animal, that can travel along mountain ledges or lope over miles of prairie on next to nothing. Breaking him has come to be a business by itself, and for years every ranch had its "twister" or "wrangler," or "buster," whose duty it was to ride the wild range horses for the first time. Usually when he had ridden them a few times they were ready to turn over to the less nervy cow-puncher.

But there is a process in the breaking of the Western horse completed before the "buster" gets him. He must be halter broken, that is, he must know how to wear a halter with grace. The colt at two, three or four years old is put in a corral. A heavy halter is put on him after he has been roped and thrown; attached to this is a heavy rope, and is fastened to a strong post in the fence of the corral, or one sunk in the center of the enclosure. The horse breaks himself. At first he pulls back, then throws himself to the ground; the next instant he is high in the air; perhaps he gets his foot over the rope and requires to be extricated. All this has a taming effect, and he realizes that he has forfeited the free life of the range, and must conform to a new manner of living. When the broncho will stand without pulling back, or when he will lead by the halter, he is said to be "halter-broke." Horses are usually "halter-broke" before being sold to dealers.

Few inexperienced riders would, however, care even now to mount the Western broncho. Some have tried, and the experience has been painful in the extreme. Many a broken collarbone and crushed foot has resulted.

When the broncho has graduated from the halter-breaking school he is subjected to a saddling process. He is roped again, sometimes thrown to the ground; other times he is blindfolded, and the heavy stock saddle, with bucking rolls, is put on his back. This is carefully fastened by the cinche which passes under his body behind his front legs. If he has been thrown, he is allowed to get up after the saddle is secure. Sometimes the pitching begins before the buster has time to mount. If the broncho has been blind-folded to put the saddle on, the rag or kerchief remains on his eyes till the rider has mounted. This is suddenly pulled off and the bucking begins.

The movement is hard to describe to one who has never experienced it. To sit on a grand stand at a stampede or exhibition, and look on, does not give any accurate idea of the fearful and wonderful stunts a Western

bunchgrass broncho is capable of while in a state of active eruption. Some one has written that he has more action to the square inch than a brace of Kilkenny cats with tails tied over a clothes line.

The following is a good word picture of the Western broncho: "He kicks, squeals, strikes, bites, squirms, wiggles, paws the air, pounds the earth, and roars like a bull buffalo. When broke to the saddle, he will travel all day at a steady lope with less food and water than a tin-can dieting goat could live on standing still. When it rains, he merely humps his back and makes an evetrough of his tail. If a blizzard comes his way, he hunches himself into a snow-bank and waits till it is over. He then paws off the snow and makes his meal of frozen grass. When the grass is scarce, he eats barbwire fences. In short, he is the toughest piece of horseflesh that infests the globe."

When the broncho is broken, he often becomes the gentlest of horses. It has been remarked time and again among horsemen that the horse that is hardest to break often becomes the gentlest when the process is over.

Contrary to popular belief, there is no such thing as an "educated bucking horse." The wild bronco and the untamed outlaw horse "buck" because they resent being ridden. The feel of the saddle has the same effect upon a "bucking broncho" as a red handkerchief has upon a wild bull in the pens of Mexico. The attempt to saddle and ride it is resented. It isn't that the animal is afraid; the bucking horse hasn't sense enough to be afraid of anybody or anything. But the charm of absolute freedom—the lure of the prairie, is still upon it, and to be compelled to carry a master is an imposition against which it will fight to the last ditch.

No one, it is said, has ever successfully taught a wild horse to "buck." As a matter of fact, it is not necessary. Bucking is a part of the animal's stock in trade. It has learned it instinctively. It is possible to break a horse of bucking, but to do so it is necessary to break its spirit, and the "wrangler" does that when he thoroughly conquers the animal. The broncho-buster who wants to preserve the spirit of the horse does not ride it "to a finish." Horses are intensely human and "chesty." Feeling that they have conquered makes them buck harder the next time the cowboy attempts to ride them.

A regrettable thing about the Westward trend of civilization is the shutting out of the broncho and his "buster."

The range horse of present day is no more like the broncho of ten years ago than the nerve straining thoroughbred is like the Indian cayuse. All are passing away. Eastern methods of breaking are now used. The colt is raised within the confines of a farm pasture, and is handled from a foal. Perhaps a collar and harness are put on him before he is broke, and he becomes accustomed to it before he is ever hitched. The result is gentler horses and the passing of the picturesque "wrangler."

There is no longer a demand for the tough pony of ten years ago, and so, having passed the period of usefulness, he is vanishing, but, as a reward of his fidelity, is appearing in a higher type.





VII.

THE morning after Mr. Burke had met Amata gathering wild-flowers, he rose early to go in search of her, thinking that he could make a more favorable impression alone. He ordered a saddle horse to be at the hotel by half after five. Reaching the Crystal Springs Road, he did not urge his horse, but let him trot at his own leisure. He saw Amata on the slope where she had been the previous morning, and he dismounted and tied his horse to the rickety fence at the roadside, near the path leading to her hut.

"Good-morning!" he said, gaily. "I see you are again enjoying nature's beauty."

"Yes. Isn't it lovely?"

"No more lovely than the fair admirer." He gave her a significant glance.

Her bright smile slowly faded. "You mustn't flatter me," she said, with a touch of severity. "I couldn't be so lovely as the sunrise."

"It isn't flattery," he protested. "Nature makes nothing more exquisite than a beautiful woman."

"I am going to gather some flowers," she said, abruptly.

"May I help you?"

A pause. "If you wish."

He walked beside her, reveling in the freshness and vigor of her youth. All the radiance of the sunrise was reflected in her face; she seemed to have forgotten him. Her head was raised, and she was taking long deep breaths of the perfumed air. He did not speak. He knew there was nothing he could say that she would care to hear, and somehow he hesitated to force his attentions upon her. He realized the barrier that separated her world from his, and for the moment he lost his courage to attempt to win her.

Presently she halted before a patch of dainty blossoms, and putting down her basket, she began to gather them. He helped her. She did not heed him as he laid the flowers in the basket, but when it was full, she rose, and giving him a quiet look, said pleasantly: "Thank you!"

At the sound of her rich, musical voice, he took courage.

"Don't thank me. It is a pleasure to be in your company—it is a privilege. I want you to think kindly of me."

"Are you sincere?"

"I am! I want to be your friend."

A shadow swept across her eyes. "We'll see," she said. "A true friend

is a rare blessing, but—we'll see."

Mr. Burke regretted his words. He had not imagined that she would find so deep a meaning in them. He held out his hand. "Let us try."

An uncertain moment passed before she lightly touched his fingers. He was treating her as his equal, yet he did not smile at what would have seemed, a short time ago, the absurdity of it. She caught up her basket and started home. This time he walked beside her, without permission.

"Is your father well?" he ventured, to break the uncomfortable silence

"Yes, thank you."

He said no more, for she did not seem inclined to talk. The animation that he had found in her when he had first approached, was now subdued, and he knew it was because he had paid her a compliment that would have brought a glow to the cheeks of any other girl. The winning of her would be more difficult than he had supposed. They went on in silence until they reached the group of trees in which Amata's little home was half-concealed. Mr. Burke wished to say something about the beautiful country, but before the stilted sentence was half formed, he knew it would be uttered in vain.

"I appreciate your letting me stay with you," he said, as she paused at the narrow path leading to the cottage. "I want you to have a kindly feeling for me, and I hope my efforts to win your regard will not be disdained."

Amata gave him a cautious glance. "I have a kindly feeling for every one who is kind to me," she said.

"Then we shan't be enemies," he returned with a smile.

Amata glanced down the road, and a curious light came into her eyes. Mr. Burke turned and saw Marcella coming slowly up the road, riding a horse with grace. She was watching them, and he was thankful for Amata's sudden "Good-bye! I must go in."

He raised his hat with grave politeness and hurried to Marcella. She answered his greeting with frigid dignity, which he ignored, and untying his horse, quickly sprang into the saddle, taking the liberty to ride beside her.

"I am surprised to see you out so early," he said, with a cordiality that was free from restraint. "It was curiosity that caused me to rise at this hour. I was walking at this time yesterday morning with Mr. Marston and Mr. La Farge. We came upon the Italian girl, and Mr. Marston and his friend were enthusiastic over her charm. I thought I'd come this morning to verify her attractions. I didn't exactly understand yesterday."

"Have you discovered the charms?" Marcella asked with casual interest, but sudden anger flashed in her eyes.

"No; although she is surprisingly modest for a girl of her kind."

A sarcastic smile arched Marcella's lips. "Yes, for a girl of her kind!"

Mr. Burke found her smile encouraging, but she turned away and and stroked her horse's wavy mane. Mr. Burke studied her fine profile, half-shaded from the sun by her broad-brimmed hat. He knew she would be a wife of whom a man could be proud, but she could inspire nothing better than pride.

"Aren't they *strolling* beggars?" she asked.

"I think so." He gave her an inquiring glance.

"They have been here over two months. When are they going away?"

"I don't know. This was my first meeting with the girl alone; she didn't have much to say."

"What does any creature in her station know of life?"

"Not very much," he owned with some unwillingness.

They rode a distance without speaking, but she turned at last and said, as though in payment for his words that had pleased her:

"When you are at leisure some evening, come over."

A thrill shot through him, but he answered with reserve: "Thank you. I'll come."

She had expected him to spring at

her invitation. They rode up to her gate, where he hastily dismounted to assist her. His gallantry was surprising. He acted as though he was her equal, yet there was a certain homage in his courtesy that was exceedingly pleasing to her vanity. As she gave him a last look, she noticed that the gray hair at his temples was becoming. She left her horse tied to the post in front of the gate, and went leisurely up the path to the house. Her father and mother were at breakfast.

"I saw you going out early," Mrs. Van Dorn said, with an indulgent smile.

"Yes, I was up at five."

"Did you meet any one?"

"Mr. Burke. I also saw the beggar girl. He was with her, but he rode home with me."

A spark kindled in Mr. Van Dorn's eyes.

"Horrors!" exclaimed his wife. "*That* man rode with you!"

Marcella eyed her indifferently. "He seemed to be on friendly terms with the girl, and I wanted his opinion of her. She quickly left him when I appeared. I'm sure I don't know why she should have run away."

Mr. Van Dorn felt the hot blood dying his cheeks, and as he gave Marcella a glance, he knew that she was watching him with her cold impertinence.

"I don't see why those beggars should stay here so long," she went on. "It seems strange. I can't understand how they can make an honest living. I saw them the other day go on to Mr. Gordon's property with the most brazen assurance."

"You forget that Elsie admires the girl, and is always ready to welcome her," Mr. Van Dorn remarked.

Marcella's laugh fell on his anger like dripping ice. "It is only casual pity for an outcast. I've seen Elsie mothering a homeless dog."

Mr. Van Dorn did not look up—he dared not.

"I never had thought of them as dangerous," his wife said, with a sudden touch of anxiety. "Hadn't you better look into it, Edward?"

She was asking him to do almost publicly what he already had done in secret!

"No!" he said, shortly. "It is cruelty to accuse them of wrong doing! I did not think, Aileen, that you would persecute a defenseless girl and a blind old man." He pushed back his plate, rose, and leaving his breakfast unfinished, started towards the veranda. Marcella's rippling laugh came to him across the long dining room. "Isn't father unique! Don't you think he takes a shocking interest in the beggar girl, mother?"

His muscles tightened. He did not turn to see his wife's sudden pallor, but went to the edge of the veranda and grasped the ballustrade to steady himself until he could control his anger.

VIII

Mr. Burke sat at the farther end of the hotel veranda, smoking his cigar with satisfaction. His meeting with Marcella in the morning had been most gratifying, yet he understood that he had bought her favor with his discourtesy towards Amata, and it hurt him a little. His thoughts were interrupted by a group of girls coming from the parlor. They were pretty, and attractively gowned, but Mr. Burke knew as he studied them and compared their prettiness with his vivid remembrance of Marcella's aristocratic beauty, that none of them could reign as a social queen with her regal skill. He thought that age and experience would polish the stinging sharpness of her nature, and he would then find it easy to play the cavalier to such a queen.

Roy and Mr. La Farge came up the path.

"I have come to see you on business," Mr. La Farge said as he shook hands. "Suppose we go down under the trees."

Mr. Burke seated himself between the two men and turned his inquiring eyes on the Frenchman.

"When you suggested that you might

want to buy my stock in the Prosperity Oil Company, I said that you could have four or five days in which to consider it," Mr. La Farge began, "but this afternoon I received word from the bank that I must return home at once. Do you want to take my stock to-morrow? I must leave the day after."

"This is sudden! I don't know as I——"

"Of course," Mr. La Farge interposed, "I understand that this is rather abrupt, but as you told me, you have the ways and means by which to protect yourself."

"Yes," the miner acknowledged, "but I haven't decided whether I cared to become burdened with it."

Roy knew that the reluctance was only a ruse.

"You don't seem so favorably disposed towards the speculation as you were the other day," the Frenchman said.

Mr. Burke looked up quickly. "I regard your proposition unchanged; but in the last two days other things have come to my notice, speculations with a more substantial foundation. Ten thousand dollars seems rather too much to pay."

"It is the price I paid," said Mr. La Farge. "I am not seeking any profit."

"I appreciate that, only I——"

"If Mr. Burke doesn't wish to buy, no doubt I can sell it elsewhere," Roy spoke up with assurance. "The company will buy it back."

The miner gave him a shrewd glance.

"I didn't say I wouldn't take it, but a man doesn't invest ten thousand dollars without some thought—at least I don't."

Roy smiled. Mr. Burke's pretense of indecision annoyed him.

"If you can't give me an answer to-night," Mr. La Farge said, "we'll have to call it off. I'm going to see Mr. Van Dorn to-morrow morning."

In the deepening shadows the two men could barely discern Mr. Burke's frown.

"This is pressing the matter rather hard," he slowly answered. "Let me consider it over night. I'll be in Mr. Marston's office at ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Very well. I couldn't do anything before that hour, anyway."

Mr. Burke nodded. He took out his cigar-case and passed it to the gentlemen, saying: "Let's go up on the veranda. It's gloomy here."

As they started off, Mr. La Farge gave Roy a glance that betrayed his impatience. Marston flashed back an assuring look.

Near the veranda they found Amata walking slowly, leading the violinist. Mr. Burke took a chair to the old man, asking him to rest awhile. Amata gave the miner a smile, from which he understood that her displeasure of the morning was forgotten.

"May I sing for you?" she asked, looking at Roy.

"Yes," Mr. Burke quickly answered.

Roy's heart reached out to her as he studied the sweet picture she made beside the old man. The three sat on the veranda. Mr. Burke was leaning forward with his elbows resting on his knees, his absorbed gaze did not leave Amata's face. She was standing in front of the steps, and the strong light from the large, square hall was streaming on her through the wide open doors. Roy's blood quickened as he glanced at the miner.

"Do you know Tosti's 'Good-Bye?'" Mr. La Farge asked. "This may be the last time I'll hear you sing. I'm going home."

Her voice slipped out on the still air, and the sweet melody, with its pathetic note of farewell, stirred the listeners, but it was not this alone that touched them; it was the mystic romance surrounding the girl as she stood in inspired beauty against the background of night. The limpid tones sank deep into Roy's heart. It seemed as though the word "good-bye" was meant for him, that she would go away some day, and he knew that his heart would follow her.

"Bravo!" Mr. La Farge exclaimed, as the song ended. "The world should hear your voice!"

A deep crimson swept over Amata's face. The old man was silent, and a sudden sadness drooped his pale features.

"Won't you sing again?" Mr. Burke asked. "Do you know the Havanera from 'Carmen?' "

She raised her head with sudden joy.

"Yes. Play it, father?"

While he slowly, almost reluctantly tucked his violin under his chin, the group of girls came out on the veranda, accompanied by several young men. Amata was apparently unconscious of their flattering remarks.

The old man's violin purred a stilted rhythm, but Amata did not hear his weariness now. She was alive with the fire and coquetry of the music, and her pretty, graceful arms made an expressive interpretation of the words Before long the old man could hardly draw his bow, for memory stayed his hand. It was her mother's voice that was ringing in his troubled ears. This was not the soul of the child, Amata; it was the passion of her bewitching, ardent mother that was pouring from the girl's alluring lips.

Mr. Burke was on his feet when the aria ended, and Roy and Mr. La Farge were leaning forward, captivated by her seductive charm.

"How many souls has the girl?" exclaimed the Frenchman in a low tone. "She is a saint, yet she is a Carmen!"

Roy caught his arm. He feared that the old man would hear, and Marston knew that the words would be unwelcome.

When the applause ended, one of the girls asked the violinist to play a solo for them.

"It has been many a day since I have done that," he said, as his voice slightly trembled, "but I'll try. Will you get me a drink, Amata?"

She ran lightly up the steps.

The old man began a plaintive melody, and the young people gathered round him. Roy and Mr. La Farge drew their chairs closer. Marston turned to speak to Mr. Burke, but he had gone. Quick anger shot through Roy, for he knew that the miner had followed the girl.

As Amata turned the corner at the end of the veranda, Mr. Burke called to her.

"I'll have the water brought to you," he said. "Wait here. There is something I want to say."

He spoke to a bell boy in the lobby, then hastened back. Amata was leaning against the balustrade, looking over the dark grounds.

"What is it?" she asked.

He was thrilled by the fire of success still lurking in her eyes, and found it hard to master his emotion.

"I have thought of something that will help you and your father. Since the first time I heard you sing, I felt that it was a tragedy for you to throw away your life, your wonderful life, singing in the streets. You have a great career before you, if you will accept it."

"What do you mean?"

"You should study for the stage. The world will be at your feet, if you will accept what I offer. I want to help you to greatness, then I'll know that my life has been worth the living. It would be a proud moment for me to see you captivate the public and know that I was the one who had asisted you."

Amata's hands were gripping the balustrade. There was no hint of his real meaning in his voice.

"Father doesn't want me to be an artist," she said at last. She half turned to him, and the full, golden moon, rising over the tops of the tall trees, shed its soft rays on her beautiful profile. He glanced away, fearing that she would look into his eyes and understand.

"You shouldn't be influenced by your father," he said. "The world will be kind to you. Have you ever thought what you will do when your father is gone? You can't continue as a street singer, and why should you throw away your voice and depend on the generosity of the passer-by? You need assistance and I'm willing to give it." He went a step closer.

She was trembling with an emotion that she tried to hide. He was offering her the way to attain the career that haunted her dreams!

"My mother had a wonderful voice," she softly said. "Father has told me that if had had had the proper training, she would have been a great artist, for, like Patti, she could sing any opera, from 'Lucia' to 'Carmen.'"

"You can do the same," Mr. Burke quickly returned. "If you and your father will go to San Francisco and let me find you a home there, I'll engage a competent teacher for you. Will you go?"

Amata's heart cried, "Yes!" but the old man's violin was breaking once more on the silence, and his unspoken protests swept down upon her. With quick despair, she turned from Mr. Burke and exclaimed with a tearless sob: "I can't do it! I can't! Father wouldn't let me."

He thrust out his hand, then drew back. The bell boy came with the water. Mr. Burke motioned him to put it on a chair. When the boy was gone, he turned back to Amata.

"Don't say that you won't do it," he urged. "Think it over. Try and coax your father. Make him see the future. Don't tell him yet that I want to help you; just see if you can win his consent. But remember that all your life is before you. Wealth, fame and homage are yours for the asking. Accept them!"

Her breath was coming hard and fast; her head sank forward, and she covered her face. The moonlight fell on her white neck where her hair grew in soft little curls, and Mr. Burke recklessly bent forward, but before his lips had touched her, he abruptly drew away, and taking up the glass, said with forced composure:

"Your father has just finished playing. Here is the water. We mustn't let him suspect anything yet, but you shall be all that nature intended you to be."

The enthusiasm in his voice roused her again, and as she took the glass from his hand, joy leaped back into her eyes. The vision of her future was before her, and she hastened back to her father with happy pride. Roy saw her emotion. He looked for Mr. Burke, but the miner had not yet appeared. When he came out the front entrance, his face also was flushed. Marston felt the approaching danger.

* * * *

When Amata awoke the next morning she knew that her heart had warmed a little toward the miner, because of his generous offer. The vision of her brilliant future was still before her. It would not take many years to return all that he would lend. Her thoughts turned to Roy and his appreciation of her voice. He was not demonstrative, but his silent admiration touched her more than words. At the Van Dorn garden party she had seen that her singing could attract him from any one. It gave her a thrilling pleasure to think that some day he would sit in a theatre and listen to her perfected art. She was in the garden when the old man came out.

"I have been feeding the birds," she told him, as she led him to the chair she had placed near the flowers; then she knelt beside him. "Father, aren't you willing that I should earn a good living for both of us, so that we might have a comfortable home and money to buy all we need?"

"What do you mean?" A frightened tone crept into his voice.

She looked searchingly into his kindly face. "Every one tells me," she slowly began, "that I should be an opera singer, and——"

"No, no!" he exclaimed, holding up both hands in protest. "Don't speak of that. It is better as we are now."

She gently caught his arm. "Why should you be so bitter against the profession, just because my poor mother was so unfortunate?"

"You don't understand, Amata. You don't know the false life of the

stage. I don't blame such artists for their careless lives. The music and the drama make them live in an emotional intoxication. Few can understand this without having lived the life themselves. Don't let this temptation grow. Destroy it!"

A troubled, unhappy light was in her eyes. "Don't be distressed," she said. "I wouldn't suggest this if it were not that I wonder what my future will be."

"Don't you suppose I think of that, Amata? A day doesn't pass but what I consider it, but I never will consent to that career. Something else can be done. I thought this morning that we might speak to Miss Gordon. Perhaps she would be willing to give you a position in her home. She always would befriend you. Her mother and father have been good to us."

Amata shook her head. "Miss Gordon asked us to come at nine nine o'clock this morning and take our breakfast under the big trees," she slowly said. "I'll ask her what she thinks I ought to do to earn a living." She drew a deep breath of disappointment.

(*Continued next month.*)

THE CHAPEL BY THE SEA

There's a little mountain chapel gazing out across the sea
From beneath the lisping shelter of a eucalyptus tree
That has drawn the ancient silence from the mountain's heart, and fills
And subdues my fevered spirit with the quiet of the hills.

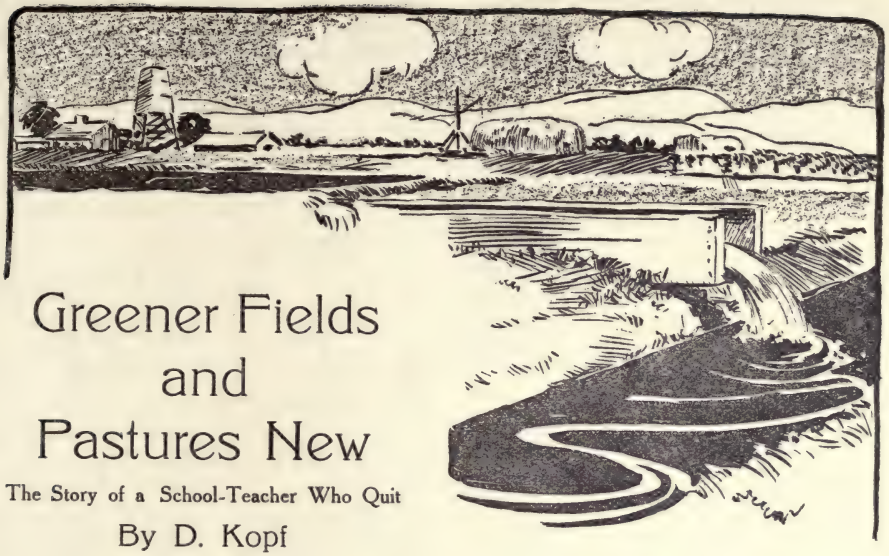
Long time has loved and cherished it. The years have drifted by
All as gently as the dreaming clouds that drift along its sky,
And year by year more deep and dark its whispering ivy grows
And o'er its graves more green the grass, more radiant the rose.

Silvery in the morning the chimes come dropping down
Across the vales of purple mist and through the island town,
And golden in the evening the vesper bells again
Call back the simple fisher folk along the leafy lane.

I should like to be the father priest and call the folk to prayer,
Up through the winding dewy ways that climb the morning air,
And send them down at even-song with all the quiet sky
Of early starshine preaching them far deeper truths than I.

I should like to lie at rest there beneath a mossy stone,
Above the crooning sea's low distant monotone,
Lulled by the lisping whisper of the eucalyptus tree
That shades the mountain chapel gazing out across the sea.

ODELL SHEPARD.



Greener Fields and Pastures New

The Story of a School-Teacher Who Quit

By D. Kopf

GOD MADE the country, man made the town, the big ones—the little ones are the work of the devil." You have heard it before. But the truth of it I have proved, at least if finding the exception prove the rule. For I have found the exception, the God-made little town, and situate in a valley "whose ends only divinity could have shaped."

That is the end of the story. Let's start afresh. I was a school-teacher in one of the largest cities in the Middle West for fifteen years, instructor, principal and superintendent in succession. During the first eight years of that time I was comparatively content. At any rate, my salary enabled me to maintain a respectable bachelor establishment, to put away a little each year, and to carry on my studies in one of the larger summer schools during the vacation. My year included a short holiday at mountain resort or lake shore. This course I managed to pursue with average regularity for eight years. Then I was married. Paradoxical as it may seem, the happier I became in my married life the less content I was.

The explanation is simple. I had begun to look ahead. I found that being "in loco parentis" is a matter that requires far less forethought than being one of them yourself. I had been satisfied to let each year take care of itself. Besides, my marriage had wrought changes in my manner of living: the holidays were shorter; the yearly savings less. I was a salaried man, with but little hope of bettering myself in my profession. It was the provision for the future of those I loved that interfered with my content. The present could have been no happier when I banished this grim spectre. By the time Margaret, our first-born, was three years old, "the wife" and I had had several heart-to-hearts on the subject. Just here I shall stop long enough to thank the gods for a wife who has always seen and understood. Intermittently, I may break into this narrative with similar expressions of gratitude. The digressions must be condoned; ingrained habit is not easily overcome. The upshot of our conversations was that I must become my own man. Something must be found that afforded a better future.

Mine was an average case. I was by no means "on my uppers," as the street slang has it. The state of my finances

would not have compelled me to accept a job as laborer with a railroad section gang, and from it graduate in ten years into a consulting engineer of international repute. Nor was the need so imperative that "the wife" must spend ten hours a day over a steaming range preparing hot tamales for me to vend about the streets, from which humble beginning we built up a caterer's business that netted us fifty thousand a year, with enough left over for limousines and trips to Europe. Necessity was not so pressing that we must adopt any of these bizarre methods for improving our fortunes.

Still, we wanted our children to have the advantages we had had. We were both civilized people, in the ordinary sense of the word—our parents had seen to that. And, although our cultuah, as we sometimes derisively miscalled it in moments of desperation, didn't seem to relieve the financial strain, we wouldn't have parted with it for twice the investment it represented. And we wanted the children to have it, too. Our elevated social status, that the economist so wisely talks about as a portion of the remuneration of a school-teacher, and one of the reasons average teacher wage is so low, did not appeal very strongly to us. We figured that if we could cash our social status, no matter how high it was, into good hard dollars, we would be satisfied to rub along on a little lower plane for a time. At least, until our innate worth and the fact that we had once mingled with the select few, would re-elevate us to that sublimated sphere in which only school-teachers and the few rare mortals worthy of their confidence circulate. Willingness to abdicate as social leaders was increased by the thought that such a sacrifice would probably enable us to keep up with the procession. Such then was the situation at the end of seven years of married life and fifteen of school-teaching. There were three children now. At this time I decided to act upon the decision made four years ago, and brought out and refurbished at periods of financial stringency during the years that had elapsed since reaching the first conclusion.

Is the situation plain? Here I was, a school-teacher receiving a yearly wage somewhat less than many wealthy patrons, who were owners of strings of race horses, paid the trainers in their stables. From a pecuniary standpoint, children rarely produce a profitable return on the investment: racing colts do. Out of this wage with little hope of its growing materially larger, a family must be supported, the increased demands of the age met, and a reserve created for the years of superannuation. Yet, I wasn't rebelling against a system; I was merely looking out for the individual.

I had saved four thousand dollars during the fifteen years. This was my hope and my refuge. One gentleman of oily fame has said that the saving of the first thousand is the difficulty; the rest is easy. I had four thousand, therefore I would become four times as rich as the man with only one. But how? In land, of course. There, it is out. Land. I would become a landed proprietor. And I did. To be sure, my acres do not extend quite so far in reality as they did in my mind's eye eight years ago, but they are broad enough.

As soon as vacation commenced that year I went prospecting. West. I reached Los Angeles. Los Angeles is a wonderful city. I know it is for every person there who wasn't too busy to talk told me so. But I wasn't looking for wonder cities. I had lived in one for almost four decades, had seen it grow up and shut me in, and all I had gotten from it was a slight stoop and premature grayness. I was going so far into the country that it would cost ten dollars to send me a post-card. At any rate, that is how far I would like to have gone, but the children must be considered. A place must be found where they could live on a farm and still have educational opportunities. I had a prejudice against small towns. Tales I had heard of them that impressed me as unfavorably as the stor-

ies of the city's wickedness strike the inhabitants of smaller communities. There is not space for details, but one fear was stagnation. The children were to have the clear eye and ruddy cheek that only living in wide spaces can give; they were to have, besides, the *savoir faire* of the city bred. I I must find my land near a community that offered these advantages. The land must be cheap, but productive, and further, the region must have capabilities of development. A large order, but I filled it.

A gem of a valley, I found. Sixty miles from the broad Pacific it lies, and twenty miles, as the laden bee flies, from end to end. The upstanding Coast Ranges, clearly outlined in the rare atmosphere, enclose it on every side and seem effectually to shut out the turmoil of the world. Only a half day railway journey in one direction to Los Angeles, and other centers of population, yet from it a pony can carry you in four hours to the outermost spaces, to the Top o' the World. Snow glistens almost the year round on the higher peaks not twenty miles away. In the valley, roses bloom at Christmas tide. These and other things were told me, some I saw for myself. It was a desert until they put water upon it, and lo! it was a garden. The soil had lain for ages, yes, aeons, accumulating the elements that make for reproduction until the touch of water was like spark to tinder. The air is rare wine. I drink it, actually drank it. It is truly a land where a man must die in his boots to start a cemetery.

It was picturesque with races and types—the southrons, Mexican and Spanish, Mission Indians speaking their soft patois, cowboys and bad-men, supposedly bad from the twirl of their fierce, black mustachios. But there were no more bad-men, those who knew told me, and the Indians were all good ones. Quirts, chaparajos, gaudy blankets, Indian baskets, rangy ponies, long-horned cattle—all these I saw. Besides, it was Ramona's country; old Aunt Ri's house stood on the mesa at the upper end of the valley; there I saw the corral from which Alessandro took the wrong horse. Truly, it was good to be here. I, too, would become broad-chested and flat-backed like these men who sat their horses as if a piece with them. The boys back in the gray city would grow up into such men with eyes that looked fearlessly into the face of man or devil. Visions of a dreamer? Perhaps. Yes. Fifteen years within the walls of a schoolroom and no man-size problems to grapple with had made a dreamer of me.

But I am trying to give my impressions of the place as I saw it for the first time seven years ago. To be sure, it wasn't like that at all. The Indians were government wards, many of them with a Carlyle education; the cowboys, sons of rich ranch owners in the valley, and spending their vacation on the ranch, Berkeley or Stanford claiming them the rest of the year. The much mustachioed man was the proprietor of the single confectionery store in the town.

Visionary though I was, I tried not to lose sight of the practical aspect of my problem. Yet, wasn't I the "come-on?" The street says it well sometimes. Some special providence must have protected me and that four thousand. I was ready to give that money to any one provided I be allowed to stay. But the propitious fortune that led me to the spot held until I had invested.

Financial details need no embellishment. For six thousand dollars I got forty acres of land in the eastern end of the valley. One third down and the remainder in yearly payments of one thousand dollars. The land carried water rights: that is, a perpetual contract with the irrigation company to furnish a specified amount of water yearly. Twenty-three of the acres were uncultivated; the remaining had been set to apricots three years before. The orchard was in good condition. A tent house of three rooms and a dilapidated shed, dignified with the name of barn, constituted the improvements.

It required, however, a violent exercise of imagination to see how the face of nature was improved by their presence. A tent house sails under no false colors: it is just what it says it it. Like a satyr or Samuel Weller's favorite potation, it is half-and-half. A few implements in the last stages of senility were thrown in; I took them along with everything else.

Then I sent for the family. I could not afford the trip back for them. "The wife," besides, was capable of closing our affairs there. Six weeks later they arrived, and we occupied our property.

Often in retrospective mood I wonder at my audacity—the cool nerve of the thing appalls me; giving up an assured income of twenty-two hundred and fifty, investing the savings of fifteen years in an almost virgin country, saddling myself with a debt equal to my savings, and finally entering at thirty-six an entirely new sphere and attempting to support my family by a method of which I knew nothing. But it was, after all, "The Adventure." We called it that, and its spirit sustained us. For that reason only the middle years were the hard ones; new experiences greeted us every day of the first two years; the last two have seen our financial independence.

The twenty-three unplanted acres claimed my attention first. The orchard meant nothing but outlay for the next two years. Whatever I planted must be a quick crop, the support of my family demanded it. My investigations confirmed my first impression that the country is a garden. I had a wide range from which to select, oranges, olives, peaches, pears, potatoes, walnuts, alfalfa, wheat, oats, barley—any of these my land would produce. The fruits, the olives and the walnuts, were too slow in maturing to meet my immediate needs. But when I found I could plant alfalfa in the fall, and harvest a full crop, seven cuttings, by the next fall, I decided on alfalfa. Twenty-five dollars an acre was a conservative estimate of the return. That would be only five hundred and seventy-five dollars. Something else must be done. I had spent about one-fourth of my remaining two thousand in necessary purchases; a team, a cow and some chickens were among them. There would be other expenditures before I established an income from my land. I cast about for means of support.

Just here came our first discouragement. It seemed then like a partial acknowledgment of defeat. I had to go back into the school room. There were twin towns in the upper end of the valley, twins in size at least. There the similarity ceased: one was a lusty youngster of fifteen; the other, middle aged and sedate. Our ranch and these two towns were the points that determined an isosceles triangle with the ranch at the apex. The distances being equal, we had cast our lot with the younger town on account of its progressiveness.. However, when I learned that the older one wanted a principal for its high-school I applied and was accepted. Not, though, until I had discussed it with "the wife." I always had a clearer vision after one of these talks. Besides, she was a full partner in the enterprise and entitled to her opinion. Compared with my former work, the position would be an easy one. The six hours required by law would be ample in which to perform its duties. The rest of my time I could devote to the farm. The salary, half my former one, decided us. That year and the next I taught school, going to and from my work on a bicycle.

"How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day" hadn't been written then —but I was a living exemplification of its principles. Eight hours went to my school duties. Eight hours I slept. The remaining I spent learning my new profession—farming. Books I read, government reports, agricultural journals, poultry periodicals. Sometimes I gave my neighbors valuable information; oftener they gave it to me. Still I was learning. My hands were being educated as well. The art of milking is useful knowledge. My

efforts were, of course, sometimes as ineffectual as Mark Twain's, who once wrote that he had retired to his country place, and was occupying himself making two blades of grass grow where three had grown before. "The wife," too, kept pace with me. Those eight hours that we devoted to learning our profession were the happiest of our life. Where, in our former sphere, we had spent the hours of diversion at the theatre, a musical, or a lecture, with a consequent outlay, we now spent them about the barn, the chicken house, or in the garden, with a resultant income.

At the end of the first year we had an accounting. Yes, we had kept books. Our fiscal year ended November 15th, for we had finished cutting the alfalfa by that time, and were able to get returns on the full crop. The gross was sixty-seven dollars an acre. Of this, forty dollars had gone toward the cost of plotting the ground for proper distribution of the water, the cost of seeding, extra water and labor. I was compelled to hire labor for the very simple reason that I knew nothing of the methods employed. The twenty-three acres had netted six hundred and twenty-one dollars. The orchard had been an expense. Thirty-four dollars for water during the season and five dollars a month for cultivating and furrowing. I did the irrigating by having the run started on Friday. Then there was an expense of fifteen dollars for the winter plowing. Our chickens had waxed and grown fat. They had helped. Here is the statement:

Dr.—	
Payment	$1,000.00
Interest	80.00
Alfalfa	920.00
Orchard	134.00
Insurance premiums	150.00
Living expenses	1,044.00
Total	$3,328.00
Cr.—	
Savings	$1,500.00
Salary	1,125.00
Alfalfa	1,541.00
Chickens	75.80
Total	$4,241.80
	3,328.00
Balance	$913.80

$913.80 on the credit side. We were jubilant. Our living expenses had been cut in half—the cow, the chickens and the garden had all contributed their share to our table. Including the hay which went for cow and horse feed, and which we had raised at an approximate cost of four dollars a ton, we had spent $87 a month to live. Of course, it was the simple life. We vied with each other in economies, yet we had not stinted ourselves. Our pleasures had been remunerative, instead of depleting our treasury they had replenished its funds. The fund of health, energy and cheerfulness acmulated during the year in the open does not appear in the statement. It cannot be translated into fiscal terms. To us, nevertheless, it was very tangible, and daily we thanked God for it.

The second year differed but little from the first. Many of our experiences ceased to be novel, but our enthusiasm never waned. We replaced novelty with sureness of knowledge, and were able to plan with a fair degree of assurance that our plans would succeed. The alfalfa proved a source of profit again. I was able to dispense with some labor, and thereby raised returns on it. The chickens, too, had done well. The orchard, though, at this time came into bearing and became our greatest pride. We deposited $813.75 from it after all expenses of handling the crop had been paid. This is the statement for the second year:

Dr.—	
Payment	$1,000.00
Interest	80.00
Insurance premium	150.00
Living expenses	1,056.00
Total	$2,286.00

Cr.—

Balance brought forward	$ 913.00
Salary	1,125.00
Alfalfa	690.00
Orchard	813.75
Chickens	102.30
Total	$3,644.85
	2,286.00
Balance	$1,358.85

As I said, the middle years were lean. I resigned my position, no easy thing to do, for the same obligations must be met. The orchard must make good the deficit created by the loss of salary. It did. But not before we were perilously near bankruptcy. These were the years of discouragement. Many a well laid plan went "aft agley." Doubtless, numerous similar conditions had arisen during the first two years, but they were unique and we took them as a matter of course on account of our inexperience. Knowledge begot cocksureness. We demanded that our plans mature as we conceived they should.

We had enlarged our chicken plant to an almost commercial importance; two of the houses had been built by moonlight. We figured on a dollar and a quarter profit to the hen. But the cold mornings and evenings are conducive to roup. The little chicks went down like flies before a frost. Instead of constructing another poultry house we seriously considered the plotting of a burning ghat. We must be sanitary. We compromised on interment, dispensing with the reading of the service, though Jack, our youngest, conducted some very edifying burials over a few of the remains.

The children, also, with their increased years, made greater demands. Illness had depleted our reserve fund. Then, too, we had begun our house. The tent house had served for the first two years, but we wanted a permanent abiding place. We had our ideas about the kind of a house we wanted, and in order to get it with the least financial strain, we built portions of it at intervals. Beginning with one large room, intended to serve eventually as a living room, we added to it until we had a home most conveniently and attractively arranged with indoor and open air sleeping rooms connected by broad archways, kitchen and dining room, and colonnaded breakfast room opening upon a cloistered garden. The house was of one story, as so many California houses are constructed, and on the roof we had two more open sleeping rooms, together with a sort of balcony that was delightful for informal dinners. While our home was in process of evolution, we made shift with screens to have three divisions of our large room, and with that it was more comfortable than the tent-house. It required four years of planning and saving to get just what we wanted, but it was worth it.

With all our burdens we managed somehow. I have noticed that an all-wise Providence never tests our endurance to the limit. Just before the breaking point the burden is lightened. My life insurance proved our salvation. I had builded better than I knew when twenty years before I had taken out the endowment policy. Five thousand dollars I might have in cash, twelve thousand in paid up insurance, or—well, you know the options. "The wife" urged taking the five thousand. Her vision has always been clearer than mine, and her faith in the country remained unshaken. We were not yet out of the woods; it was still a gamble. But I argued in vain. What I wanted was the assurance that whatever happened to me the family would get that twelve thousand. No. We compromised on the cash payment. What would you have done? This occurred during our fifth summer. We had emerged triumphant. The rest is briefly told.

A comparison may help. Fifty acres of land, twenty in alfalfa, three in peaches—these I had set out two years before—seventeen in apricots and ten in oranges, this last purchased with a portion of the life insurance at my wife's suggestion. Total value,

$15,000. Land had risen in five years. This in half a decade. Fifteen years in the schoolroom, $4,000. A present minimum income of thirty-five hundred; the maximum cannot be fixed; it is dependent only upon the energy expended. Teaching income a third less and static.

But that's not all. Aside from the increasing value of the investment and the consequent increase of income when all the trees come into bearing, I am not one whit grayer than the day I left the school room. Could I say that if I had stayed? I flatter myself that the stoop of my shoulders is no more pronounced. "The wife" looks ten years younger, and the boys are fine specimens. Last year they helped me, and I needed help, too. Forty dollars a ton for apricots on the trees: one hundred and forty-five dollars an acre I cleared. Twelve dollars a ton for alfalfa hay loose in the field—seventy-five dollars an acre from it. Figure it yourself. Exceptional? Well, perhaps. But often enough that we can manage the other years. Peggy, no, Margaret now, if you please, starts to high school next year. And that takes us back to the beginning and the God-made little town.

Imagine if you can an incorporated community of nine hundred souls that has all of the modern conveniences—not the souls, you understand, but the community—electric lighting system, gas plant, sewer connections, Carnegie library building, civic improvement clubs of both sexes or mixed, as you prefer. Go up one imaginative flight further, and visualize a public school system, grade and high-schools, that has no superior in a county that boasts a number of towns ranging from five to twenty-five thousand. You can't? There is no such place? Oh, yes, there is.

It is a half day's journey from the Pacific beaches. "The wife" and the children have spent a month of each summer there for the past four years. A part of the summer is spent in the mountains. San Jacinto and Old Tahquitz Peaks, two miles high, tower just above us. And why shouldn't they have a vacation? A cottage at a mountain resort or beach does not cost much, and I can join them every Sunday in the machine. Yes, we have an automobile, and it carries no mortgage—only the five of us.

AN APRIL EVE

Dear heart, behold the rain!
Bright flowers dot the plain;
The song-thrush nests again.

The blackbird in the tree
Resumes his minstrelsy—
For love, for you and me.

High overhead, his wing
Aflame, the lark doth sing:
"Once more, O man, 'tis spring!"

HARRY COWELL.

BILLY REPENTS

By D. H. Farnham

BEN BRITTON waved his hand gayly after the pony cart, disappearing down the steep mountain road with his wife and the two kiddies; then he dropped his massive body into a hammock that, firmly secured, swung between two big redwood trees. The day had been intensely hot, and it was with a sensation of acute pleasure that Britton gave the weight of his big body to the hammock and reached over to the rustic stand at his side and closed his warm, perspiring fingers around an ice-cold glass. He raised the frosted glass to dry lips, and let the celestially cool liquid trickle down a parched throat. As ecstatic as a spirit just achieving Paradise, Britton rested his head upon a balsam pillow and gazed up into the thick redwood boughs swaying gracefully in the breeze, that, after the white heat of the morning and early afternoon, now sprang up, cool and immeasurably refreshing. The brook, now a mere thread after the long drought, gurgled joyfully the very best and bravest gurgle possible under the circumstances.

Presently, the stout man closed his eyes and entered slumberland. He was brought back to earth by a disturbance of confused sounds and unpleasant motions. Opening his eyes, he looked up into the grin that had taken entire possession of the face of his cousin, William Darrow, of New York.

"The Devil!" remarked Ben Britton.

"Right," returned his cousin.

"Where'd you come from, Billy?"

"Oh, from various spots, but directly from Los Angeles. I arrived at Fernglade on the three-thirty; then snorted up the mountain in a taxi that cost one dollar per revolution of the wheels. You slept all through my little tiff with the hold-up man."

"And now, Ben," interjected his cousin, "get all the smart sayings of the Infant Wonders off your chest, and then I'll proceed straight to the point."

Britton rocked himself lazily. "Go ahead," said he.

"Well, I'm broke—broke, not in the ordinary meaning of the word, but shivered into smithereens too small to be discerned with the naked eye. And the old gentleman, cast for the Stern Parent in the drama of my sweet young life, is playing the part with artistic appreciation of the character."

Ben fanned himself. "Where's that forty-six thousand you got from your mother's people two years ago?" he inquired.

"You make a noise like Newlywed qualifying for the joke column," Billy told him. "But instead of bursting into tears, I'll give you an itemized account of the expenditures that have made that forty-six thousand bear a striking resemblance to thirty cents: Pearls for sweet Kittie Bellairs, five thousand; to the bookies, when Gallantry threw his jockey, thirty-five hundred; for a buzz wagon that blew up last month, twenty-five hundred; cost of pursuing Miss Grace Little for nearly a year, something like two thousand (she has just announced her engagement to a Birmingham millionaire); for Spitfire, fifteen hundred; for hospital expenses after Spitfire had expressed his opinion of my groom, Owens, six hundred. But why mar our enjoyment of this inspiring scene with corroding thoughts of the yellow boys

of yesteryear? I sold Spitfire two weeks ago, and now, my dear Benjamin, I have to my credit in the bank exactly two hundred and fifty dollars. If father owned a beastly factory or a railroad, of course, now would be the time for me to begin at the bottom and work myself to the top—to cover myself with grime for the first four acts and with glory in the fifth. But as it is, it's up to me to employ what talents I have. I've got to marry money."

"What's the matter with work?" Ben asked, unfeelingly. "I've been at it for fifteen years."

"Don't be trite, Ben?" begged Billy.

"You can't get a loan from me, Billy," Britton warned. "Sallie controls the finances of this establishment—and while you charm her strangely, yet she disapproves of you."

"Four women are madly in love with me," said Darrow, "but they are as poor as a country parson." But Britton, lazily unresponsive, merely stared with half closed eyes into the feathery branches overhead.

"I hope your discerning wife will tolerate me until I can get my bearings," Darrow remarked, presently. "This is a fine place of yours, Ben, and this romantic scenery inspires me."

"Oh, the sight of you is always a pleasure to Sallie—it's your touch she doesn't appreciate. She's taken the kids down to Brookdale now, to meet the five o'clock train. Her school friend, Miss McInveigh, is coming down from Seattle for six weeks."

"McInveigh? Not connected with that rich Miss McInveigh of Seattle who married Joe Washburn?"

"Her sister."

"What! And she's coming here? Oh, lead me to her!" cried Billy. "But of course she's engaged, or married," he added, dejectedly.

"Neither, to the best of my knowledge. But she is older than you, Billy—she is two or three years older than Sallie, and Sallie is older than you, isn't she?"

"Not unless she's over twenty-six," declared Darrow. "The rich Miss McInveigh all to my lonesome—this romantic scenery—moonlight in the Santa Cruz Mountains! Beats moonlight on Killarney to a frazzle," Darrow exulted. "It's a dream. Don't wake me early, Bennie."

"It cost me fifty dollars on the tenth inst., because Sallie happened to become thirty years of age upon that date," Ben persisted, heavily, "so you are a good six years younger than Miss McInveigh. And she is not a bit pretty—a fine woman, though, not in the least your style."

"Trifling details," Billy declared. "But show me to my room. Abou Ben, for I must costume myself for the opening scene."

* * * *

"It does beat the devil how an empty headed, utterly worthless fellow like Billy can turn almost any woman's head," Ben Britton expressed this opinion to his wife as they watched Miss McInveigh and Darrow ride down the road through the redwoods. During the four weeks that Billy and Miss McInveigh had been guests of the Brittons, Darrow's unremitting and devoted attentions to the Seattle lady had been accepted by her with more than ordinary cordiality.

"I do not understand Winifred very well this summer," Mrs. Britton said. "She isn't a bit of a flirt; indeed, she never seemed to care as much for men as most girls do, and yet, a mole could see the encouragement she is giving Billy—a man six years and two months younger than she is! Of course, Winifred knows of your Uncle Robert's money—she is acquainted with him and she knows that Aunt Belle is dead and Billy is his only heir—but Winny is worth half as much again as Uncle Robert is worth."

"Billy's after her money," was Ben's comment. "Uncle Robert is tired of his kid foolishness, and won't yield up another simoleon, so Bily's looking for a rich wife."

"I'm afraid that's true," Sallie assented. "Though Winifred's a lovely women, she is not the kind Billy can appreciate. I'd warn her, but I would feel foolish warning a woman of her

age and her experience with suitors, especially fortune hunters—and warning her about a boy like Billy would be absurd."

"You are wise not to butt in," her husband approved. "It's their funeral, and if Miss McInveigh would marry Billy, she deserves him, that's all. Tell Woo to mix another julep, Kiddo."

Two hours later, Miss McInveigh and Darrow returned from their ride. To Mrs. Britton's perplexity, the gladness that, for days, had shone upon Billy's boyishly handsome, rather weak face, this afternoon was plainly reflected upon Miss McInveigh's features. And that night, Sallie's dismay was increased when her friend, flushing slightly, said shyly: "Before I leave, I think I shall have something lovely to tell you, Sallie, but don't ask about it yet, dear."

"Oh, Winny, do be careful." The words uttered themselves as unconsciously as one's hand reaches out to a man who stumbles.

The older woman laughed indulgently. "Oh, I've a real genius for being careful," she gayly assured Sallie, "that's why I am an old maid. But run on, dear, and let me go to sleep. I'm deliciously tired, and I see a dozen questions simply bursting through your pretty lips; and I will not answer a single one."

Since the first hour of Darrow's arrival he had said nothing of his affairs either financial or sentimental to Ben —nor had he mentioned Miss McInveigh to his cousin, except in the most impersonal way. Ben, giving himself up wholly to the enjoyment of a well-earned vacation, did not concern himself with the affairs of his guests, and so avoided the uneasiness that hectored Sallie.

The morning after Miss McInveigh's half-confidence to Sallie, she asked permission to drive Dixie down to the Brookdale postoffice. Ben and Billy had gone hunting, and Mrs. Britton was very much engaged with the children, so Winifred drove down the mountain road alone. Half way down to the village, Dixie, startled by a rifle-shot, fired very close to the road, bolted and dashed frantically down the steep incline. As Dixie plunged, the cart tipped sharply, and Miss McInveigh, entirely unprepared for such an emergency, pitched into the road. It happened that the rifle had been shot by Darrow but a few rods away from the road, and at the sound of the pony's footfalls, as she galloped wildly down the mountain-side, he ran to the road, followed by his portly cousin. Dixie's fright lasted but a minute, and before Darrow could reach her, she was slowing down to her usual gait. Darrow, thoroughly alarmed at the sight of the empty cart, did not pause to stop the pony, but ran up the road to the spot where he saw Winifred lying, quite still. As he approached her, however, he perceived that she was not unconscious, for her eyes were open, and before Billy had reached her, she sat up.

"Are you seriously hurt, dearest?" he asked, tenderly. "Let me help you." He put an arm around her waist and lifted her to her feet.

"Why, I thought I was broken into at least a thousand pieces," she smiled whimsically. "But I believe I'm intact. Where has Dixie gone with the cart? I fell as she jumped."

Britton, leading Dixie, appeared around a curve in the road. "What nonsense for Dixie to pretend to be afraid of a shot!" he said, after learning of his guest's safety. "I've a mind to give her the good whipping she deserves. No damage done at all, Miss McInveigh?"

"Not a bit," she cheerfully assured him. "Oh, my letter!" She glanced about on the ground. "Dixie had been behaving so admirably that I was careless enough to be reading a letter I had written hurriedly. Of course, when I fell, the sheets of paper fluttered out of my hand, and there is such a breeze. I'm afraid they were blown down into the canyon."

The two men, searching diligently for the missing letter, found one sheet of it stuck in the branches of an alder, but the lady would not let them look

further for the second sheet, and without more delay, she accepted her host's proffer to drive the foolish Dixie the rest of the way to Brookdale.

Darrow, trudging up to the cabin alone, decided that the time was ripe for bringing his love-making to a crisis. That evening, in the starlight, he would ask Winifred to be his wife. Billy could think of no reason for fearing that the lady would refuse him.

At luncheon, Miss McInveigh insisted that she was no worse for the tumble Dixie had given her, but during the afternoon, she and Mrs. Britton rested in the library. At dinner, however, Winifred's liveliness was plainly the result of effort, and the pallor that had taken the place of the healthy glow upon her cheeks was remarked by them all. Directly after dinner, the ladies went upstairs, and Billy followed his cousin out beneath the trees to smoke.

"I'm afraid Miss McInveigh's accident is resulting more seriously than she admits," Billy, speaking quietly, succeeded in keeping the disappointment he felt from manifesting itself too strongly in his voice. He dropped into the hammock and swayed himself gently. "At luncheon she seemed all right, but to-night she looked sick, and she acted feverishly excited. Didn't you notice it?"

For a long moment, Ben silently puffed his cigarette. "She got a letter from her brother-in-law, Washburn, in the afternoon's post," he remarked casually.

"A letter from Joe Washburn? What of it?" Billy inquired as casually.

"Washburn mentioned just having lost half a million dollars of Miss McInveigh's fortune," Ben puffed his cigarette with exasperating coolness.

"Do you mean that, or is it your idea of a joke?" snapped Billy.

"Sallie told me about it half an hour before dinner; it is not my idea of a joke," Ben spoke with serene patience.

"Why, she's a pauper!" Billy was aghast. "Can't her money be recovered? What are the particulars?"

"Miss McInveigh is not a pauper, and all her friends are relieved of the fear that she will starve, because she still owns a flat in Seattle which rents for a hundred dollars a month."

"A hundred dollars a month, when she's been worth a half million!" Darrow's voice was shrill with stinging vexation. "But how was the money lost?"

"Briefly, the particulars are as follows: about half of Miss McInveigh's inheritance had been invested by Washburn, with his own capital and a part of his wife's, in a concern that went to the wall during the worst of the panic last week," Britton explained. "The rest of Miss McInveigh's money was in a company in Chicago—it failed Wednesday."

Darrow dropped his head into his hands and made no effort to suppress a groan, but his big cousin smoked on in apparent unconcern of the havoc his news had wrought.

"This is the devil of a fix for me," Billy finally confided; and, when Britton did not answer, Darrow rose and walked out upon the trail that lead up the mountain side.

"How did Billy act when you told him of Winifred's losses?" Sallie inquired of her husband as they went to their room.

"For a cent, I'd give Billy a thrashing," was all the answer she could get.

Darrow passed a restless night and woke, for the dozenth time, just as day was breaking. The thought that for ten hours had harried him sprang into his mind with fresh ferocity. Baldly stated, did Miss McInveigh expect a proposal of marriage as a result of his attentions to her? How could he extricate himself from this situation? He must free himself from the tangle —with honor, if he could—but he must be free. Giving up hope of getting more sleep, Darrow rose and dressed. A heavy fog lay close to the ground; in its damp weight, the light branches of redwood and tan oak sagged earthward. Darrow stole softly

out of the cabin and struck into the Brookdale road. A long tramp in the fog would refresh his mind and relieve the tension of his nerves. But when he reached the place in the road where Dixie had become frightened, the sight of the cut-up ground brought to mind his foolish speech to Winifred when he had come to her assistance, and turning abruptly, he pushed his way through thick low-hanging boughs straight into the forest.

"Possibly she did not hear those words," he hoped. In the excitement of the moment, she may not have been conscious of the term of endearment, nor the tenderness of his tone. Darrow drew in a long breath of the heavy, wet air, and sat down on a log. An invigorating breeze sprang up and swept, cool and bracing, across his feverish face; it served to blow away some of the worrying cogitations from the man's brain and substituted thoughts bearing some degree of hope. "What nonsense that a man can't make time pleasant for his cousin's guest without having a breach of promise suit on his hands! Miss McInveigh is thirty-two—a thorough woman of the world, not a rustic maid with her first beau. What a fool I am. I am hungry. Thank the Lord, Ben breakfasts at the ghastly hour of seven-thirty. I'll be back just in time."

As Darrow rose from the log, the leaves at his feet rustled briskly, and, glancing down to avoid the vines that were tangled across his path, Darrow caught sight of a bit of paper whirling among the dead leaves. It was the torn sheet of a letter which, at closer glance, he perceived to be covered with writing that strongly resembled Miss McInveigh's large, firm handwriting. Billy picked up the sheet. It was twisted and torn, and some of the words were indistinct and some were entirely blotted out by the fog, which had almost saturated the paper. Of course this was the letter Winifred had lost yesterday. Darrow was about to put the fragment in his pocket when his eye rested upon his own name, and he scanned the page eagerly. The words following "Mr. Darrow" were torn off, but the words just preceding the name were plainly discernible: "I am to be married to Mr. Darrow." Further up the page, Darrow read: "so glad to know—of my happiness—" "—we met—" "I am certain of his disinterested love—" Breathless, Darrow ran his eye over the page. "Sallie and the children—" "superb scenery—" He searched for the piece that was torn off, but finally gave up and started home.

Darrow avoided Winifred during the morning, but directly after luncheon, he followed her out to the tan oak grove west of the cabin, where she had gone with a novel. Ben and Sallie had just driven off to a neighboring ranch for fresh buttermilk. At Darrow's approach, Miss McInveigh looked up from her book and greeted him with her usual friendliness. Then she began to chat about the story she was reading. Darrow answered at random, stingingly annoyed at his lack of ease. Presently, he said quite abruptly: "I am leaving this evening, Miss McInveigh." It had been more than two weeks since he had begun to call her Winifred, and yesterday "dearest."

"Leaving? I thought you would be here until October."

"Yes, but——" Darrow did not look at his companion, though he flushed under the scrutiny he felt she gave his face. "I've just heard bad news."

"Bad news?" the lady's tone was one of apprehension. "Not from—From where?"

"My business affairs are in a bad way," explained Billy, feeling like a fool.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Miss McInveigh sympathized. "Are only your own private affairs involved?"

"Yes, just mine, but I must leave at once. And," continued Darrow with more self-confidence, "of course, Miss McInveigh, this new state of affairs alters our own plans—destroys our—hopes."

"I do not in the least understand you, Mr. Darrow," Miss McInveigh

stated; and Darrow, still with averted face, judged that she spoke in frank bewilderment.

"It means, dear lady," Darrow gathered courage as the dire necessity for it arose, and his tone was exceedingly firm, "it means that no matter how much we care for each other, with my money gone, marriage is out of the question." At last he raised his eyes and faced her squarely. The break must be unmistakably final; the fatal error of a provisional engagement must be avoided. "My father has no intention of coming to my rescue," he added.

Winifred's cheeks were burning with a bright color, and Darrow could not help but put his own interpretation upon the expressions that alternately tightened and relaxed the muscles of her face. However, her eyes met his bravely; but this fact merely spurred him on to desperate measures, for evidently, she was going to hold him to what she regarded as an implied obligation.

Miss McInveigh, studying Darrow's face, did not at once reply; when she did speak, her words carried no touch of haughtiness, only extreme perplexity: "I am more than ever at a loss to understand you," she said.

"I can hardly make myself plainer, my dear Miss McInveigh," Billy answered coldly, and was chilled when the lady sat perfectly quiet, thumbing over the leaves of her book. He turned his eyes away from Miss McInveigh's face, which was now half averted, and frowningly watched the busy affairs of a company of ants at his feet. The fear crept upon him that Winifred did not believe that he had lost his money, and that she was sure that he knew of the recent loss of her fortune.

"Obviously, you cannot marry a penniless man, and, of course, dear lady," he strove to temper the coldness of his words with a note of tenderness in his voice, "I could not dream of marrying a lady with your fortune——"

"Oh, I lost my money last week," Winifred interrupted frivolously, and she smiled.

Billy set his foot on the ants. "Lost your fortune?" he cried, but his tone was vastly artificial, and it happened to amuse Miss McInveigh, for she laughed merrily.

"My dear Billy, you have misunderstood the situation altogether," she gayly informed him, "but I am just beginning to see light. I will 'put you wise'—to quote your cousin Ben." Darrow's astonishment at these words was genuine and profound, but his surprise was a mere preparation for the amazement that gripped him as Winifred proceeded. "I am to be married to your father in October," she said. "We met two years ago on the Hammonds' yacht, and the next winter he asked me to marry him. Since then I have seen him several times; the last time being just before I came here. I did not consent to be his wife until after my arrival here. Up to that time, though he had heard that I was the wealthy Miss McInveigh, I told him I was a distant relative of hers, but many persons mistook me for Peter McInveigh's daughter; I wanted to be sure my husband had not married me for my property." Miss McInveigh laughed foolishly Darrow thought, and he reddened angrily.

Billy sat, silent and sullen, crushing with a trim, well shod foot, the little creatures that scurried about, unaware of the fate awaiting them; the vented irritability of a moody giant, out of conceit with his concerns, bringing to the joyous pigmies a swift and tragic doom. Miss McInveigh, noticing the wholesale carnage, pleaded: "Don't kill the ants, Billy, please. Thank you. Now, Billy," she continued cheerfully, "while you only heard of your financial misfortunes yesterday —or was it in this morning's post?— I knew of them some time ago; months ago, in fact. Your father has been very confidential with me regarding his son, of whom he is very fond and—solicitous. Of course, when I came here I had no idea of meeting you, but our meeting here is merely

one of those coincidences which so often give interest and color to the delightful story of life. I was so glad that you seemed to like me—I didn't dream that it was love-making, honestly—and so glad of this chance to know you and be friends before I should be your father's wife. Your father had told me that you knew nothing of his attachment for me."

Billy sat watching the little ants, and he was glad that he had spared so many for the bustling life to which they brought such zest in living. Winifred made no attempt to break the silence which followed her explanation, but turned the pages of her novel —reading a line here and there.

At last Billy stood up: "In the last ten minutes I've thought of sixteen different remarks to make, but none of them will do," he said, his boyish smile struggling through the mortification and chagrin that rested upon his face. "I am going away now, but I will be at the wedding, and for that occasion I'll have a speech that for felicity will be a humdinger." He bowed to her and then turned toward the house.

But Miss McInveigh rose and held out her hand. "I don't deserve it," said Billy, humbly.

Winifred laughed good-humoredly. "We must learn to accept a few things that we do not deserve," she told him. "You and I are going to be friends." Her twinkling brown eyes looked frankly into his. "For two persons, loved by the same person, must love each other. Au revoir—till October, Billy."

MY NEIGHBOR'S DAUGHTER

Phyllis weaves a garland for me,
Sweet with all the flowers that bloom,
But no blossom fair as Phyllis
Comes to grace the lap of June.
In her laughter I hear mingled
Songs of myriad warbling birds,
And her music, like a dream-voice,
Shames the potency of words.

No more rosy than her wee mouth
Is the coral of the seas,
And the sun that loves to nestle
In her locks, kissed by the breeze,
Finds a counterfeited splendor
Like the glory of the sky,
When the evening hour approaches,
And the sweet day breathes a sigh.

I confess it: I love Phyllis
With devotion for all time;
As for Phyllis, she has promised,
So I know that she is mine.
And our courtship is ideal,
I am sure that you'll agree—
Phyllis numbers just four summers,
And I'm only fifty-three!

R. R. GREENWOOD.

THE WITCH'S TREE

By Margaret Brown

FAR OUT in the west the sun hung low and great clouds tumbled about in lazy confusion. Beneath the cliffs, heavy waves splashed and tossed as if in play, and spring, even here at the water's edge, had begun to assert herself. The grass stretched to the very rocks, and behind it the pines and cypress of Monterey fell back, bent by years of wind. The light breeze teased at the cypress, and sent up a tiny cloud of yellow pollen, and then fled on again, hiding in the pines.

The man on the cliffs watching it all smiled. Like an overgrown boy, he had come west to enjoy, for a short season, the unaccustomed freedom and independence of life here in a cabin, alone, among the pines of Pacific Grove, and it had fascinated him.

Reluctantly, now, he turned from his position at the Witch's Tree, but paused to gaze at Carmel that lay basking in the sun. Its circle of sand glistened in the fading light, and its tiny bay was aglow with ripples of ever-changing color. Gradually, however, the glow paled, and the man made his way up the road that bent toward home. Smart rigs from Del Monte, with tourists, passed him by, yet he laughed to himself, rejoicing in the long unfamiliar creak of corduroys and in the easy slouch of a sombrero. The road swung deeper into the woods, and the sound of the water was distant, half inarticulate; but the trees were alive in their own way, nodding and whispering to one another.

Then suddenly from the quiet there came a voice—an untrained, girlish voice, singing in Spanish. The man pushed on, hardly aware of it until a quick turn of the road brought him before the girl herself. She sat upon the grass, her lap full of the purple fleur-de-lis of the woods, and with them great bunches of fern. She sang as she arranged the flowers and scanned the road, expectantly.

Her eyes laughed when she saw the man, and her lips flashed a smile. "Ah! Senor, you will want some flowers. No?"

The man pulled his sombrero gallantly from his head and smiled in return. He was in the mood for adventure.

"Perhaps one, if you yourself will put it in my buttonhole."

"Si, Senor, but you must stoop to me. I cannot get up with so many," and she pointed to the flowers.

"Then I shall sit down and help you. You are a very pretty senorita to be found here alone in the woods."

The girl laughed, pleased at the compliment. The man smiled, too. She was an interesting part of the scenery; he noted with satisfaction the brilliant color of her cheeks, the coquetry of eye and mouth, and the quick play of feeling in her face.

"What are you doing here, Senorita? It is far from the town."

"And why do I care? I sell these—the pretty flowers. The tourists that come by—they would spoil their shoes or they are lazy—I do not know. But when they see my flowers they want some. So I smile at them, and they give me money. Then I laugh, for they are easy, these tourists! No, Senor?"

She broke her words with a peculiar Spanish accent that delighted him.

her laugh was mischievous and bantering.

He looked at her boldly, and summoned a great bravado as he said: "I am no easy tourist! I am not like the others. I shall find the prettiest flower of them all, and you yourself shall put it in my buttonhole. You shall get no money, either, but do it because I say so, Senorita."

He leaned toward her and began fingering the flowers. As if by accident, his hand touched hers. It lingered a moment, and then passed on to the flowers. At length he found a large one.

"Here it is. This is the one you shall put in my buttonhole, Senorita?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "Dinero, first, Senor."

"Nonsense, I tell you. I am no easy tourist! I could take them all if I choose, so you may as well give me one. Come, you are too pretty to refuse!"

The girl's face pouted—but it was an altogether becoming pout. She shook her head.

"You are not kind, Senor. Because I am only a Senorita? When the money does not come, then the madre she beats me. It hurts me when she beats, Senor. To-day there is little money. Do you want me beaten, Senor?" She looked up at him aggrieved, and put the suggestion of a sob in her voice.

The man was delighted. Already he had seen many of these Spanish girls, Castilian enough to be beautiful, Mexican and Indian enough to be unscrupulous. She was deceiving him some way, and it pleased his fancy to lead her on.

He laughed at her. "Come, put the flower here as I say. You are much prettier when you smile. I do not like you at all when you pout that way."

"Oh, Senor, the madre she wil beat me!" Her voice rose high, distressed and reproachful. "Senor, and you wish it?"

She was a pretty actress and the man yielded.

"Here, then, is a dollar. Will that pay for the beating?"

He held it out, and the girl reached for it eagerly. As her fingers touched the coin, his closed upon her hand.

"Now, I have caught you. I should kiss you for that lie you have told me, but you may go home and confess to the priest. Tell him you storied to me, and I gave you a dollar for doing it well."

He released her hand and strode off down the road.

"Adios, Senor," she called, and began again with her singing. After all, it had been a very profitable day—the excursion had brought her many generous tourists. She could well afford to sing.

The man chuckled as he betook himself on toward Pacific Grove. He could almost imagine himself back to the years when the west was young; when Monterey ruled it proudly over the land of gold. The illusion was strengthened by the sudden appearance of a rider, Mexican in all his haughty arrogance and carelessness of manner. He did not so much as deign a glance at the man on foot, but urged on his sorrel mare, regardless of heat and exhaustion. The gaudy trappings of his saddle clattered, his spurs jingled; in all he was a very cheap reproduction of the men who had lorded it over the country years ago.

The Eastern man watched him out of sight with interest. It amused him to play with his imagination and believe that he had betaken himself back again to the early days. But soon a team prancing by with its sightseers broke the spell. He smiled at himself. No, he was not a half-century back, but here, a tourist among other tourists. He remembered the girl's words and his dollar with a laugh.

Because the next day was Sunday he went and attended mass. He had not yet visited the old Monterey mission, and wanted to see it as it was in use. With the worshipers he passed in, impressed against his will; then as suddenly disappointed to find it so

well repaired and preserved. The natural marks of age had been obliterated, but about it there was yet the subtle atmosphere, the spirit of the past. It penetrated even his critical attitude, and a sense of reverence held him unawares.

The congregation, a motley one of English and Spanish settled down. The sisters in their long robes slipped in noiselessly, and counted their beads with devotion. Then the children from the school across the way filed in with much noise, much bowing and crossing. Finally came silence that awaited the priest.

The service progressed slowly and tediously for the man who understood none of it. But the flickering candles played at the altar, the windows, the quaint pictures, the statues would have detained him longer than the hour. However, he arose with the others when the mass was over, pausing to look here and there at whatever pleased him. Suddenly his eyes discovered the figure of a Christ which hung suspended from a cross above the door. It was a tortured thing, the red of blood hanging heavy on hands and breast and feet. So barbaric and cruel was it that the man paused, fascinated by his very disgust. His easy good nature was repulsed by it. But when he remembered where he was, in old Monterey, he liked it. It seemed in keeping with the place.

"Buenos Dias, Senor!" At the holy water fount the girl of yesterday stood watching him. Her dress was of sombre black, in fine harmony with her air of piety. In her hands she clasped a prayer book, and a small rosary hung suspended from her neck. She looked at him soberly, but in her eyes flashed coquetry undaunted by religion and reverence. It was a picture so different from the one he had been studying that the man came to himself with a start.

"Senorita!" he exclaimed.

She put her fingers to her lips quickly. "Not so loud, Senor, or they will hear us, and the madre——" She shrugged her shoulders. "The madre does not love the American," and she laughed softly.

"She is here, then, the madre who beats you?"

"No—but somebody would tell her."

The man laughed. "I should like to see that madre."

"Why, Senor?" the girl asked quickly and a bit nervously.

He was amused at her evident confusion.

"Why? Because you have no madre that beats you. But now I want to talk with you, Senorita."

"So, Senor! And very badly?"

"Very."

"Well, then, perhaps we may sit down here for a time if we are quiet. The priest—I think he will be busy at the house for a time, and no one will see us."

"Then you are ashamed of me, Senorita, that you hide this way?" he asked, as they made their way to a near-by pew.

"Oh, Senor!" She touched his arm by way of further apology. "But you joke me. As I have said, the madre, she is not fond of the Americans. But I—I like them." She laughed softly and lowered her eyes.

"And I like the Spanish, Senorita," he returned, eyeing her with apparent admiration. "But that madre: did she beat you yesterday?"

"Oh, no; she was away and did not know that I was gone. The madre is proud. She would be much angry if she knew."

He laughed at her inconsistent stories, and began teasing her further. "Perhaps, then, I shall tell her."

"Oh, Senor, she would punish me. She would make me work a whole year on an altar cloth. A whole year, Senor!"

"Only a year, Senorita? That is not long. And perhaps she had better keep you busy."

"Oh, but I am busy, Senor. Only for an altar cloth you get no money. But I make other things, Senor. Pretty things for a house, Senor. You will want to buy them for your wife? No?"

"But I must get the wife first, Senorita. Do you know where I can find one?" and he touched her arm softly.

She looked up at him archly, but said nothing. Then she lowered her eyes. At length she faced him determinedly. "You will buy some of my embroidery, Senor?"

"Nonsense. I don't want any embroidery. What should I do with it? Besides, I am not like the other tourists. I have no money to spend."

"Now, Senor, you joke. All you tourists are rich and I am poor. The things are pretty when you see them."

"But you are prettier, Senorita."

She smiled and arose, for there came the sound of feet upon the quaint pavement without. She seemed excited and fearful.

"No, you must not come now! It is the priest, maybe, for confession. He will take me to confession, and he must not see that I have been talking to the American. To-morrow, Senor, I shall be at the Witch's Tree. In the afternoon early. Adios, Senor," and she kissed her fingers to him.

He laughed, and left alone in the chapel, lost himself for a while in examining it. When he made his way out, no one was about. Only far down the road he spied a woman's figure, and beside it a man walking his sorrel horse. He saw them half unconsciously, and then turned briskly down the road that led to the town of Monterey.

A certain Sabbath stillness pervaded the streets—the languid stillness of maturing spring. The old warped buildings leaned heavily on their supports, and the newer ones swarmed with the dirty children of the Mexicans. His walk led him only through this poorer section of Monterey, and he judged it all by what he saw. Farther up in the business part privates from the garrison, Mexicans and nondescript whites hung about the saloon corners, or wandered aimlessly up and down the streets. He pushed by them with disgust; by the Customs House, now an idling place for idle men; by the fishing and shipping wharves, on to the road that circles near the bay.

Through the fog and distance, the shores of Santa Cruz lay dimly penciled against the sky; an occasional sail dotted the placid surface of the water; and frequently the half-inarticulate moan of the buoy thrust itself upon the ear. The man squared his shoulders and drew in great breaths of the pungent, salty air. Behind him the cares of an office life seemed merely the play of an idle fancy: he was bewitched by the care-free goddess of the West.

Mildly curious, the next day he bethought himself of the girl and her appointment at the Witch's Tree. Having no better amusement, he hired a horse and cantered down through the pines to the tree by the cliff. He found the girl already there, sitting out on one of the rocks watching the water. She turned as he approached, and waved at him gayly. He doffed his sombrero in return and scrambled down to a place near her side.

"Buenos Dias!" she called.

"You have ridden, too?" he questioned, pointing to a gray that was tethered near his own.

"Yes; to-day I did not come to sell flowers, but only to see you, Senor."

He laughed at her frankness. "Well, then, take me to Carmel or Point Lobos. I want to ride instead of idling here."

"It is far, Senor."

"But it is early, and the day is fine. Come!" He reached out his hand to assist her, and she rose, half regretfully.

"Then you had rather ride than talk to me, Senor?" She glanced up at him from lowered lids. A bright color flushed her cheeks, and her hair shone black in the sun. She was really beautiful. Almost it seemed that the Castilian had triumphed over the Mexican in her blood.

He pressed her hand and returned gallantly: "I had rather ride *and* talk to you, Senorita. Come!"

A package had fallen from her lap,

and she reached for it eagerly.

"The embroidery! I brought it that you might see. You will look at it first before we go?"

She spread out several pieces of drawn work which were entirely uninteresting to him. Had he known anything about the work, he might have thought it that drawn work which only the Mexican woman knows how to make in its perfection. Had he known much about it, he could have seen that it was but a machine-made imitation of the real. But being a man who knew nothing of domestic things, it was all useless stuff in which he had no interest, and he eyed it impatiently.

"Is it not beautiful, Senor?"

"I suppose so, but I don't want it. Let us go for a ride."

"I won't," she pouted.

He shrugged his shoulders indifferently. "Very well, I shall go alone."

"But, Senor," her voice rose high, the peculiar Spanish cadence breaking even the English into rhythm. "Your wife—she would like the pretty work. See, it is beautiful. And I—I have made it all with my tired fingers. Senor!"

She dropped her head, then half raised it, looking at him through lowered lashes.

"No, I don't want it. Are you coming with me?"

She was puzzled. Perfect little actress that she was, she had not moved him. Suddenly she went to him and touched his arm with her hand.

"Senor, I am poor. The madre, she is proud. If I did not sell these things to-morrow there would be no eating. She would not sell the pretty work to a stranger. But I am not so proud. It is only five dollars that I ask for these. Only five, Senor. And you are rich!"

She was standing close to him now, her hand still upon his arm.

He laughed at her and reached indulgently in his pocket.

"You little beggar!" This time he caught and kissed her, but she did not resist. The money was safely in her hand.

Then suddenly before he had released her, a rider flashed unawares upon them. The horse snorted, the trappings vibrated with the suddenness of his halt. It was the Mexican of the sorrel horse.

"Nina! Nina!" and a volume of Spanish oaths fell from his lips. He flung himself from the saddle and advanced toward them. The flush of wine burned in his cheeks, and jealousy added fire to the weakness and dissipation of his face.

The other man chuckled to himself. This, then, was the cause of the girl's deceit! At least she should pay a price for it. He put his arm strongly about her to detain her, and laughed at the Mexican defiantly.

For a moment, while the husband halted, startled by the other man's audacity, the situation seemed to paralyze the girl. Then instantly all her cunning femininity leaped to life. She turned to the man who held her like some animal in her fury, and tore away before he was aware of it. The primitive woman that lies so near the surface in the southern blood was alive within her, and she, too, cursed him in Spanish. When she had freed herself, she flung her arms about the Mexican, laughing and half crying.

"But see, see the dinero! The Americano, he is easy. He has given me this for the embroidery. See!"

She held the money before him, and at the sight, half the fire vanished from his face. His bravado was disappearing, his weak will asserting itself.

She laughed hysterically. "See, and you shall have it all. There is much to eat and drink for days, Carlitos. And work—you will not need to work until this is gone. Am I not good, Carlitos? Am I not better than other women? Say that I am better than them all."

He gave no need to her emotion.

"Say I am good," she insisted. "Is it not much money? And you shall have it all."

He laughed loudly when he felt the money in his hand. "Ah, manana, I shall win at the game. To-day I lost, and they would not let me play with no dinero. But now, Madre de Dios, I shall beat them all! No, Nina? I shall beat them all! You are not so bad, Nina. No, you are not so bad!" He pinched her arm by way of caress, while he eyed the money in his hand.

Her face lighted, and her usual gay manner returned. They mounted their horses and cantered down the road.

"These tourists—they are all alike. They are easy,—no, Carlitos?"

Her laugh sounded out gayly. At the bend in the road she turned and looked back.

"Adios, Senor Tourist, adios!" She waved half mischievously, half triumphantly, and the horses, a gray and a sorrel, disappeared among the trees.

LITTLE LAD

Out o' bed at break o' day,
Whis'lin', singin', not much tune,
Just a noise, some folks would say,
But to me it's sweet as June,
When the birds, chock full o' glee,
Burst their throats 'most with their song.
I can hear him callin' me
As the path he runs along:
"Heigho, heigho, comin' Dad"—
Merry little lad.

Eyes a-shinin', cheeks aglow,
Wind a-rufflin' up his hair,
Wisht his mother she could know
How he looks, she couldn't bear
For to leave him, seemed like he
Was so used to her he'd mind
Stayin' here with only me.
But when she left us behind,
I was—why, just all he had,
Helpless little lad!

Follows me around the place,
Likes to think he's helpin' some;
Says with such a beamin' face,
"Tell y' what, *we* make things hum!"
Gets so tired he'll most drop,
Sometimes, in the boilin' sun,
But you just can't make him stop
Till he knows the last job's done.
Keeps a-whis'lin' like he's glad—
Plucky little lad!

Wonder sometimes since she went,
What's the use o' bein' good,
Things I never really meant,
Why, she always understood;
Then when I'm a-feelin' blue,
He says, holdin' of my han',
"Hope that I'll be just like you
When I grow to be a man."
Got the ways his mother had—
Bless the little lad!

MARJORY CONIC NEWTON

The Return of Hartland Crosby

By Edna M. Young

Author of "The Awakening of Marion," etc.

I

LENORA WARE sat at her bedroom window—face pressed close to the pane—watching the monotonous drop-drop of the rain. Such a gloomy day it was, and oh, how blue it made one feel. She was startled by the ringing of the door bell, and immediately forgot about the rain and her "blues" as she sat straight and almost breathless, waiting.

After what seemed an interminable time, her aunt's voice came to her: "Come down, Lenora, please. Hartland is here."

With these words ringing merrily in her ears, quite girl like and woman like, she paused in front of her mirror to adjust her hair and to dab just a little powder on the nose that had grown red through being close-pressed against the cold window pane. The young man who waited in the little living room smiled at the bright vision she made as she entered, hands outstretched, and an entrancing little pucker on her lips.

"Isn't this weather beastly, Hartland?" she asked, as he took her hands in his.

"Perhaps—to a woman. But you see, I have been so busy saying my farewells and with the intricacies of packing that I have had no time to notice. I'll admit that it is discouragingly damp, with no promise of changing for the better."

"And this is to be our first separation since we were kiddies together," said Lenora, a faint trace of sadness in her voice. "And when you have been in your old medical college I suppose that you will forget all about me, and never so much as write me a post card."

"Sweetheart, how can you say that?" said Hartland, rebuke in his tones. "Come and sit beside me on this couch while I tell you something I have been thinking a great deal of."

When she had shyly responded, he took her hands and renewed the protestations of love which he had been wont to whisper into her ears from the days when, bare-footed, they had played together and vowed to be man and wife some day when they should be real grown-ups. There was the same honest note of sincerity which for years and years has made young voices grow husky and young eyes fill up with the mistiness of earnestness.

Lenora Ware had never known her parents: they had died when she was a chubby, rosy-cheeked little tot. A maiden aunt had mothered her, and showered upon her all the affection of a heart that was filled to overflowing, but had remained dormant for want of something upon which to lavish its devotion. Hartland Crosby had been left motherless as a baby, and had grown to young manhood, a pal to his old father, who had been physician to Lenora's parents. The aunt and the father had watched the two children grow up, sweethearts and playmates in childhood, and now the fondest wish of their hearts was that, when the two should return from college, they would be man and wife.

"Lenora, I must go now," said Crosby, at last.

"And you will never be too busy to write to me?"

"Never, my little wife-to-be," he assured her tenderly.

And after he had gone, Lenora sat

again at her window, face pressed against the pane, watching him until he disappeared from sight. She sighed softly as she turned away, and walked slowly downstairs. She found her aunt fluttering around the table preparing the evening meal, and as the gentle-faced woman took the blushing girl in her arms, she cried softly, crooning as she stroked the fair head against her breast.

II

For a time, the girl was terribly lonely at college. She made friends of her class-mates, but they did not seem to be able to make her forget. She wanted to be back home—home, where her sweetheart might come to her and sit through the evening in the little living room where she had said good-bye to him. Hartland wrote to her, and while his letters were tender, they were filled principally with the new life that was his—his man's life, as he called it.

Meanwhile, Hartland did occasionally forget the absent Lenora. He was a conscientious student, and, moreover, he loved his chosen life work. And he was determined that he would make his old father proud of his son when the day for his final examination should come. When he wrote to Lenora, he dwelt on the great day when they both should leave their colleges and go back home—to a home of their own, just theirs alone.

On one of the bright summer days of a vacation in their last term, sadness came to the two households. Lenora's wayward brother, a college scapegrace, became embroiled in a drunken quarrel and was killed. A distant relative had taken the unruly child when Lenora went to the aunt and had sent the boy to college. Lenora had seen him but seldom, but her tender heart went out to him and pitied him.

On her return to college she was to graduate and return home immediately. Hartland had already won his diploma with honors. And before the news of the death had come, his engagement to Lenora had been announced and the wedding day set.

* * * *

When Hartland entered the living room, his lips were stern and white, white as the face of the girl who stood facing him, with hands nervously clasping and unclasping, her eyes filled with tears.

"Hartland, what is the matter?" she asked brokenly.

"Who was the man who left here just now and whose visit left you so agitated?"

The girl looked at her sweetheart in an effort to read his sternness. Then she turned and leaned her arms on the mantel, her eyes filled with tears that would not overflow.

"Are you going to answer me?" Crosby demanded. "Or am I to draw my own conclusions? Some college flirtation, I suppose. Or what?"

The slender figure quivered, but she did not answer.

Muttering something, Hartland turned on his heel and left the room. She listened, and soon heard his quick, angry stride on the gravel, and then realized he had left her, gone out of her life, and her pent up feelings broke forth in sobs.

Hartland Crosby walked swiftly home, torn with a conflict of emotions. He had never quarreled with Lenora, and now the pangs of jealousy had added their torture. At his office, he found a telegram awaiting him, asking him to attend to the practice of an old friend of his father's in the South. He accepted at once.

Lenora, hearing that he had gone, and realizing that his love had been shallow, begged her aunt to take her abroad. She wanted to be away from the old sights, the old faces of her girlhood. They sailed for Europe, and the sad girl who leaned over the rail and watched the shores of her native land grow gradually dimmer, wondered if she would ever be able to tear from her heart the love she had given to the young man she now thought unworthy her slightest thought.

III

One year later, tired of her wandering life, they returned to Paris, and decided to remain indefinitely. For a time they were satisfied to remain more or less in seclusion at the Hotel Vendome. But soon this paled, and the aunt, grown lonesome for the sight of friendly faces and pleasant social intercourse, prevailed upon her niece to look up some distant relatives who were residents in Paris. Lenora complied, but when the day came for the calls she pleaded a sick headache in order to escape the ordeal.

With considerable misgiving, Aunt Urselle left her alone. She had hoped that the girl would awaken from her early love dream. The pleasant companionship of a young man, a New Yorker, on the boat crossing the Atlantic had seemed to put new spirit into Lenora. Later, when the two met him again in Paris, Lenora had permitted attentions from the young man which caused her aunt no little hope. Alfred Lake was accompanying his mother to England, where they expected to join his father. The acquaintance which followed proved pleasant. Her aunt found herself building air castles of matrimony. It seemed, however, that the old despondency had descended upon the girl. "Is it because she is missing Alfred," she asked herself.

The aunt was just about leaving the hotel entrance when she turned, as a hand touched her arm, and gasped in mingled pleasure and astonishment as she found herself looking into the handsome face of Alfred.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Lake," she cried. "You here in Paris."

"Are you so pleased to see me?" he asked in the frank manner which had first won her liking.

"Glad!" she cried. "Most assuredly."

Together they walked along the street, exchanging experiences.

Meanwhile, left to herself, Lenora fell to brooding. She was thinking of Hartland Crosby; wondering what had become of him and whether he had entirely forgotten her. She supposed that, by this time, his affections had been bestowed upon some other young woman. For all she knew, he might be married already. Strange, she had not thought of him for some time. In fact, Alfred's acquaintance had driven all thoughts of her former fiance from her head. She blushed as she recalled how much she had enjoyed the long strolls through romantic old London which she and Alfred Lake had taken.

Lenora's few moments' visualizing of the incidents connected with her first meeting with Lake served to bring a rosier color to her cheeks and a new sparkle to her eyes. And when her aunt returned it was to find her in a cheery mood.

"I am not in the least surprised, auntie," said Lenora, after she was told of the unexpected meeting in the afternoon. "Something gave me warning that you would bring some such news. Did you invite Mr. Lake to call?"

"Assuredly," replied her aunt.

Above all else, the aunt desired the happiness of her niece. The whole love of her heart was centered on the girl, and the latent mother instinct in her made her pray that the child may have opportunity to marry a man she could love through life and whose children would be the solace and pride of her own declining years.

Days lengthened into months and the months became two years. They had been years of happiness for both, and neither felt as yet a desire to return to their America. The friendship between Lenora and Alfred Lake cemented into something which at times gave Aunt Urselle misgivings as to the possibility of its ever growing into anything more intimate. The girl had grown into a lovely woman; the sweet girlishness had given place to a womanly beauty that more than fulfilled the promise of her youth. But still there clung to her the memory of the faithless lover of her childhood. It caused a touch of sadness to linger in her eyes and her smile, but there were

moments when her content in the companionship and friendship of Lake drove the sadness away, and left in its place that which prompted her aunt to hope and repeat her prayers.

Alfred's mother, left a widow, had watched the friendship between the young people, and although she knew the girl's story, hoped that her son's desire would be granted. She told her longing to Aunt Urselle and learned that she was not alone in it.

"I have come to love Lenora very dearly," she said. "I would like nothing better than to be able to really call her daughter. It would make me so happy, and I know what it would mean for Alfred. He loves her—my mother's heart tells me that. But Lenora——"

"It is my dearest wish, Mrs. Lake," returned the aunt, as the other sighed. "I have watched the growing friendship, and I have prayed for their happiness. If it is willed that they shall love each other, I shall indeed be a happy woman."

One beautiful sunny day, when the green country lanes were fresh and alluring, Alfred and Lenora took a long automobile journey. It was a day when the birds seemed to be singing for the sheer joy of living. The very atmosphere breathed something which wrapped the young people in the spell which comes at moments when the tongue is stilled and the heart grows full—too full for speech.

They had stopped at a rustic little wayside inn, and were enjoying their lunch under the shade of the great trees. Lenora had been lolling back luxuriously in her low chair, her spirits gay and her laughter clear and filled with supreme joy. Alfred felt his heart beat faster as he watched her. He had often longed to speak to her of that which was closest to his heart, but he remembered the occasion when he had grown bold and she had gently told him of her girlhood sweetheart and her girlhood love. She had gently taken his hand in hers and pressed it, but her manner had told him that he must not speak of it—that he must content himself with friendship. Now, as he looked at her sweet face and felt the spell of the day and the singing of the mating birds, the instinct of mating grew strong. He arose and dropped to his knees beside her chair, and took her hand in his, pressing his lips to the soft, warm flesh.

Then he looked up at her and met her eyes. His lips trembled at the new light he surprised in their depths. Was she, too, succumbing to the spell of the beautiful, warm spring day? Was she, too, feeling the instinct of mating strong within her?

V

It was several days after Alfred Lake had asked the vital question. Lenora had not answered at once—she was not altogether sure of herself. In fact she was not the old Lenora, and she had not as yet accustomed herself to the newer, older and much changed woman she knew herself to be. The image of Hartland Crosby hovered before her in all of its old time appeal, and checked the "yes" to her wooer's pleading. That was why she asked for time to consider.

Alfred had purchased a new touring car, and was anxious to try it. He invited Lenora and her aunt to accompany him and his mother, and as they speeded through the country lanes, he sat at the wheel in conscious pride with the girl of his heart at his side. Suddenly the car shot forward at a terrific burst of speed. Alfred shut his teeth grimly, and endeavored to keep his hands steady. Breathless with the rush of the wind beating against her face, Lenora saw the needle on the speedometer steadily whirl toward a mark she instinctively knew was taxing the engine to the limit. The car was running away.

Ahead of them was a sharp bend in the road, and they could not guess what lay beyond. Alfred was powerless to stop the car. Suddenly the car seemed to leap into space and plunge. Lenora felt a sensation of being hurt-

led at a terrible velocity, and she knew no more.

Hours afterward, it seemed, Lenora, lying in a little white bed beside a window, through which the soft breath of spring came to her, wondered where she was. She felt a strange lassitude, and then she tried to sit up. Gasping, she fell backward, and pains like the pricking of countless needles shot through her body, and her head swam until her eyes were blinded.

After what seemed an interminable period of time, she saw a white robed figure standing beside the bed. She opened her lips to speak, but a soft hand was laid upon her mouth, and an equally soft voice bade her remain quiet. She must not move nor attempt to speak. Then she was told that she had been injured in an automobile accident, and that she had been in the hospital for a long time. She inquired for her aunt, but was told that she might not see her now—the doctors had refused to permit her to see any one save the nurses and themselves.

A week passed and she was able to leave her bed, with the assistance of her attendants. She tried to put her feet to the floor, but winced at the pain. When her nurse had wheeled her ino the warm sunlight and drawn the wheel-chair beneath the cool shade of a tree, she recalled that she had been in Alfred's new car, and that her aunt and Mrs. Lake had been with them. Then she remembered that the car had run away. Breathlessly she inquired whether the others had been hurt.

"You must nerve yourself, Miss Ware," the nurse answered. "I have sad news for you."

Lenora sat erect, and her face was white. She could not speak. They told her that all three of the others had been killed while she—as by a miracle—had been saved. But she would likely be a cripple for life. Her hip had been permanently injured. At least the physicians were afraid that such was the case. But in a few days a young American surgeon who had risen to prominence in an incredibly short space of time, would come to the hospital to pronounce his judgment. He was visiting Paris, where a gathering of noted world surgeons had assembled to discuss a new discovery he had just perfected.

Lenora remained in a half-stupor for several days. The shock had been terrible. She had loved her aunt very dearly, and the thought of her death was anguish. She was sad because of Alfred and his mother as well. But her principal sorrow was for her aunt, who had mothered her.

When the hour for the examination set by the young American surgeon arrived, Lenora's thoughts immediately went to Hartland Crosby. She had no reason with which to account for the feeling, but she seemed to anticipate seeing him. It was in this mood—visualizing the features of the man who had left her so unwarrantably, but who she knew she had never ceased to love—when the nurse came to her and told her that everything was ready. She was wheeled into the operating room in her chair, and she saw the man whom she supposed was the famous surgeon, donning his white linen robe and standing with his back toward her, talking to two strangers.

Then he turned to give some instructions to an attendant, and Lenora gasped. It was Hartland Crosby, and she knew that she cried his name aloud. He stood before her, staring as though not comprehending what he had heard. Then he came to her side and spoke to her.

"Did you call my name?" he asked in a low, pleasant voice. And she noticed that his face was older, his hair tinged with gray, and a great sadness in his eyes. She did not speak for a moment. Then she breathed his name again. He did not recognize her, apparently, but as he was about to speak, she interrupted him:

"Do you not know me, Hartland—Lenora Ware?"

"Lenora!" he exclaimed, dropping at once to his knee at her side, and

lifting her hand in his own. "Oh, Lenora, forgive me—forgive the wrong I did you."

The tears sprang to her eyes. Gently she stroked the head that was bowed in her lap.

"Oh, Hartland, it is so good to see you again."

Then she closed her eyes, and, swiftly, Hartland prepared for the experiment upon which he would work as he had never done in his life. Lenora, trustingly, looked up into his eyes, from where she lay on the operating table. Her lips moved, but she did not speak. And, before he began, Hartland leaned over her and gently, but with the love of many long, long-starved years, reverently pressed his lips to hers.

THE BURDEN OF FALADA

But and if thy mother knew,
Then her heart would break in two."
—The Goose Girl.

After Eden, womankind
Brought forth sons with pang and cry.
God in mercy struck them blind,
Lest they see their sons, and die:
For if mothers saw and knew
Their strong hearts would break in two.

You, young buck, most fiercely bent
On the sweets of young men's will,
Rake—but gently reverent
To your gentle mother still—
But and if that mother knew,
Her pure heart would break in two.

Hear when Foreign Missions beg
For the surplus of your rents!—
Panderer to Fire and Plague,
Cram your rotten tenements!
But and if your mother knew,
Her kind heart would break in two.

Solid, lauded citizen,
Oft to boys a model set—
Overlord of wage-scrimped men,
Trafficker in blood and sweat—
But and if your mother knew,
Her just heart would break in two.

You that men for gifts call Good,
Honored where our mighty sit—
Juggler of a people's food,
Ruler of the roaring Pit—
But and if your mother knew,
Her free heart would break in two.

Men from end to edge of earth—
I that write, and you that read—
Clods in sorrow, froth in mirth,
Gods in aim and brutes in deed—
But and if our mothers knew
Their tried hearts would break in two.

WILLIAM LAIRD



One of the larger mule barns.

The Largest Mule Farm in the World

By Lorraine Anderson Allen

IN KANSAS CITY, at the city stock yards, are three brick barns, modern and sanitary, that cover a floor space of eight million, three thousand, one hundred and ninety-six square feet. Horses? Cattle? Sheep? Not at all—mules. The largest mule farm in the world. Brown mules, gray mules, black mules; cotton, rice, mine, railroad, sugar and levee mules—thousands and thousands and thousands of them.

Perhaps you have been brought up to consider a mule of no consequence. That is because you have never been to Kansas City and have never seen the mammoth mule plant of A. D. Cottingham. You have thought, perhaps, that mules "just grew," like Topsy. But your error is profound. On the largest mule farm in the world—Mr. Cottingham's farm—they are raised by science. A science that has evolved from twenty-seven years of close observation and study of hundreds of thousands of mules. A science based not on theory, but on intimate personal experience.

For instance, on the outskirts of the city there is a farm of two hundred and sixty-five acres, with two big barns and other buildings, many wells and windmills, and a lake covering six acres. This is for the thin mules. It is as imperative for the mules of this establishment to be fat as for a Thanksgiving turkey. So from the droves of miscellaneous mules collected at the barns in the city those that are scrawny and peaked are taken out and sent to the farm to build up. These two hundred and sixty-five fine, undulating acres, with warm, luxurious barns, and a beautiful six acre lake are what might be termed a first class mule sanitarium. And as in all such



Front view, Cottingham Mule Farm, near the city limits.

recuperating institutions the diet is of prime importance. A mule "has a gentle eye, a patient soul, a velvet nose, and prefers dry grass to green." Mules should be fed on grass, dry in winter and green in summer. Sweet clover, wet with the dew, is the mule's equivalent for ten raw eggs and two quarts of milk. But mules, happily, are not susceptible to tuberculosis, only colic. They are, as a rule, astonishingly healthy, but this one animal weakness must be guarded against by a judicial management of the food supply. The change from a dry to a green diet and from green to dry should not be made too suddenly; and if a mule is constantly and rigorously compelled to Fletcherize, he will not get the colic.

At this seat of mule science, the mules are not bred, but are collected from all over the country. They are bought between the ages of three and seven, and separated into six different classes according to size and future use. It has been carelessly and ignorantly remarked that "a mule is a mule," but on the largest mule farm in the world the saying does not hold, since he may be any one of six. And each class has before it a distinct and unanalogous destiny. The sugar mule —the best in the market, "finished in every respect"—goes forth to labor on the sugar plantations of the South, while the rice and cotton mules will work toward the production and harvesting of rice and cotton. The levee mule will tread the banks of the Mississippi. The mine mule will deal with coal everywhere wherever it is found. The railroad mule will be equally unrestricted as to locality.

The Kansas City mule goes to every State in the Union, and to nearly every port of the world. In fact, we cannot live without him. It ill becomes us either to insult or ignore this pillar of our civilization. When the countries of the world decide to go to war, the first thing to be done is to collect mules. England has never raised these indispensable animals, and when the Boers became obstreperous, she sent mad, desperate messages to Kansas City, and Kansas City sent to John Bull thousands and thousands of her most gorgeous mules. An American officer who had served in the Philippines and had ample opportunity to observe the respective value of trained generals, brave men and sound guns, concludes that "Heaven sends victory to the army with the most mules."

The American mule is installed in the military reservations of all Eu-



On sale in Kansas City.

rope, and Uncle Sam has lately incorporated a pack mule train with sixty-four of these Missouri supermules as a part of the training equipment of the West Point Military Academy. The cadets are taught how to handle and load the mules; and when Lord Kitchener recently visited West Point he saw fourteen thousand pounds of ammunition and supplies packed on fifty-four mules with the train ready to start in fourteen minutes. Ask a soldier if a mule is to be scorned. He will ask you in return what other creature, four-legged or otherwise, can carry on his back two hundred and eighty pounds in food, ammunition, medical supplies, tents, forage, axes, lanterns, buckets, and cooking utensils, and at the same time pick his way up perilous mountains and through pathless wastes.

From the scientific head of the Kansis City mule farm comes the explanation, in a nutshell, of the mule's exceptional qualifications for war service. "If you were to lead a procession of 200 mules with an old gray mare," says Mr. Cottingham, "they would follow her all day, especially if she had a bell on her, and if the mare went into water over her head the mules would go right in, too." There you have the secret of it. Mules need no driver and no guide. A single bell-mare—a mare with a little tinkling bell strapped round her neck—takes the place of two hundred men, for the mules will follow the sound of that tinkle through fire and water, and so long as the mare is in sight the mules are not lost.

There is something more in this than mere consanguinity. A mule is the child not only of a mare but of a donkey as well. And while all mules love all mares and are blissfully happy in the company of their maternal aunts, they hate and despise a donkey. A mule feels that he should have been a horse. It is his sire who is responsible for his being, instead, a hybrid. All that is ass in him he is ashamed of and abhors. That is why he is so sensitive about his ears. This is a point to bear constantly in mind if you associate at all with mules. Caress, respectfully and delicately, those unfortunate hall marks of his paternal strain, and you will gain a staunch and loyal comrade. But, as a wise and tactful writer has

remarked, "you will never make a friend, you will never keep a friend, by insulting him in his weakest points."

Since the universal peace agitation has set civic virtues above military, a word about the mule's value as a worker would do him no more than common justice. The huge plant in Kansas City produces farmers, miners and mountaineers. And the greatest of these is the mountaineer. A traveler will entrust his life to a mule in dangerous and inaccessible places without roads, without trails, without habitations, over loose stones along the edge of a precipice at an altitude of eleven thousand feet, where no other animal could go. Says one who has had much experience with these mountaineers:

"The ease with which impossibilities are achieved in ridiculous; and the philosophic coolness with which a mule will stand, with all his four feet close together, perched on a pinnacle of nothingness, and thence determine the next downward step into the void, is a study of cheerfulness and sound sense under difficulties to which I know no parallel. He never loses his head. He never seems to want to turn back. He does not get frightened at prospective perils. He knows exactly what is wanted of him, and literally brings his mind to bear on each emergency as it comes up."

No wonder the mule, with his versatile usefulness, is in demand from Canada to Cuba, from the Andes to the Nile. No wonder the biggest and best mules in the world—the mules that come from the State of Missouri —fill the coffers of their owners to overflowing. An average mule from the Kansas City farm sells for one hundred and ninety dollars. Last year Mr. Cottingham sold eight thousand five hundred, and they ranged in price all the way from one hundred to three hundred and fifty dollars apiece. No wonder this chief of mule dealers does over a million and a half dollars worth of business in a year.

But it was not always so. The largest individual mule farm in the world was once a single little barn on a twenty-five foot lot. Mr. Cottingham traveled great distances in a gypsy wagon in the search for mules. He underwent difficulties, disappointments and hardships, but in the end he triumphed; he got mules, more mules, and then more mules. It was always the crowning glory of the mule that lighted him onward to success. "The mule is the nicest dumb brute there is," he declares. "It is all bosh about their being harder to handle than horses. Why, I could put one hundred mules into a New York street with only three men to handle them, and they wouldn't interfere with traffic at all."

Have you ever heard that a mule is obstinate, sullen and generally wicked? You have been grossly misinformed. The mule's champions rally from every country where he has ever bobbed his ears, and long and loud and loyal are their paeans, drowning the false slanders of the hybrid's foes. The mule is gentle, patient, pliable. "Give him a chance, and he is not only one of the most honest and honorable of beings, but one of the most attractive and sympathetic." If his driver is not a brute, a mule will become worshipfully attached to him. He will seem to devote his whole life and all his faculties to divining and fulfilling the desires of his master. One of the champions volunteers: "If asked to describe the mule's temperament in general, I should call it one of peculiar docility, friendliness and affability."

We have long accepted the obvious wisdom that lurks in that hint about biting off your nose to spite your face. Also, if honesty is the best policy, so is courtesy to mules. And especially courtesy to the Kansas City mule. Marching valiantly forth from his clean, sanitary, thoroughly equipped, modern, scientific farm, he goes to all parts of the world to fight its battles, to plough its fields, to mine its coal, and to carry its men to grand and awful heights.

NEW LIGHT ON AN EXPOSITION



A Glimpse at the Leading Features Under Construction

THE proclamation of the President of the United States to the nations of the world to participate in the Panama-Pacific Exposition has been met with unprecedented response. Thirty-four nations have accepted. With those that constitute the exception, the lack of official action will be more than made up by individual exhibitors, as in Germany, for instance, where 1,500 exhibitors, and in England where 600 of the leading manufacturers have declared their intention of participating. The exhibits are now being prepared in every part of the earth in anticipation of shipment, and will aggregate a total weight of 70,000 tons.

There has been a corresponding interest among the States of our own nation, thirty-five having already dedicated sites, and more are to follow. Architects and commissioners from these States are now engaged in preliminary preparations and there is ample time for erecting the pavilions.

Leading Attractions on the Programme of Entertainment

Appropriations have been made by these various States ranging from $75,000 to $750,000. Our national representation will be practically universal.

There will be an expenditure upon the grounds in installation and construction aggregating $80,000,000. A fleet of thirty vessels is engaged in transporting lumber from northern mills to the site. This is being rapidly converted into exhibit palaces covering from five to eight acres. Nine of the exhibit palaces are nearing completion. The other two are under way. Machinery palace, the largest wooden structure in the world, covering eight acres and containing eight million feet of lumber, fifteen hundred tons of bolts and five carloads of nails, is ready for the installation of exhibits.

The palaces of mining, agriculture, food products, manufacturing, varied products, transportation, education and liberal arts, averaging five acres in extent of ground floor, are rapidly approaching the finished state. They

range from 50 per cent to 99 per cent completed. Many of them range above the 70 per cent mark. The rate of construction is not less than 10 per cent per month, and the contracts have been let for completion at a specified time to insure the opening of the exposition as scheduled. To-day the department of construction is ahead of the schedule.

That the exposition is universal in character is evidenced by the number of nations that have officially accepted the invitation of the United States to participate. They constitute the following: Argentine Republic leads the list with an appropriation of $1,300,000; then follows Bolivia, first to erect a pavilion; Canada, with an appropriation of $600,000; China with her appropriation of $800,000; Costa Rica, Cuba, Chili, Denmark, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, France, Guatemala, Haiti, Holland, Honduras, Italy, Japan, Liberia, Mexico, Nicaragua, New Zealand, Panama, Persia, Peru, Portugal, Salvador, Spain, Sweden, Uruguay and Venezuela. In addition to these, individual exhibitors from every other nation will be represented.

The States of the Union have been no less responsive. Up to the present time the following have accepted the invitation to participate and have dedicated their sites: Arizona, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin and Mississippi, with others to follow. The appropriations have ranged from $35,000 by North Dakota, to $700,000 by the State of New York.

There is not a State or territory in the Union that will not be represented in the line of exhibits.

By next July the great exhibit palaces will be open for receiving the exhibits. The universal character of the exposition is here again made manifest. The department of exhibits is in vital touch with exhibitors in all parts of the world. Sixty thousand applications for exhibit space have been received, surpassing the space available. This is as it should be. It gives an opportunity for careful selection. With respect to the character of the exhibits this exposition differs from that of any previously held. This exposition does not celebrate an historical event. It commemorates a living achievement, the completion of the Panama Canal. For that reason it will be contemporaneous and not historical in aspect, exhibiting nothing for award produced or manufactured previous to the last ten years, or since the holding of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis in 1904. This exposition will be a panorama of the living present and not a museum of antiquity. It will mark a milestone in the history of the world.

The exposition will become a world forum for interchange of ideas and ideals. The Bureau of Societies and Conventions has already arranged for 211 congresses and conventions to be held in San Francisco in 1915, and the list is growing. These embrace a wide range of interests, including economics, sociology, ethics, fraternity, science, religion, art, commerce, education and other world interests. The following are included in the list already arranged for: International Congress on Education, International Efficiency Congress, International Congress on Marketing and Farm Credits, International Electrical Congress, International Council of Nurses, Panama-Pacific Dental Congress, World's Insurance Congress, International Congress of Authors and Journalists, Woman's World Congress of Missions, National Congress of Mothers, Congress on Marriage and Divorce, American Red Cross, American Historical Association, Association of American Universities, International Association of Labor Commissioners, American Breeders' Association, American Academy of Political and Social Science, American Academy of Medicine and National Education Associa-



Great Cascade in the Court of Abundance.

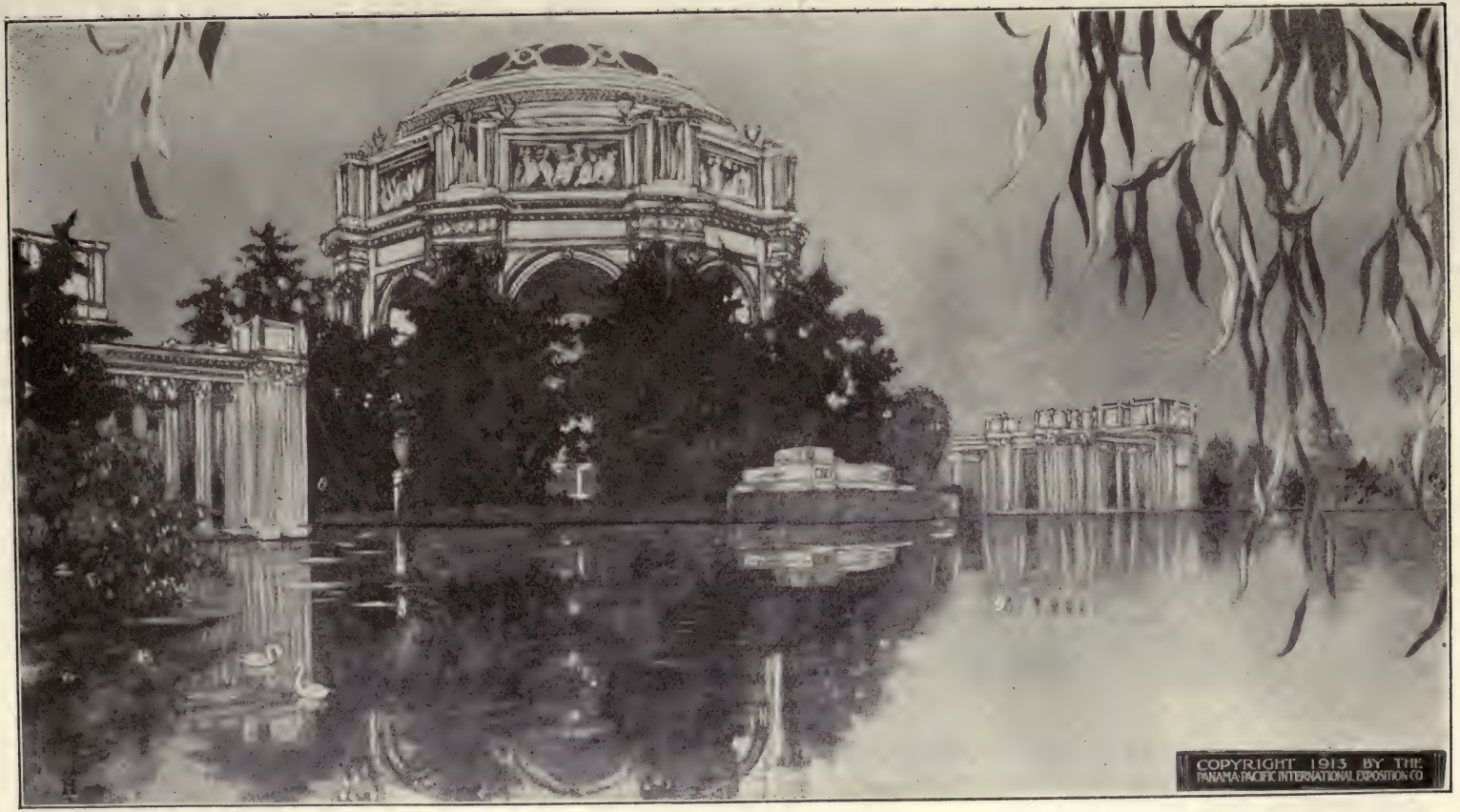
tion. By even this brief list one may form an impression of the universal character of this phase of the exposition. There will be 500 such conventions in all, represented by at least 500,000 accredited delegates. Prof. James A. Barr is director of this work. An Auditorium seating 10,000 people is being erected at a cost of over a million dollars, in which to hold these vast assemblages of people. Thus the exposition becomes a great world forum for education and human uplift.

Not less important than the foregoing of universal interest is the department of sociology. This will occupy a conspicuous place in the Palace of Education. It will embrace all phases of the economic and sociological problems, including prison reform, the care of juvenile delinquents, nursing and hospital service, the rearing of children, the tenement problem, housing, factory inspection and improvement, wages, high cost of living, problems of capital and labor, etc. Says Mr. Alvin E. Pope, director of this department: "People who say that when you have seen one exposition you have seen all are mistaken; in the department of sociology there will be something new."

The amusement section will be placed on the same high level as the exhibits in the main exhibit palaces. There will be nothing low or degrading on the grounds. There has been received 6,000 applications by concessionaires from all over the world. Only about one hundred have been accepted. These represent men of originality and genius. Every one admitted has satisfied a high standard of propriety, good taste and educational value, as well as effective fun-making and entertainment. This phase of the exposition will occupy 65 acres, will employ 7,000 people in its operation and represent an investment of $10,000,000.

Many of the amusements will be educational to a very high degree. There will be a reproduction of the Grand Canyon of Arizona at an expense of $350,000. Artists and scientists are now at work on this vast reproduction. An ice palace will be one of the interesting features, where winter sports will be indulged in, and this in a land of sunshine and flowers. This will include hockey tournaments of an international character. The pictorial history of the creation of the world, as recorded in Genesis, will be presented in paroramic form on a large scale. Since all the world is interested in the Panama Canal, one of the most instructive and attractive exhibits will be an accurate reproduction of the canal, on such vast scale that two thousand people may be taken through every thirty minutes, and they will have revealed to them the actual operation of the gates, the locks and all, as it is at Panama. There will be a reproduction of the days of '49, a presentation of Toy Land by Frederick Thompson, at a cost of one million dollars, and a reproduction of ancient Nuremburg, Germany. A Parseval dirigible will be constructed by the Parseval Company of Hamburg, Germany, at a cost of $350,000. This will be 480 feet in length, and have a width of 80 feet. It will make regular trips out from the exposition grounds of 50 miles length. When not in operation, carrying passengers, it will be on exhibit. Visitors will be able to enter it and explore its spacious apartments, consisting of observation rooms with luxurious chairs, diner, kitchen, bedrooms, bath and all the features that make travel comfortable. The Parseval will be manned by crews, experts in their line, and licensed by the German Government. Other features in the amusement division of the exposition will be as interesting as these, and will attract hundreds of thousands of visitors.

More than half a hundred noted sculptors are at work on the grounds, producing figures, mural paintings and groups of figures that will adorn the palaces, the spacious courts, the lofty colonnades and the parks. The landscape gardening is going ahead with scientific precision under the direction



Lagoon and Palace of Fine Arts.



The dominating architectural feature of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition will be the imposing Tower of Jewels, which will lie at the south end of the Court of Sun and Stars. This tower, 430 feet in height, will have a base one acre in extent and will be beautiful with statuary, mural paintings and mosaics; at its summit will be grouping of statuary supporting the globe, typifying the world.

of John McLaren, one of America's famous landscape gardeners. Hundreds of thousands of rare plants, flowering trees, bulbs and vines, from all parts of the world, are under cultivation, and some are now being set out along the avenues and in the parks and gardens of the grounds.

The stock exhibit will surpass anything of the kind ever held. Not less than a half million dollars will be awarded for livestock and races. The world's best herds will be brought from various parts of this and other lands. An interesting feature will be the great harness races on the finest track ever constructed in the world. Experts are now preparing this course and declare that when completed it will be the finest, safest and fastest ever used for racing. There will be two great meets, in summer and in fall, and the exposition is offering guaranteed stakes of $227,000 for the 24 days' racing.

The grouping of the eleven great exhibit palaces around spacious courts and connected by gardens and avenues will conserve convenience and architectural harmony. One may enter at the center of the vast area, covering 635 acres, through the arcade of the Tower of Jewels, 433 feet in height, and adorned with 150,000 imitation jewels, into the Court of the Universe.



Half Dome in the Court of the Four Seasons, or great west court. In each of the four corners of this court designed by Mr. Henry Bacon, creator of the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, there will be a great niche containing statuary typifying the four seasons, spring, summer, autumn and winter. Behind the columns of the colonnade encircling the court will be mural paintings expressive of the theme of the court and designed by Mr. Jules Guerin.

The Court of the Universe occupies the central place, around which the palaces are grouped. This court is 750 by 900 feet. The vast central portion of this court is to be a sunken flower garden of rare charm, outrivaling the famous hanging gardens of Babylon. Around this garden will be arranged tiers of seats for 7,000 people. At either end of the Court of the Universe are huge Arches of Triumph, surmounted by great groups of statuary, one symbolizing the Orient and the other the Occident, facing each other, typifying the meeting of the East and the West through the Panama Canal. Through these arches the visitor may pass into the Court of the Orient and the Court of the Four Seasons respectively. In the Oriental Court, the type of Spanish-Moorish architecture suggests the festival and mysticism of the Orient. In the Court of the Four Seasons, fragrant flowers, encircling pools of water and playing fountains will greet the eye. As the center of this, the Goddess of Agriculture, Ceres, will stand dispensing the bounties of nature.

The site chosen for this celebration is unsurpassed in all the world. It resembles a vast amphitheatre of stupendous proportions. Bordering the site on the west are the abrupt cliffs of the famous Golden Gate. To the south, the heights of San Francisco rise in successive terraces. To the east the hills of Alameda County are seen beyond the bay, and to the north the undulating hill reaches break into mountains of rare beauty. Immediately in front of the site to the north, the blue and sapphire waters of the bay wash the white sands. Here in the center of this natural panorama the exposition rests like a jewel in a setting of gold.



The Guerin perspective of the Exposition grounds, with the Golden Gate in the distance.

One of the most attractive and beautiful features of this exposition will be the electrical illumination. By a system of flood lighting, a soft light will pervade the courts at night, revealing the facades of palaces and the colors of the flowers. By peculiar and novel lighting devices, the statuary and mural paintings will be made to appear with even heightened effect. Concealed batteries of powerful projectors will cause hundreds of thousands of imitation jewels, hung tremu-

lous upon the towers, to flash like great rubies and diamonds. This concentration of light, representing two billion candle power of electricity, will create an Aurora Borealis that will transform the Exposition City at night into a fairyland of marvelous brilliancy.

The Panama-Pacific International Exposition will not only be spectacular in external grandeur, but will represent the world's best thought and crystallize the world's loftiest ideals. In the early stages of civilization, fairs and festivals were held for the purpose of the exchange of commodities. Later they were held for the purpose of the display of products. In the evolution of the modern international exposition the object has culminated in not only presenting in panoramic form the world's best achievements in the production of every conceivable commodity for consumption, but in presenting ideas and ideals that constitute the race's loftiest contribution along the scientific, educational, religious, literary and artistic lines. In fact, the Panama-Pacific International Exposition becomes a world forum for enlightenment and uplift.



Transplanting grown trees to be set along the esplanade on the bay shore of the Exposition site.

THE GATE

Where ends the last, dark corridor of Hell
In utter night, is hung a sombre gate;
Upon it graven are two words that spell
The bitterest cry of human heart: "Too Late!"

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.



Chyoi-jyu, seen from its western wall. —*Photo by M. P. Anderson.*

Forty Days in Quelpart Island

By Malcolm P. Anderson

LATE in the afternoon of an August day, accompanied by my Japanese interpreter, Ichikawa, and my Korean servant, King, I boarded a little steamer in the harbor of Mokpo, bound for the remote island of Quelpart, which lies off the southern coast of Korea.

Our craft, sailed by a Japanese skipper with a Korean crew, was a very old and rotten steamer which should have been scrapped ten years before. The boiler was so independable that it could not carry more than thirty pounds of steam, and the copper bottom was in such ill repair that it hung in loose ragged sheets. We noted these defects, but thought little of them, as in our hurry we did not care to take the only alternative means of transportation, a junk which would spend many days on the voyage.

There was much delay before we started. I stood on the top of our little cabin feeling very impatient and watching the crowd of passengers—peasants and petty merchants—gathering abaft. These ragged and unkempt people filled the rear of the vessel completely; coal was heaped along the narrow deck passages, and the top of our little cabin was littered with blocks and cordage. I wanted to be out of doors that afternoon and evening, and for a time I sat on the roof of the house, but as soon as we got under way the low boom was rigged for sail, which made my position impossible. I had no choice but to remain in our room. As Ichikawa and I were the only passengers with cabin tickets, we had the whole of the house to ourselves. This was lucky, as there was no room for anybody else, for the



The western gate of Chyoi-jyu, capital of Quelpart.—Photo by M. P. Anderson.

cabin was just six feet long and five feet high, with no more than width enough for two small men to lie side by side upon the floor. There was no berth, no furniture, but a fire box, and even this we found in our way when we spread our blankets that night.

We spent the evening sitting on the floor, occasionally rising to our knees to view from the port holes the bare hilly islands among which we were passing, as we traveled southward through Washington Straits.

Both my companions had joined me but a few days before. Ichikawa, then a student at Tokio, had left his books for a time in order to have some experience with me. He was a slender youth of dignified appearance, model manners, and great integrity, but lacking somewhat in physical strength. King Ryosui (literally Gold Sea-Dragon), my Korean servant, was a youth, short of stature, with a face much marked by smallpox. He always dressed in Korean garb, and went hatless, wearing his hair in a queue, as is the custom among unmarried men. He spoke Japanese very well; I had learned a little of that language, so could make him understand simple things, but in communicating with the natives I usually had to call upon Ichikawa.

During the evening, we called in one of the tradesmen, who was aboard, and I questioned him about the birds and mammals of Quelpart, for it was the object of my expedition to investigate the wild life of the island. The tradesman told us of deer, badgers and marten, and also described a number of birds, giving us to think that we would be successful in our search. This was gratifying to us, as the fauna of Quelpart was perfectly unknown.

The night came on with a blustering wind, and our skipper, with commendable prudence, sought shelter soon af-



Hut at Mokpo, where the author spent a month. —Photo by M. P. Anderson.

ter leaving the straits, in a cluster of little islands called So-an, or the Hamilton group. The wind spent itself before dawn, but morning found us still at anchor in quiet water. I was inclined to be vexed with the skipper on awakening, but on looking out I found we were in a dense fog. As the sun grew in strength the fog dispersed and showed us the high, rocky islands which had sheltered us. They were treeless, but greener than the islands passed the evening before, and seemed uninhabited.

Our slow boat proceeded some hours before I sighted Quelpart. The first indication of its position was the mass of clouds hanging about the high mountain. Then came into view the gradual slopes of the base of the mountain, and at length when we got quite near, I distinguished the hamlets scattered near the coast, the stone walled, cultivated fields, and the capital city, Chyoi-jyu, surrounded by its wall.

We dropped anchor off the shore of Quelpart—there is no harbor deserving the name—and as we carried no boat, we tried to attract the attention of the native boatmen by repeated blasts on the steam whistle. It was a long time before there was any response, but at last a sampan came out and took me to land, with a number of native passengers. We landed on a stony shore, and while a larger boat went for my heavy boxes, my servants and I remained there with my guns and hand baggage. A crowd of men and boys soon gathered about, and a number of women, bolder than their sisters of the Korean Peninsula, peered over the stone walls which enclosed their back yards.

The men and boys that gathered on the shore of gray boulders were very inquisitive. They came asking me questions, also feeling of my garments and leather boots, which they admired greatly. They themselves were all dressed nearly alike in loose jackets

and baggy trousers of white homespun cotton, bound round at the ankle, sandals of straw and stiff looking, high-crowned hats of bamboo fibre.

We got our boxes ashore through the slight surf on the backs of the boatmen, and then called on the workmen in the crowd to carry them into the town. Owing to the dialect of the island, King had some difficulty in making my wants understood. For some time we were unable to find anybody who would act as porter. There was a great deal of loud talking, but no action, until suddenly a big, dirty coolie rushed at my ammunition box, struggled with it, got it on his back, and started off. This was the signal for a scramble, almost a fight, in which might soon prevailed, and the biggest fellows shouldered my property.

We had landed near the mouth of a small stream, up the bank of which we now followed to reach the eastern gate of Chyoi-jyu. Numbers of bronze shouldered women and girls were washing clothes in the pools. They were startled at seeing a foreigner so near, and kept their eyes cast down until I had passed, when they all stood up and looked at me.

The brook formed a sort of moat on this side of the city. Turning to our right, we crossed it by a stone bridge and entered the large, rude city gateway of uncut volcanic stones piled together without mortar. The narrow, crooked street in which we then walked, led between low huts of rough stones, plastered with mud and roofed with heavy thatch tied down by a net work of large straw ropes. Such a measure is very necessary, for the winds of Quelpart are mighty.

We went to the house of a Japanese inn-keeper who had solicited my patronage, representing that his place was much cleaner than any Korean inn. This was no doubt true, but the inn was merely one of the crude native huts slightly modified to suit Japanese ideas. There was a small entrance hall with no floor, a general room with the floor raised some eighteen inches above the ground, a single guest room opening off this, and in the rear the smoke blackened shed that answered as kitchen. The landlady, who was a very affable young Japanese woman, greeted us with low bows and showed us the guest room, which was not much larger than the cabin on our boat. The walls had been newly covered with white paper, and on the floor was good matting. There was no furniture—we needed none.

That afternoon I went for a walk, and explored some of the alleys that answer for streets. I found them all alike, lined with small stone huts, and unspeakably filthy. Coming near one of the city gates, I went into the



Korean peasant boy.
—Photo by K. Lewis.

country and wandered about among stone walled fields. I gazed long on the mountain, Hal-la-san, cleft down the side with a tremendous canyon.

On the evening of our arrival at Chyoi-jyu I made some inquiries as to conditions from a Japanese police officer, who received me with hospitality. As he claimed to have control over the working men, I was glad to let him get me some coolies to carry my outfit up the mountain, where I wished to camp. The next morning several porters assembled at the officer's place, and I met them to arrange wages. In coming to an agreement with such people one needs to exercise great patience and good nature. They wanted double wages at first, but I stood out and offered a small wage, expecting to raise my sum about as much as they came down in their demands, as is the custom in Asiatic bargaining. We had some trouble in bringing them to reason, till after nearly half an hour of haggling the officer became exasperated at the spokesman's conduct, and struck the big fellow a resounding blow on the cheek. The coolie rubbed his face with his sleeve, and promptly agreed that they would go for a sum equal to about fifty cents per man. Even this was a pretty high wage for that country, but as the officer explained, they were all lazy fellows, who would rather loaf in squalor than work and keep decent.

Shortly after 9 a. m. we left the southern gate of Chyoi-jyu, preceded by three coolies with my things on their backs. From the first we began to climb slightly. We passed for some miles through lanes between stone walled fields of green crops of millet, sweet potatoes, cotton and buckwheat. Here and there in a favorable spot that could be irrigated, I noticed little fields of rice, but millet was the chief crop. Rice is consumed only by the well-to-do, and is almost all imported from the mainland.

Many peasants were at work in their fields, and as the sun was hot, they had their jackets open, exposing



Korean peasant woman entering hut near Chung Ju, Korea.

their bronze chests, and their trousers rolled up about their thighs. Their heads they covered with immense low-conical hats woven of thin wood shavings. These people came to the walls of their fields as we passed, for such a sight as a white man had seldom or never come before their eyes. As most of the people live quite near the coast, where the soil is better, we saw but few houses; those we passed were just hovels of two or three rooms, with a cowshed and a chicken-coop, and most important to the Quelpartan, a pig-sty in close proximity.

The day was sultry, the sun in full blaze, and my packers moved very slowly. Unlike their brothers of the Peninsula, these people are not much used to carrying burdens. Had I realized this earlier, I should have waited in the city until I could obtain pack animals, but these were all ranging up high on the sides of Hal-la-san, and it would have taken two days to send men to bring them down.

When at last we reached the upper limit of the walled field, we came upon steeper and less regular slopes, chiefly uncultivated, but grown with grass and here and there patches of bushes. This grassland, forming a belt some miles in width, separates the cultivated country from the fully forested

mountain. It is used for the pasturage of cattle and ponies, which are the chief product of the island. As we traversed this pastureland, we saw several herds of cattle of a small, hardy-looking variety. One herder with a peculiar high-crowned, broad-brimmed hat of coarse felt, probably obtained from his own cattle, approached us and addressed me. When he found that I could not understand, he was much amused. I doubt if it had ever occurred to him that there might be another language than his own. He was a good natured boor, determined to make the most of his opportunities to learn, for he followed us some distance, plying King with questions. He certainly had a new subject for conversation when he returned to his companions.

About the middle of the afternoon we reached a small group of huts near the border of the forest, and situated on the brink of the tremendous gorge, which splits the mountain. After some reconnoitering for a favorable camping place, which I failed to find, we dismissed the porters, and hastily pitched a tent beneath a dead tree in the open below the huts.

I made a great mistake the next morning in not searching for a good camping site, and putting up my tent in a permanent manner. I was anxious to get all my things together on the mountain before beginning to work, so King and I went back to the town. On our return late in the afternoon, a heavy wind and rain began. We reached camp not only tired and hungry, but drenched to the skin. We were looking forward to a satisfying meal, for I had left some directions with Ichikawa to gather fuel and set a pot of bacon and beans boiling. Camp looked desolate upon our approach; there was no fire burning. To my dismay, I found Ichikawa sitting in the tent, doing nothing. There was not a stick of wood gathered, not a morsel cooked. Many of the things were lying out in the storm, and the lower edges of the tent were blowing



Typical Korean hut showing mud and stone construction.—Photo by K. Lewis

in the furious wind, which threatened to carry away at any moment our only shelter. I was strongly inclined to be angry with my assistant, but remembered in time that he was a youth without experience, and accepted his explanation that he was not feeling well. I left him to sit in idleness, while King and I secured the edges of the tent and cooked our meal of boiled rice in the pouring rain. All that night, the next day and the second night, the storm continued without abating. On account of the poor manner in which our tent was pitched, it was not proof against the torrents of rain, and I scarcely slept for fear it would be torn from over us by the great wind. We had put a thick layer of boughs on the ground to lie upon, but so much water ran under that we almost lay in the mud. For lack of room in the tent I was obliged to leave some of my provisions out under a canvas during the first night, and they got drenched, especially the sack of flour. The wet soaked into this about an inch all over, forming a layer of dough, which afterwards dried, leaving the inside flour in good condition except for a great many hard lumps, which we had to pick out, as we had no sifter.

We were all quite wet after the first night. King kept his good natured smile, but Ichikawa looked thoroughly glum and said very little, though I tried to cheer him with songs and stories of camping experiences in America. During the first day of the storm, I constructed a rude stone stove inside the tent, with the idea of drying things out and doing some cooking. The resulting smoke was bad, but we liked it better than cooking in the rain.

After about forty hours of storm the wind and rain slackened, and we took the opportunity to move our camp to a deserted hut, which stood near the other dwellings. It was a dark, damp hovel of stone walls and thatch, with eaves so low that we had to stoop to enter. The floor was but the earth packed hard, and it was wet, for a great hole gaped in the roof. Some little enclosures that had once been sleeping rooms, opened on one side, but they were too dark and damp to be habitable. With all these drawbacks we still thought we could keep drier there than in our tents, and we certainly had better protection from the wind. Our first act was to cover the floor with a layer of boughs and build a large fire in the middle of the room to dry ourselves out.

Foggy weather followed the storm, but this did not hinder my work so much, so I set out a large number of animal traps near the edge of the forest, and spent my mornings in search of the birds of the island.

The peasants near whom we lived, a family of husband, wife, several children, grandfather, and grandmother, were very curious about me, but very good to us, too. They used to stand before our door when I was eating, and watch every motion I made. These people lived by cultivating some little patches of stony land, where they raised only potatoes of the size of walnuts, but of very good flavor. The family had several cattle, the small son herding them daily on the mountainside, and in a sty they kept the swine, which are invariably found among the Quelpartan's possessions. The women of the place were very shy, and pretended great fear of me.

When they saw me passing they used, usually, to retreat into their hut, close and bolt the door behind them, and then peek out through a hole in the paper window. This I knew, because I could generally see an eye at the hole.

Before I had gotten well started with my work, we all began to experience ill health, on account of the hardships we had undergone. King was taken with a bad chill, and for several days the poor fellow's moaning made me think that he was a great deal worse than he really was. A big boil developed on my thigh, and I walked only with great pain, but nevertheless I tramped about the mountains in search of a better camp-

ing site. I soon found that my choice was restricted, for I could find water only in the great gorge that I have mentioned. All that had fallen, as rain, had run right off into the sea.

Finally we moved camp into the forest at an elevation of 3,000 feet, or about 1,000 feet higher than the old hut. Here we were at the bottom of the great canyon, at a point where a tributary gorge joins it. With a view to thorough drainage when rain should fall, I pitched camp on a high point of rock at the joining of the two water courses. These were dry beds of rock at the time of our move, but two days later they were torrential streams. Just where our camp was, the canyon bottoms were several hundred feet wide, and not very steep, but above and below were narrow gorges, mere beds of tumbled boulders, over which the water made wonderful cataracts after the clouds burst on the mountain. The sides of the canyon were many hundred feet high, but not too steep to climb easily. In some places the forest was open, in others it was almost impenetrable. When once we gained the summit of the gorge wall the general slope of the mountain was found to be easy and the woods were more often open.

Still other storms swept the mountain and rain poured down upon us. In this deep ravine we were comparatively well protected from the wind, but we could hear it blowing a tremendous gale across the canyon top, and occasionally a strong eddy swept down the gorge and beat our tent angrily.

The wood in the forest was nearly all wet through, even the dead boughs we pulled off the trees were soaked. What lay on the ground was as much water as wood. Never before had I had such difficulty in starting fires, and it was almost equally difficult to keep one going when started.

One day I was at the hovels where I had lived, and asked the old grandfather if such weather as we were having was common to Quelpart.

"No, indeed," he replied.

"How much longer do you suppose it will last?"

"Until you leave the island."

It is true, the stormy weather commenced the day after I went to my first camp upon the mountain, and the natives firmly believed that I had caused the anger of the Mountain Spirit, who had brought these storms. They were in fact typhoons which swept the coasts of China, Korea and Japan.

It was my wish to make a collection of all the animals I could find and get away as soon as possible, for by this time I was convinced that Quelpart was afflicted with a most wretched climate. This resolve was made with a will, and I worked hard, but although the weather improved somewhat after we had been in Quelpart a month, I had hard luck before me. I was taken with a short but serious illness, and another boil came, this time on my foot, making it almost impossible for me to draw on my boot. To go without footwear was out of the question in this country of rocks. But in spite of my sickness, I went on with my scientific work as well as I could. Ichikawa was industrious in making a collection of insects, and I hunted and trapped for the birds and mammals. Of the birds I secured a good many species, mostly like those found in Japan; of the mammals I could catch but two kinds, a wild mouse with a black stripe down the middle of its back (Apodemus agrarius), and a weasel of dark color, which proved to be a species theretofore unknown (Lutreola quelpartis.)

The first time the weather looked sufficiently settled, I took my shotgun and went bird hunting. I started out without any goal, but when I had ascended the side of the canyon, I discovered a long sweep of grassland which seemed to reach almost to the summit, and this caused me to make an attempt to climb the mountain. The slope was easy, and I strolled along, trying to shoot certain small birds that continually eluded me. Suddenly I encountered a strong wind and the

fog began to drift about the mountain. I hastened then, still thinking it possible to gain the summit, but soon I began to see cliffs ahead, and the fog was gathering so rapidly that I decided to turn back. I had nearly reached the head of the great canyon and could see that it began at the foot of a high precipice, the top of which seemed to form one of the highest parts of Hal-la-san.

I had been following the eastern edge of the canyon, but now in order to see more of the mountains as I returned, I crossed, with much labor, to the western side. By the time this was accomplished, the storm broke with great fury. I was in the very cloud when it burst, and the flash of lightning and crack of thunder came simultaneously. I was fearful that my gun would attract the lightning, but there was no rock or tree sufficient to shelter me.

Rain fell in an amount that I have seldom seen equaled. Every little depression in rock and soil became a water course, and the stream in the canyon below me began to roar. Absolutely drenched to the skin, I made my way toward camp, but going was not easy for the western edge of the canyon proved more densely wooded than I had found the eastern, and for an hour or more, while the storm still raged, I crawled along under low thorny bushes. At last I reached the bottom of the large canyon near our tent. The stream bed, which had been dry when I started, was now a great torrent, which I feared I could not cross. However, by selecting the best place, and using a heavy pole for a brace, I managed to walk across on the tops of large stones that were not very deeply flooded. Thus I got back to camp, after an unsuccessful, but thrilling experience.

One afternoon toward the close of my stay, I took a blanket, my rifle and some food and went up toward the highest part of Hal-la-san. I camped in a clump of firs and yews in the gorge not far below the high precipices in which it terminates. The next day I arose before daylight, and after a hurried breakfast, climbed to the east side of the gorge. As the wind blew from the mountains, I proceeded in that direction in search of deer. Still-hunting proved next to impossible, however, for the forest at this altitude (5,000 feet), though stunted, was very thick and composed chiefly of firs with stiff branches so close to the ground that it was not easy to crawl beneath them. I found deer tracks, but the animals eluded me. As daylight grew strong, I ceased hunting and pushed on up through the forest to the summit. The dwarf trees extended nearly to the edge of the crater in the northeastern slope. On the other sides it did not come near the summit at all, but was separated by a wide area of large broken rocks, covered with moss and low-growing plants, among which I noticed heather. On the south the mountain rose in great precipices, and their topmost crags formed part of the crater wall. The basin-like crater was about four hundred feet in diameter, and possibly two hundred feet deep. It showed no signs of activity, but from a geologist's point of view, it was new. It contained a small, shallow lake, and cattle, of which a few had found their way up there, fed upon its grassy bottom. The highest part of the mountain, 6,558 feet above the sea, was formed by some peaks in the northwestern side of the crater wall.

I paused to view the land and sea below me. On south and west all was foggy, and the blowing clouds threatened to envelop me at any minute. I could see those parts of the island to the northward and eastward well. Beyond the long and gradual slopes of Hal-la-san the cultivated fields were distinguished by the stone walls that enclosed them. Nearer, the broad sweep of pasture land stretched along the northern side, but in the east this belt seemed to be lacking. There the forest extended much lower than elsewhere, and the fields came up to meet it.

Looking eastward, I counted above fifty small, isolated cinder cones in the lower part of the island; they formed, indeed, the most striking feature of the landscape. Each was a small volcano with a crater in its top. A great number of streambeds led down from the mountain with bewildering irregularity. I was told that they were almost all quite dry, except when it rained.

I tried to return to camp by descending on the westward, but there was so much fog that I could not see where I was going, so for fear of getting among cliffs, I retraced my steps, crossed through the crater, which I had previously circled on the south, and descended to my little camp in the clump of firs.

After forty days' sojourn in Quelpart, thirty of which had been stormy or foggy, I again boarded the little old steamer and went back to Mokpo. The day was quiet, the sun bright, but one small cloud hung near the summit of Hal-la-san. The Mountain spirit was at last appeased.

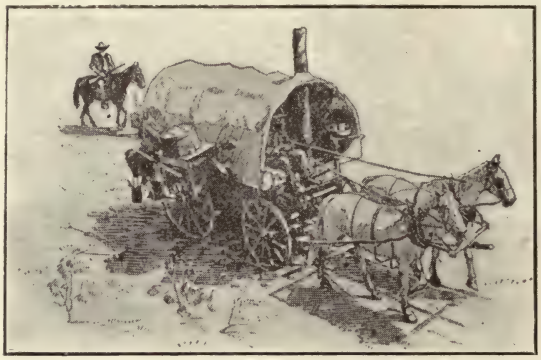
TAKE ELAINE A LIT'LE W'ILE

All the day small feet have pattered,
 Little hands have labored long
In the child's world, wide and luring,
 World of play and love and song.
Now she comes at bedtime, weary,
 Glances up with soft, sweet smile,
Lifts wee hands to mother, pleading,
 "Take Elaine a lit'le w'ile."

Mother takes and rocks her darling
 To the land where dreamlets grow.
"Sing me," begs the nestling sweetheart,
 "Jesus loves Elaine, I know."
Singing, mother tucks her gently
 With a "night-night" kiss and smile,
And the closing lids beg faintly,
 "Take Elaine a lit'le w'ile."

Mother folds the clothes about her,
 And a moment breathes a prayer,
For this picture of exhaustion,
 Sweetest painted anywhere.
Then the dreamland angels gather,
 From their happy Slumber Isle,
Kiss the lids and very softly
 Take Elaine a lit'le w'ile.

L. W. Bartlett.



An early makeshift "prairie schooner" in the rush to California.

A Child's Experience in '49

As Related by Mrs. M. A. Gentry, of Oakland, Cal.

By Jennie E. Ross

Continued From Last Month

II. IN CALIFORNIA.

AS WE neared the gold country, we began to hear of lucky gold strikes. Placerville—then designated Hangtown because three men had been hanged there shortly before our arrival—was the center of activity, so to Placerville we went. Here we stayed during the winter of '49 and '50. We lived in a rude log cabin, built of rough logs, with a stone fireplace and chimney at one end. The floor was of hard trodden clay, and all its furnishings were of the most primitive character. Our beds consisted of heaps of pine boughs. When the cabin was built, a big log had been rolled in and placed parallel with the wall, and the intervening space filled with the odorous boughs. A sweeter or more comfortabler resting place I have never found.

Once we were settled in our new home, the men began to work with the miners. All about us were men digging gold, and I never tired of watching them. It was a rainy season, as all who remember it can tell. So much water fell that even upon the tops of the mountains the soil was turned to mud, and wagons sank to the axle, rendering travel almost impossible. But the rains were a benefit to the miners and saved them much laborious digging. After every storm, gold would be found on the surface of the ground and all along the little gullies worn by the water in the loosened soil.

Children were few in the mountains, so as a matter of course I came in for a large share of attention. Often the miners would take small nuggets of gold and ask me to guess the weight. "If you guess right, Martha, you can have it," was the usual offer, and in a short time I became so expert that I had accumulated a fair sized hoard of gold, and was in fair way to make my fortune.

All prices were high in the mountains, and everything in the line of domestic service was at a premium. One woman, I remember, became wealthy by taking in washings. My sister was eager to share in the prosperity and baked pies and cakes for the miners. There was no lack of materials for pies, for dried fruits were plentiful in all the stores. Pies sold for a dollar each and cakes were even higher, the materials being very

expensive. Gingerbread and cookies were likewise much in demand and brought fabulous prices.

Indians hung about the camp begging from all. These Indians were far different from the warriors we had met on the plains, and, seemingly, were far inferior in every respect. One day a big, brawny Indian came to our cabin door, and by signs asked for something to eat. Close at hand was a big block of wood, ready to be split up into firewood. I was a sharp little bargainer, so I told him I would give him food if he would chop up the wood. He nodded in agreement, so I ran in and brought out the food. When he had finished eating it, I expected him to begin on the wood, but he only tapped himself on the breast, and whined feebly, "Mucho malo" (very sick), and walked away, leaving me staring in stupefied amazement. No doubt, to an onlooker the incident would have appeared amusing, but I did not, at the time, appreciate the humorous aspect of the situation.

It was in Placerville that I found my first nugget. One day a miner gave me and the other children permission to dig on his claim, telling us we could have what we found. Diligently we set to work, and carefully scooped up the soft dirt and then washed it, just as we had seen the men do so many times. I was the luckiest one of the group, and found a nugget worth five dollars. With this I bought a pair of shoes, of which I was sorely in need, for the moccasins given me by the old Indian squaw were now worn out.

When spring came, we moved down into the Sacramento Valley. Here my brother-in-law, in company with another man, became proprietor of the Half-Way House, a well known tavern half way between Sacramento and Coloma. It was a large canvas house, with a dirt floor, and all the walls and roofs of tent cloth. All the teamsters hauling goods to the mountains stopped at the tavern, and one of our regular guests was Peter, the Irishman who had come to California with us. Often he had promised to give my sister a fine present in return for her kindness to him, and one day he brought a narrow bag of gold and wrapped it around her little finger. "Here is your present," he jokingly remarked, but he did not leave it in her hand, and to my best knowledge that was the nearest she ever came to receiving the promised present. Though he had been penniless when he arrived in California, Peter had prospered, and at this time was counted a rich man and owned a fine team engaged in transporting supplies to the mountains.

But we were not to stay long at the Half-Way House. My brother-in-law and his partner disagreed, and the partnership was dissolved a few months later. He then withdrew and moved to a spot about twenty miles nearer Coloma, where he began to build a canvas house of his own. And it was here that I met with a sad bereavement, for my sister took ill with a fever and died. Sickness of any kind was much to be dreaded in those days, for doctors were few and their services hard to secure. We had to send many miles for the one who attended my sister, and the fee, I remember, was fifteen dollars for the visit. There was no lack of nursing, for kind friends and neighbors proffered their services, but all efforts to save her life were unavailing.

Her death left me stranded and homeless, but a kind friend, Mrs. Steward, took me to her home, where I lived for some time. Domestic help of all kinds was very scarce, and even the services of a child were much sought after, as I was soon to find out. I had not been at the home of my friend very long when a woman, who with her husband kept a hotel some distance away, induced me to go to live with her. Here I met with some unpleasant experiences, for my mistress was dishonest and unscrupulous in every respect.

It would hardly seem possible that any one could have the heart to steal

from a homeless waif like me, but she was not above it. I had collected a large sum of gold, partly through the guessing contests with the miners, and through gifts from the guests of the Half-Way House. Children were so few in those days that everybody delighted in showering them with presents, and I had been no exception to the rule. This gold my mistress at once urged me to put into the safe for safe-keeping. In my childish innocence I did so, and it is needless to say that I never saw it again.



A typical early guide of the pioneer trails across the plains in '49.

I also had many other possessions of value and beauty. Among the latter was a magnificent silk shawl, as large as a bedstead, all brocaded with large pink roses, and bordered with wide silk fringe. All manner of luxuries had been shipped to California from China and Japan, with the expectation that they would find a ready sale among the newly rich. But there were few purchasers, and many things were sold at auction for a mere trifle, thus enabling people of moderate means to secure them for a modest sum.

My mistress coveted this fine shawl, and immediately offered to exchange with me, giving me in its stead a small one of bright pink silk which, she craftly explained, was more suited to

my needs than the larger one. I, of course, knew little of the relative values of the two articles, and attracted by the brilliant color of the little shawl, readily agreed to the exchange. My brother, on learning of the transaction, was highly indignant, but, of course, was unable to recover the lost garment.

I was not the only victim of her dishonesty; she likewise cheated the patrons of her hotel. Behind the counter was a floor with wide cracks between the boards. When a miner brought his gold to be weighed, she would spill it, pretending all the while it was accidentally done. Much gold would fall through the cracks, and each night she would carefully gather up the dirt beneath the boards and wash out the gold. The men, of course, knew that it was intentionally done, but as she was a woman they never made any complaint. Women were few, and always treated with marked respect whether they were worthy of it or not.

Fortunately, I did not stay long in this place. There were others who sought my services, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, who kept a boarding house on Weaver Creek. I gladly went away with them, and once more rode up into the mountains where gold was being mined in large quantities. We traveled up a deep ravine, and even yet I recall the beauty of the glistening white quartz rock outcropping on the side of the mountain. About the camp was the most magnificent scenery that I had found in all my wanderings. Majestic mountains with quartz ledges that shone like flame in the sun surrounded us on all sides, and the mines, I remember, were in a ravine so deep that the men at work there never saw the sun till ten o'clock in the morning.

On Weaver Creek the gold was coarse, and large nuggets were often found. One day I was watching a couple of miners at work. One man was busy digging in a trench while his partner was washing out gold in a cradle nearby. Something was choking up the outlet hole of the cradle, for the water did not run off, and on examination the miner found a large nugget wedged into the opening.

Exultantly he held it up, and called to his partner: "Look! See what I have found!" "And see what I have found!" answered the man in the ditch, as he held up a nugget twice the size of the first. When weighed, the first was found to be worth fifty dollars, the other a hundred.

I was the only child on Weaver Creek, so came in for a large amount of attention, and, as usual, received many gifts from the generous miners. My employers, too, were kindly people, and I had a good home, though Mr. Baldwin sometimes grumbled at my fondness for molasses, then a rare and costly commodity, costing eight dollars a gallon.

Business was often slack at the boarding house, so one day the landlord put into operation a rather unusual scheme for attracting patronage. Early in the morning he went up to the mines and invited all the men to dinner. They eagerly accepted the invitation, and at the appointed hour came down to the boarding house. We had made great preparations for the event, and all were served with a fine meal. All ate heartily, and with evident enjoyment, but great was their surprise when the dinner was over and the landlord charged them seventy-five cents apiece for the meal. Even yet I retain a clear memory of the puzzled and astonished expressions on the faces of the miners as they paid the bill. Then, realizing that the joke was on them, they laughed half-heartedly.

But as a means of working up trade the scheme was hardly a success, for the miners resented the breach of hospitality, and refusing to patronize him, he was obliged to give up his business and go elsewhere. So he packed his goods into a wagon and started out to find another location. But I had no notion of going far with the Baldwins. I had grown restless, and being possessed with a childish

notion that I was not being treated right, I had decided to seek a home elsewhere.

On Bear Creek, in the valley below us, not far from Nicholas, lived Captain Holloway, a rancher and hotel keeper. Here all travelers stopped, if only for an exchange of news and gossip. On arriving at the ranch, I sprang out of the wagon and took out my bundle.

"Why, Martha, what are you going to do?" the Baldwins asked me. "I am going to stay here," I replied, and I stayed, though my late employers earnestly entreated me to go with them.

At my new home there was plenty of work for me, for there were many boarders and people going to and from the mines in the mountains above. I waited on the table, washed dishes, and helped with the cooking. There was a daughter, Milly Ann, in the family, and she and I soon became fast friends, though she was a young lady several years my senior. When our work was done, we used to take long rides together. I was a fearless rider, and nothing pleased me more than to be mounted on a swift horse. Many who were traveling to the mines —knowing that they would have no use for horses in the mountains, would leave their animals at the ranch, paying the captain a stated sum for the privilege. These horses were turned out to graze, and when it was necessary to catch one, the entire herd would be brought up to the corral. At such times, the men would call Miss Holloway and me out to the corral. "Pick out the one you want, Martha," they would say, and when I had made my choice and Milly Ann had likewise chosen, the men would saddle the horses, and away we would go for our ride. So accustomed was I to riding all sorts of horses that I never stopped to consider whether or not the one I had selected was vicious or untrustworthy.

Miss Holloway, being the only young lady in the vicinity, was a great belle, and her home was the scene of many social gatherings. Dances were frequently held, and as women were few, I was always in demand as a partner. Even then there were never women enough to go around, and men with handkerchiefs tied about their arms were obliged to take the part of ladies in the quadrilles.

Aside from the regular boarders and transient guests, there were many callers at the ranch—young men who came to call on Milly Ann. At such times she always insisted that I should come into the parlor and help entertain the guests. At least that was the way she phrased it, though no doubt it was largely for the sake of chaperonage that she desired my presence, and as an aid for keeping unwished-for suitors at a distance. Be that as it may, many of the happiest hours I spent in California were passed at the Holloway home.

Bears were numerous about the ranch, as the name of the valley—Bear Creek—indicated. In times past, Dr. Pointer, a noted hunter of the region, had shot many, one of which had weighed a thousand pounds. So bold were the creatures that they would often enter the settlers' houses and attack the inmates. One day word was brought in that a bear had been sighted on the edge of the timber which bordered the valley. So Calloway Heath, a young man then at the ranch, mounted his horse and started off to get the bear. He had only a pistol with him, a weapon of little use against a grizzly as he soon discovered. He found the bear, a young grizzly, playing with the overhanging branches of a tree, much as a kitten will play with the waving twigs of a small bush. Standing upright on his haunches, the bear would catch the boughs in his claws and pull them down, then letting go, they would fly up and he would once more rear up and catch them.

Riding near, Heath shot the bear, which immediately turned and pursued him. His horse soon outran the creature, which then plunged into a pool of the creek. Riding up again,

Heath once more shot the animal, and was again pursued. Again he outstripped the beast, and this program was repeated several times. But at last the bear came to close quarters, so close that he opened his jaws to seize the man's foot hanging in the stirrup at his horse's side. Heath promptly discharged his pistol into the bear's mouth, but it only served to infuriate the animal still further, and the young man was forced to ride for his life. I was at the well getting water, and saw him, with his hat gone, riding toward me at full speed.

"Where's your hat, Cal?" I called as he came near. "Get into the house —there's a bear coming!" he replied, and panicstricken I ran in and climbed upon a bed, too terrified to think of closing the door behind me. The other occupants of the room were no less frightened. One young man climbed up among the joists and braces that upheld the roof of the house, a feat which I was too dazed to imitate.

At one side of the room where we were, was the kitchen, which had an outside door. Mrs. Holloway, fearful lest the bear come in that way, screamed to her daughter: "Run out and set the oven against the kitchen door," meaning the iron Dutch oven in which all frontiersmen did their baking. Though badly frightened, Milly Ann was obedient, and, in spite of the fact that the bear was roaming around outside, ran out and closed the kitchen door, putting the oven against it as directed. Then she hastened back to our room, again neglecting to close the door. Mistaking her for the bear, I screamed again and again, but fortunately for us the creature was not favoring us with his attention, being occupied in making things lively for those outside.

A man mounted on a mule who happened to be passing along the road was given a lively chase by the wounded bear. Such men as had their guns with them were all shooting at the animal, and at last the bear turned toward the creek and plunged into a deep pool. As he climbed out on the farther side, Dr. Pointer shot and killed him. He was found to weigh four hundred and fifty pounds, a light weight for a grizzly. For many days thereafter we had bear meat at the captain's ranch.

Though I suffered no harm from the bear, aside from a severe fright, it might have been otherwise had it not been for a strange dream I had the night before. The pool into which the bear plunged in his final effort to escape was the one where all the laundry work of the hotel was done. Each day the linen was carried to the pool, where Milly Ann and I washed it. But the night before the bear episode, I dreamed that we and some other friends were at the pool when an outlaw appeared and shot all the group, sparing me only, because I was a child. I had lived much among people who believed much in dreams, so I at once interpreted it as a warning of danger, and begged and pleaded not to be sent down to the creek that day. Mrs. Holloway indulgently told us we need not wash that day, and so we escaped being in the pathway of that infuriated bear, as we otherwise would have been. Though some might call it a mere matter of coincidence, I have always seen in the dream the protecting hand of an all wise and merciful Providence.

Panthers, as well as grizzlies, were numerous on Bear Creek. One day a large party of us rode down the valley to see a panther, which a rancher living opposite Nicholas, had trapped. This man had had a number of young pigs, all of which he had lost through the repeated visits of the animal. So he had built a trap—a double pen—in one-half of which he had put a young calf. The other section was open on one side with a trap door so arranged that it would close when the beast entered and tried to get at the calf. In this way he caught the panther, a beautiful striped beast that glared at his captors, and tried unceasingly to break out of his cage. So large and powerful was he that at one

time he nearly succeeded in breaking the bars of the pen, and it was only by quick work on the part of his captor that he was prevented from escaping. I was told that he was afterwards sold to a menagerie for one thousand dollars.

But though I had a good home and was well content at the captain's ranch there were older and wiser heads among the people there who realized that a young girl like me should have a mother's care. So plans were made by these good hearted friends to send me away to my home in Missouri, and all the boarders were asked to contribute expense money. A purse was made up and enough to defray all expenses secured, and after the necessary preparations had been made, I started for home in charge of an elderly gentleman who was also returning to Missouri.

(*Concluded next month.*)

APRIL MORN

What if the thorns of dull sorrow
Oft prick you with worry and pain;
What matter if some of life's drear days
Are silvered with gray mists of rain?
There's a flush on the face of the rosebud,
And the gold in her heart gleams for you,
While see, yonder rift where a sunbeam—
Is peeping through curtains of blue.
The sighs and the sorrows of this life
Are preludes that rightly belong
To the minor strains of a poem, dear—
That the glad heart sets to a song.
So, sing with the rosebud awakening,
And laugh at the prick of a thorn,
For out of the silver kissed showers,
Comes smiling the fair April morn.

AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.



Satan's Ambition---Jesus' Ambition

By C. T. Russell

Pastor New York, Washington and Cleveland Temples and the Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

(In this issue Pastor Russel begins a series of articles relative to Satan —his origin, his present occupation and his future prospects. We feel confident that our readers will not only greatly enjoy this series of articles, but be profited thereby.)

NONSENSICAL traditions handed to us from the Dark Ages have greatly confused the people of God on every Bible subject; for instance, Satan has been pictured grotesquely, and as presiding in some far-off torture chamber. He has been represented as superintending the tortures of the non-elect of humanity.

The Bible account has been wholly ignored. Instead of the Bible's representing Satan as a repulsive being with hoofs, horns and forked tail, it tells us that he was created an angel of a very high order in the early part of creation—one of the "morning stars"—"a covering cherub."

Doubtless for centuries he lived in fellowship and communion with Jehovah, but when "iniquity was found in his heart" estrangement became rapid. Jesus says that He saw "Satan fall like lightning from heaven"—so quick was the descent from Divine favor and esteem.

Satan's First Great Lie.

According to the Bible, Satan's primary sin was an ambitious pride. He imagined he could direct the affairs of the universe, in which he might set up a separate dominion and try out his schemes. When Divine Power created Adam and Eve, and bade them multiply and fill the earth, Satan saw his opportunity to put his ambitious schemes into operation. The holy angels would not think of rebelling against Divine authority to co-operate with him in his schemes; but here was Adam, an inexperienced man, who might be deceived into disobedience to God, and thus be won over to Satan and his designs. Through him he saw his way to an earthly empire in which his will would be done, as Jehovah's will is done in heaven.

Thus it came about that when God instructed Adam and Eve in respect to the fruits of the Garden of Eden, and forbade their eating of one certain kind of fruitage, and put a penalty upon disobedience, then Satan, through the Serpent, lied to them. He told them that their Creator wished to keep them in a measure of slavery; that the fruit forbidden them was the very fruit necessary to their highest development; that so far from doing them injury, it would be a boon, and make them as wise as God Himself. Satan intimated to them that God did not wish them to be as wise as Himself, but desired to hold them in the slavery of ignorance.

The thirst for knowledge and the doubt of God's wisdom and love came before our first parents as a temptation, and they yielded; they disobeyed. This was sin. And it brought upon them the penalty God had foretold—"Dying, thou shalt die." The dying process began immediately, but so strong was the perfect man that even in the imperfect surroundings of the accursed earth outside of Eden he was able to prolong his dying 930 years.

Satan obsessed, or took control of the Serpent, and so guided it that it spoke the deceptions to our first parents. It is not even necessary to suppose that the serpent spoke with an audible voice. Quite likely, as our adage goes, its actions spoke louder than words. It partook especially of the fruit forbidden to our first parents. The fruit did not kill the serpent. On the contrary, Mother Eve perceived that it was wiser than any other of the beasts of the earth. By its actions it declared to her mind that God had misstated the facts when He told them that the eating of that forbidden fruit would bring death to them.

Satan's Plot Thickens.

When Satan beheld Adam and Eve outcasts from Eden, and perceived that gradually the penalty, "Dying, thou shalt die," would come upon mankind, weakening them in mind, in body and in morals, he should have been convinced of the folly of his course. But no, an evil course of pride, once entered upon, leads further and further astray. Instead of surrendering to the God of all grace, Satan became more defiant. Instead of repenting of the lie by which he had injured a race, he added to it, still seeking to lower God in the eyes of humanity.

Apparently, Satan sought so to alienate and demonize mankind that a perpetual barrier would be raised in their hearts against the Almighty, and that thus humanity might be hindered from ever again coming into fellowship with God, no matter what provision God's mercy or grace might make for their return. For six thousand years Satan has been carrying on his wicked work of slander and misrepresentation of the Divine character and purposes.

Satan's Next Device.

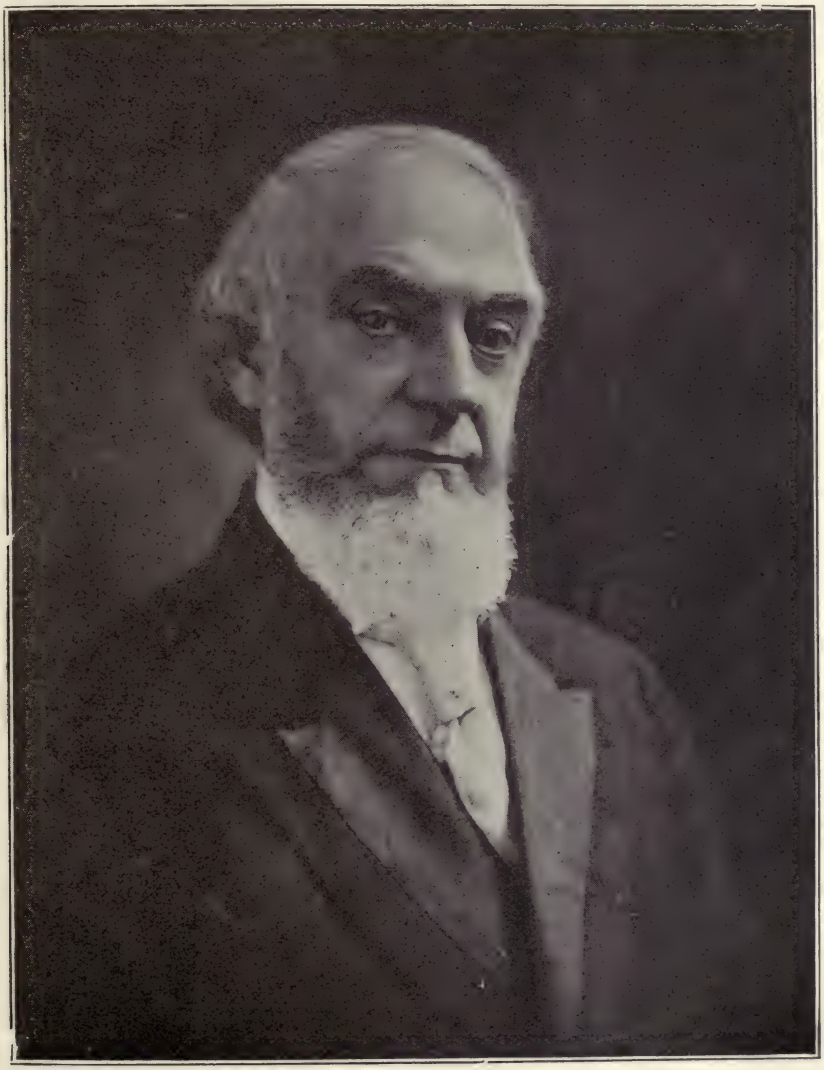
According to the Scriptures, Satan was disappointed that his subjects were dying, and was resolved to remedy this matter. Hence his next step was to inoculate the race with a fresh strain of life, vitality—vigor from the angels, who had never shown any symptoms of death. These, possessed of the power to materialize—to assume human bodies—were encouraged by Satan to violate the law of their being and the law of their nature—to misuse their materializing powers. Satan's word to our first parents, "Ye shall not surely die," must be upheld. By hook or by crook he would strive to fulfil his word, and to make the Almighty the falsifier.

The allurement was successful. Many of the angels heeded God's adversary and indulged themselves in the pleasures of sin. Of this matter we read in Genesis 6:2. Those angelic sons of God saw the daughters of men —that they were fair, beautiful, and took of them for wives such as they chose, and started human families—all contrary to the Divine arrangement of their being, wholly misusing their power of materialization. Satan's course seemed to prosper. God's time to interfere had not yet come. He would allow disobedience and a certain degree of liberty that it might eventually illustrate to all certain great principles and lessons respecting the divine character, plan and arrangements, designed for the good of all God's creatures.

The children of this combination of angelic vitality grafted upon the human stock were a race of giants—physically and intellectually superior to the condemned and dying race of Adam. Being begotten and born under purely lustful conditions, and in

violent opposition to the Divine will, this new race of giants retained nothing of the image or likeness of God. They were brutish, sensual tyrants. Under them the human family would soon have been exterminated; for we read respecting conditions that God perceived that the earth was full of violence, and that the thoughts of men's minds were only evil continually. God's wisdom saw that it would be best to blot out entirely that order of things, and to start a new arrangement. The deluge accomplished this.

Thenceforth those angels who for centuries had lived in sin were restrained from materialization and separated from the holy angels, being confined to Tartarus, or earth atmosphere. Meantime, instead of starting a new race of men, God carried over Noah and his family of seven. These constituted a new start for the Adamic family. And the statement that they



Pastor C. T. Russell.

were perfectly generated and that they had no angelic adulteration, assures us of the solidarity of our race, and that the Redemption price paid for Adam includes every one of us; under the Lord's arrangement that "As *all* in Adam die, even so *all* in Christ shall be made alive."

Satan's Great Defeat.

This was the first defeat that Satan had met with—the first great manifestation of Divine power in opposition to him. But still it only partially stopped his program. The liberties of himself and his associate fallen angels were thenceforth restricted, limited, to earth. No longer had they the privilege to roam the Universe. Furthermore, no longer were they permitted to assume a human form by materialization. They still, however, had their original perfection of organism and their general liberty. Satan thus had opportunity for assuming that God had done all that He was able to do in the way of restraining and opposing him.

Adapting himself to the new conditions, Satan and his fallen host attacked mankind in a new way after the deluge. They would poison the minds of humanity against God. They would declare that Satan's original lie was the truth, and that God's statement was a lie.

They would try to prove to mankind that the dead are not dead—that they merely changed their condition from a lower to a higher one, and that they are more alive than ever. Whoever would come under the influence of this their teaching, would discredit God's statement—would "believe the lie," would think of a dead man as really advanced to a higher station instead of having fallen into death.

Men, persuaded that the dead are alive, could easily, on the basis of that error, be led to believe that the dead were suffering torments, and the thought that God would authorize and permit such torments would tend to brutalize mankind, and tend also to estop them from thinking of God as gracious, merciful and sympathetic. Thus, alienated from God in their mind, they would be more amenable than ever to Satan and his associates in evil. Then, too, upon the basis of this falsehood, this deception, other errors could be introduced. Some could be taught respecting a purgatory and respecting the possibility of escape from purgatory under certain terms and conditions. All this would tend to bring about the slavery of the human mind, and make possible further inroads by the evil spirits.

St. Paul refers to these doctrines of demons, and styles them also "strong delusions, that they should believe a lie," because they had less pleasure in the truth. These strong delusions have been operating in the world for now more than four thousand years. Can we wonder that they have gained a strong hold upon humanity? Can we wonder that they are to be found in every corner of the earth—among the savage Indians of America, among the blacks of Africa, among the millions of India, China, Japan? We cannot wonder at this, especially when we remember the Apostle's statement, "We wrestle not with flesh and blood, but with wicked spirits in high (influential) places."

Witches, Necromancers.

Of course, there must be some channel, some theory, some attempted proof given in support of Satan's lie. Of old it was accomplished by witches and necromancers. These pretended to communicate with the dead and to get from them answers to the questions from the living. Thus by continued deceptions in accordance with Satan's original lie, mankind was kept from knowing the source of these instructions and the demons, the fallen angels, were permitted to inveigle mankind, thus binding them more closely than ever with fetters of ignorance and superstition.

So far as the world in general was concerned, God permitted this, in-

tending eventually to deliver mankind; but in the case of Israel, God's favored nation, He especially intervened to shelter them from the attacks of the adversary, by special laws and regulations prohibiting mediumistic operations of the evil spirits. He did his by warning Israel against having anything whatever to do with those who had familiar spirits—witches, necromancers, wizards, etc. Under penalty of death, none of these were to reside in Palestine.

Some of them, however, risked the penalty and did reside there, as evidenced by King Saul's visit to the Witch of Endor, when he desired to communicate with Samuel, the Prophet, who was dead. Of course, Samuel was dead, and neither Saul nor the witch could revive him. But the evil spirits could impersonate Samuel; and that they did so, is the record. They caused the witch to see certain things, which she described to the king, and which he interpreted to himself. Thus was the error propagated even in God's special nation—separated from all others of the world to be His people.

Jesus Cast Out Demons.

In the days of our Lord, we find that many of the people had been dabbling in Spiritism, and had come under the influence of the fallen angels to the extent of obsession, and some of them to the extent of being possessed by evil spirits, who did their thinking and talking for them, merely using their human organs as their servants. This would seem to have been the alternative to materialization. If the fallen angels could no longer materialize, they would do the thing next to their preference—they would get control of the mind of some individual and thus have control of his body.

In all such cases it would appear that the victim, becoming a tool of the evil spirits, is frequently caused by them to say and to do things indicating depravity greater than he or she had before the obsession began. The tendency of all such things seems to be toward licentiousness. In the days of Jesus and His Apostles, according to the Scriptural accounts, they cast out demons from many people, some of whom had more than one. One man had a legion. Many physicians know well that some who are apparently insane are not really so as respects any brain disease. They merely are obsessed, possessed of evil spirits. When several of these gain control of one man, they make his life unbearable by the conflicts which they establish, especially operating along the auditory nerves.

Throughout this Gospel age, Satan and his demon legions, operating through dreams, mental impressions, etc., have so thoroughly deluded the masses of mankind that nearly all believe Satan's lie, and only an extremely small minority believe the Word of the Lord. The process of supporting the lie continues. Writing mediums, trance mediums, tipping mediums, black art, theosophy and occultism in general—all support the theory that a dead man is more alive than a living one. In the symbolical language of the Book of Revelation, all nations have been made "drunk with the wine of false doctrine."

Those who discern the falsehood have learned a great lesson—to put confidence in the Word of the Lord and not in human imaginations. This great lesson, ere long, will be taught to all, and we may assume will surely justify the Lord's course in permitting Satan's lie to flourish so thoroughly and for so long a time. We know not certainly what further terrible experiences may come to man as a result of believing the lie of Satan instead of the Word of God, but certain Scriptures seem clearly to imply that this age is to end with some great catastrophe which will demonstrate the wisdom of those who hold fast the truth and the folly of those who neglect it.



"The Power of Mental Demand, and Other Essays," by Herbert Edward Law.

A volume of gripping essays on the essentials of accomplishment. Vitally practical, they are intensely personal, basing both their argument and their appeal upon the power within the individual to lay hold of those mind forces which govern human action, of whose laws we are just beginning to learn, and to make them the means of his purpose through the development of himself. Throughout, the author holds that accomplishment, achievement, purposeful results—what we call success—is within the absolute domain of natural law; that we attain it only through those laws; but that those laws are at our command, if we will, to draw on illimitably, but only as we develop ourselves by their use, to use them further. In the essay that gives its title to the book, the obedience of the power of accomplishment to our mental demand, when that demand is made in accordmance with its laws, is comprehensively stated. The other essays develop and illustrate the thought in other relations, emphasizing particular phases or applying it to particular results. Viewed through these essays, business loses all sordidness; it becomes the realm of almost spiritual law, but without ceasing to be a very vital, practical and everyday thing.

Semi-flexible, gilt top, uncut edges, $1.25 net; by mail $1.33. Published by Paul Elder & Company, San Francisco.

The Old Spanish Missions of California, an Historical and Descriptive Sketch by Paul Elder.

This beautiful and artistic volume contains an historical sketch of the inception of the Franciscan Missions, their development and decline, with colorful incidents of their founding and administration, and of the Mission life. The architectural features of their beautiful buildings, both as originally constructed and as they remain to-day, are presented. Descriptive and historical passages from contemporary and recent writers are appropriately introduced, and an anthology of prose and poetical selections included. All of which is supplemented by over fifty duotone reproductions of photographs by Western artists, mounted in the pages of the handsome book. This is the first attempt to present a volume treating on this romantic period in a manner both comprehensive and picturesque. It is truly a sumptuous edition de luxe, distinctive, dignified and tasteful.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the illustrations, which reproduce in soft bromide tints a most splendid collection of artistic Mission pictures. There are twenty-six full page, mounted pictures and many half-measure pictures are mounted in the text and add greatly to the artistic appearance of the book.

Dolores Edition, bound in heavy, gray boards, with fabric back and boxed; price $3.50 net; $3.80 by mail.

Published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

"The Passionate Friends," by H. G. Wells.

Provocative of thought, thrilling with the passion that, in larger measure than we know, determines our own acts and our beliefs, eminently convincing in its portrayal of the matter of fact, intelligent, modern man, yet with more than usual insight exposing the depths of feeling that lie beneath the

network of habit and education thought in the civilized human being of to-day, "The Passionate Friends" makes us forget ourselves in sympathy for the fictitious personalities of the story, and gives us to feel that we are looking at life—the life that we know—with new eyes. The passion that the author describes is an electric thrill of brain and nerve, more potent than the mere surge of red blood and animal vitality. At the same time, the matter of fact clearness with which everything is presented, the apparently unemotional, almost scientifically exact manner, inspire sharp mental eagerness and give rise to an intense human interest.

"The Passionate Friends" is a love story, biographical in form, and simple enough in plot so far as externals are concerned. Stephen Stratton is the son of the rector of the parish in which lies Ladislaw Park, and Lady Mary Chrisian is Lady Ladislaw's daughter. The boy and girl affair is described with the earnestness and fascination that Mr. Wells can bring to the exposition of anything that he believes in as veritably human, as he does in this. Stephen has just enough of cubbishness and of sensitiveness to make him a real young man, and Lady Mary has an alluring touch of that faery quality that graces young girlhood. But for all her moonlit charm, she has a glowing warmth of nature that pervades the whole life of her lover. A passionate friendship—Mr. Wells's defining term for love—is what their relation comes to. Why Lady Mary should have married Justin, the financier, instead of waiting for Stephen, is one of those more or less unanswerable questions which life as well as fiction propounds. In the story we sense the subtle play of complex motives upon unformed character, and we do not doubt that Lady Mary, loving Stephen, married Justin, nor do we feel for an instant that her motive in doing so was sordid. Neither is it incredible that Stephen should marry the comparatively colorless Rachel Moore, and not without love. But the old passionate friendship reasserts itself in time, with the indisputable force of a leit-motif that has been merely submerged; it is the absorbing romance of Stephen's life—a romance that makes every day realities unreal. Nothing could be stranger and yet nothing could be more convincing than the co-existence in Stephen's mind of two genuine loves; one coupled with loyalty, the other almost as strong as the law of nature. Loyalty triumphs, but an accidental meeting in Switzerland brings a final complication, and the intervention of the outraged husband leads to an utterly unforeseen ending of pathetic power. Every part of the tale, from the lonely vigils of a soldier in the Boer War to the actual clash of man with man, is significantly interesting; and there is something of inspiration in the way in which Stephen learns not to deny or forget, but to transcend, the fretful fever of purely personal emotion that has set his life in turmoil.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

"Prostitution in Europe," by Abraham Flexner, author of "The American College," "Medical Education in the United States and Canada" and "Medical Education in Europe."

This is the second volume in the series for the Bureau of Social Hygiene on "Prostitution in Europe." Mr. Flexner is one of the secretaries of the General Education Board. On returning from a year's stay in Europe studying medical faculties and hospitals, he was requested by John D. Rockefeller to lay aside educational work long enough to study on the ground the problem of European prostitution and its municipal management. He spent a year in the chief cities of Great Britain and the continent, and was aided in his investigation by police authorities and private agencies. The resulting volume is declared to be the only first-hand and authoritative presentation of conditions and methods in Europe ever published in English. The book was issued in England in

January, and arrangements have been made for translation into German and French.

Published by The Century Co., New York.

"Miracles of Science," by Dr. Henry Smith Williams.

This book offers a collection of facts and ideas that will convey a new conception of what scientific endeavor has accomplished in the last decade. As a popular work, "Miracles of Science," which takes up the record where Dr. Williams's "Story of Nineteenth Century Science" left it, has the eminent virtue of inclusiveness, giving an impressive general view of the whole period with which it deals. Astronomy, medicine, eugenics, gyroscopic appliances, and hydroaeroplanes all fall within the scope of the book. And the author's exposition is equally clear, whether he is explaining the newest conception of the luminiferous ether or describing the workings of the new Diesel engine. A highly readable style, excellent judgment as to the amount of detail or illustration that will best serve the ends of lucidity, and finally an evident distaste for superficiality, are characteristics that lift his book above the common level. In it freedom from the least suspicion of crankiness, or even of that preoccupation with one science or with one point of view which sometimes results in over-emphasis, coexists with an enthusiasm equal to that of the specialist or the doctrinaire.

Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

"Boycotts and the Labor Struggle," by Harry W. Laidler, with an introduction by Prof. Henry R. Seager, Professor of Political Economy, Columbia University.

The book gives a good deal of interesting material on the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, which will probably soon be amended, and also gives a cross section of the labor struggle, dealing with the activities of the National Association of Manufacturers, with the spy system, the strike breaking system, the use of detectives in labor disputes, and the other weapons that are constantly being used by labor and the employing class against each other. The author is a thorough student and a member of the New York bar.

Published by the John Lane Company, New York.

Kennedy's Plays Printed.

Charles Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House," has just completed another play which the Harpers will publish early next year, following the recent publication of Mr. Kennedy's shorter plays, "The Terrible Meek," and "The Necessary Evil." Mr. Kennedy's acted plays have now all been published, including "The Winterbeast" and "The Servant in the House."

The Century Company published a new edition of "As the Hague Ordains," the journal of a Russian woman of rank, while her husband was a prisoner of war in Matsuyama during the Russian-Japanese War. The author is Eliza R. Scidmore, author of "Winter India," "China: The Long-lived Empire," etc.

"The American Year Book for 1913." Edited by Francis G. Wickware.

This annual volume is compiled with a view to furnishing readers with quick references in the developing domains of law, sociology, commerce, history, government, education, public, service, economics, science, business, the fine arts and kindred fields. Happenings in every field of human endeavor are comprehensively reviewed and summarized by competent authorities. To those who spend countless hours hunting through files for information, The American Year Book is a boon.

Price, $3. Published by D. Appleton & Company, New York.



The dancer carefully puts the rattlesnake on the ground while the catcher stands ready to grab the snake.

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The sun browned Cupids hide behind their sister's skirts when the pale face points his camera at them.

THE HOPI SNAKE DANCE

By

Ruth McLaughlin

Photographs by the Author

WE LEFT the California Limited at Gallup, New Mexico, and began the three days' journey by wagon, through the northern portion of the Painted Desert of Arizona to Walpi, the first of the high mesa villages of the Land of Tusatan. Here the famous Snake Dance is held in the odd years, while in the even years the people of Oraibi, thirty miles beyond, claim the rain ceremony.

After jogging along one hundred miles over mountains covered with scrub pinon and wild flowers, through the wonderfully tinted vistas of the



Walpi, the sky hamlet. The terraced Indian homes look more like an excretion of the rocky mesa itself than a group of habitable homes.

Painted Desert, and across sand dunes that are the American replica of the Sahara, we finally reached the land of the Mesas, peopled by the sons of Hopituh. Rising abruptly from the vast stretches of desert plain to a height of three to five hundred feet, these giant mesas remind one of huge ships riding in a sandy sea. They are of solid sandstone, barren of even cactus bushes, yet upon their arid summits live the ancient tribe of Hopi Indians. Their terraced rock houses are hardly distinguishable from the living rock itself.

A narrow trail, worn in the sandstone by generations of moccasined feet, winds upward almost perpendicularly to Walpi, Sichomori and Hano, the three villages perched on the mesa top. Up this trail the Indians must climb, carrying every drop of water used in the villages, wood, provisions and even cook stoves, for the government has taught the Indian the modern method of cooking beans. The Interior Department has for years used every means to persuade the Hopi to move down from his sky hamlet to the plains below, where he stays all day raising crops of corn, beans and peaches. But the Hopi is as firm in his convictions as his own rocky cliffs. He says: "Hopi must live on high mesa; only low people live in low places."

The Snake Dance took place at Oraibi, on the third mesa, and necessitated another day's journey through the desert. The road over the second mesa was almost impassable, but well worth the climb up the steep grade for the view from the top. Thousands upon thousands of acres stretched



Long ago the Great Snake took up his abode in the Sacred Rock of Walpi. Notice the stone stairways, minus railings. There is no connection inside the houses between the several stories.

out before one's eyes, barren and arid, yet utilized by the greatest manufacturing plant in the world—the health factory. Fetid air was brought here, after it had been carried across the continent, where it was sun-dried, baked and returned again as life for the lungs of humanity.

Here the horizon was only a vague dividing line between far-distant blue spaces of desert and sky. Cloud shadows chased themselves over the sand dunes, and baby whirlwinds amused one with their childish fury in such an enormous playground. Giant mesas rose abruptly like lonely cruisers in the sand blown waves of the desert, and in their cool blue shadows the parched traveler might find an oasis. Vastness, that was almost infinity, lengthened out in every direction; limitless space, limitless air, limitless sunshine. The call of the desert was there, beckoning in the shimmering violet veil that hovered over the yellow sands, in the wide untrailed lands that taunted man's curiosity, in the fantastic heat waves that made the little hills skip in true Biblical fashion, in the radiant all-pervading sunlight, in the silence, awe-compelling, that forced upon one the vast strength of nature and the puniness of man, in the lure of the unknown that bound all men once they followed the smiling riddle of the desert. The sons of Hopituh have answered the call since the tribe was young, and its subtle



Placing the snake in his mouth, the dancer strokes its body to prevent its coiling, but the venomous head twists rapidly in all directions, ready at any moment to strike the undefended throat or cheek.

philosophy has become part of their religion and being. Do you wonder that they will not leave their lofty mesa tops?

Oraibi, on the third mesa, is truly the heart of the desert, and since it is furtherest from the railroad, it is more nearly the original Indian village as found before the white man's invasion. Here chubby brown babies run about naked and happy, calling 'nic-kel ken-te" to the visitors. "Fried cupids," some one called them. It is only of late years that they have learned to hide behind their sister's skirts when the pale face points a kodak at them.

To the Indian, everything is symbolical, from the cloud designs on his water jars to the birds on the beaded moccasins. "Feathers rise, prayers rise," he says, in explaining why feathers are used in all ceremonies. Dances begin and end with the rising and setting of the sun, and as each dancer comes up from the kiva he raises his hand in a salute to the sun god. In their dry, arid country, the Indian's chief need is rain, and all the dances are given to the god of rain that he may take care of their crops. The Hopi reasons that snakes live near the rivers, the rivers are filled by the rain god, therefore the snake must be a special messenger to the rain god. To understand the Snake Dance one must know the snake legend, of which the dance is an adaptation.

In the long ago—the "very, very when" as the Hopi historian put it—Tiyo, the Snake youth, set out to see where the waters in the river went, which flowed past his home. Going down the river, he landed first upon an island where the Spider Woman dwelt. When she heard his mission, she gave him charms that would make him invisible to wild beasts he might meet upon the way, and perching herself behind his ear, she said she would go with him to guard against all evil. They traveled then to the place where the Sun rose, and Tiyo rode across the whole world on the Sun's shoulder. The Sun told Tiyo that the most dearly prized possession in the world was the rain cloud, and that the Snake people knew how to obtain it. From the Snake people Tiyo learned how he should paint his body, what songs he should sing and what prayer sticks he should use in order that he might take the rain cloud home to his people. The Snake people sent one of their prettiest

maidens home with Tiyo, for she knew a charm against rattlesnake poison. When they reached Walpi, Tiyo and the Snake maiden gathered all the snakes in the land, washed their heads and danced with them, afterward turning them loose in the valley. The snakes then returned to the underworld, taking the prayers of Tiyo and the Snake Maiden to the god of rain and rivers, who immediately sent the Hopis the coveted rain cloud.

It was an eager crowd of watchers who lined the plaza and housetops at Oraibi, waiting for the Antelope dance to begin. Since the antelope is the sister of the snake, the Antelope ceremony takes place the day before the Snake Dance. Just as the sun tipped the far-away horizon, a half-nude Indian seemed to rise out of the ground on the north side of the plaza. Other Indians followed him, coming up through the trap door in the roof of the underground council chamber, or kiva, where the secret snake ceremonies had been sung and acted for the past eight days. All of them were scantily clad in white woven kilts, embroidered in black and green, and tied over one hip with long white tassles. Splashes of white paint decorated their faces and bodies. Tortoise shell rattles were fastened at the knees, and necklaces of silver beads and turquoise hung about their throats.



The snake catcher quickly scatters a pinch of sacred meal on the snake, tickles its back with two long eagle feathers, and, as the snake begins to race forward, catches it up with astounding dexterity.

Marching in stately Indian file, they entered the plaza. The leader went directly to the kisi in the center of the plaza. This "kisi" is a green bower made of willow twigs and grasses, and takes the place of the altar. In front of the kisi a fair-sized hole is dug in the ground and covered with a plank. This hole is the entrance to the sipapu or underworld, where the gods and ancestors live, and to let them know that the sacred dance is still being given, each dancer stamps upon the sipapu plank with all his strength, for lucky indeed is the dancer who is able in this way to break into the underworld. Four times around the plaza they danced, while the priests remained in front of the kisi singing the sixteen songs of the antelope drama. Only two snakes were used in this ceremony, as it was given especially in honor of the antelope clan.

The sun went down, and the purple shadows deepened on the mesa. It grew too dark for even the moving picture man. The Antelope priests returned to the kiva, where they remained all night, going through the terrible ceremony of washing the snakes.

At dawn the next morning an Indian youth came running and panting up the steep trail. He was the first of the racers to return from the distant shrines, bringing with him the plumed prayer sticks and sacred fetiches. This was the ceremony which opened the day for the Snake Dance, and much glory was given the winner who had outdistanced the other youths in the race.

In the heat of the August afternoon the trail up the mesa was crowded with visitors intent upon being early enough to see the Snake Dance, and perhaps to barter for Hopi plaques and pottery before the dance began. Hopi women in their gaudiest gala shawls mingled with the crowd of sightseers, noted artists and writers who had come from all parts of the world to see this strangest of all Indian ceremonies.

As the sun dropped toward the Western mountains, the chief snake priest emerged from the kiva, carefully holding two large sacks. He proceeded to the green bower or kisi, raised the white ceremonial blanket over the opening, deposited the precious bags of snakes inside and then crawled in himself. There he remained all through the dance, holding out snakes to the dancers as they stamped on the sipapu plank. No doubt his office was one of the highest honors in the society, but even for that would you be willing to stay cooped up in a four-feet square enclosure with two hundred snakes beside you? Most Americans would consider such a condition worthy of hospital treatment, wouldn't they?

Every one was now excited and expectant, for it was whispered about that the snake dancers were coming. Kodaks snapped open on all sides, for by the payment of a dollar we were allowed to take all the pictures we wanted, and to come as near the snake dancers as we dared. It is a curious fact that in seeing so many rattlers handled with such seeming carelessness, one loses his own fear and disgust of snakes. The most daresome kodakers knelt on the ground and snapped Mr. Rattler when he was only a foot away.

"Look; there they are!" some one whispered. Brown figures emerged from the kiva. The first snake priest raised his feathered bow to the sinking sun and led the way to the kisi, where the bow was left. He was followed by twenty other dancers placed according to age, two baby boys being the last in line. This was their initiation. The snake dancers were more sombre than the priests of the antelope clan. Their bodies were rubbed with red ochre and splashed with flesh-colored paint; dark blood-red kilts, red fox skins, moccasins, numerous strings of silver beads and turquoise, and eagle feathers as a hair ornament, completed their semi-costume. Their faces looked like some diabolically ugly mask blackened from chin to eyebrows with a wide white band outlining the forehead.

Looking neither to the right nor left, they marched around the square four times. Then the four chief priests and the two babies lined up against the green bower, while the other dancers divided into groups of three. The dancer who held the snakes went ahead, then followed the assistant, who stroked the dancer's back with two long eagle feathers, and finally came the four catchers, who stood at the four cardinal points of the plaza—the four world corners in Hopi language—and gathered the snakes after the dancer put them down.

The first dancer stamped on the sipapu plank and stooped to take a writhing rattler from the priest in the kisi. He stroked it with his thumb and first finger, and placed the wriggling, coiling body in his mouth, with

the venomous head squirming this way and that just below his chin. It was a horrible sight, for the snake looked as though it would strike into his throat or cheek any minute.

On around the plaza the dancers and their assistants went, in slow Indian fashion, beating time with their feet to the rhythm of the chant. The dancer seemed unconscious of everything save the writhing serpent in his mouth. It was an all-absorbing task to try to keep the snake's body straight by constantly stroking it up and down. This is perhaps the secret of how the Indian is able to handle rattlers without danger, for the old settlers declare that it is impossible for a rattler to strike unless he is coiled.

After going all around the plaza once, the dancer returned to the northern point and stopped. He carefully took the snake from his mouth and placed it on the ground, then went on around the circle again. The catcher quickly scattered a pinch of sacred meal on the snake, tickled it with two long feathers which hid his hand, and, as the snake began to run, caught it up with astounding dexterity. All in a second this was done, for if the catcher is not quick enough, the snake glides away through the crowd, and the worst of luck befalls the catcher. Again and again this rite was performed, the dancers dropping the snakes at the north, east, south and west until all the snakes had been taken from the chief priest's bag in the kisi.



After the Snake Dance is over, the priests go through the Purification Ceremony, wash the paint from their bodies and wrap themselves in blankets. Then the emetic is taken.

The catcher held half a dozen writhing snakes in one hand with as little care, seemingly, as we would hold a bunch of fluttering ribbons. But when the number was increased to a dozen or more, the catcher handed them over to the snake priests. There were all varieties of snakes in these huge bunches—young and old rattlers

as yellow as the sand, evil-eyed, with hissing, forked tongues and quivering rattles; long, thin racers, that looked like electrified buckskin whips a yard or so long; big, fat bull snakes, monsters but not as harmful as they looked. The four days' snake hunt in the desert had been successful, for there were more than two hundred snakes used in the ceremony.

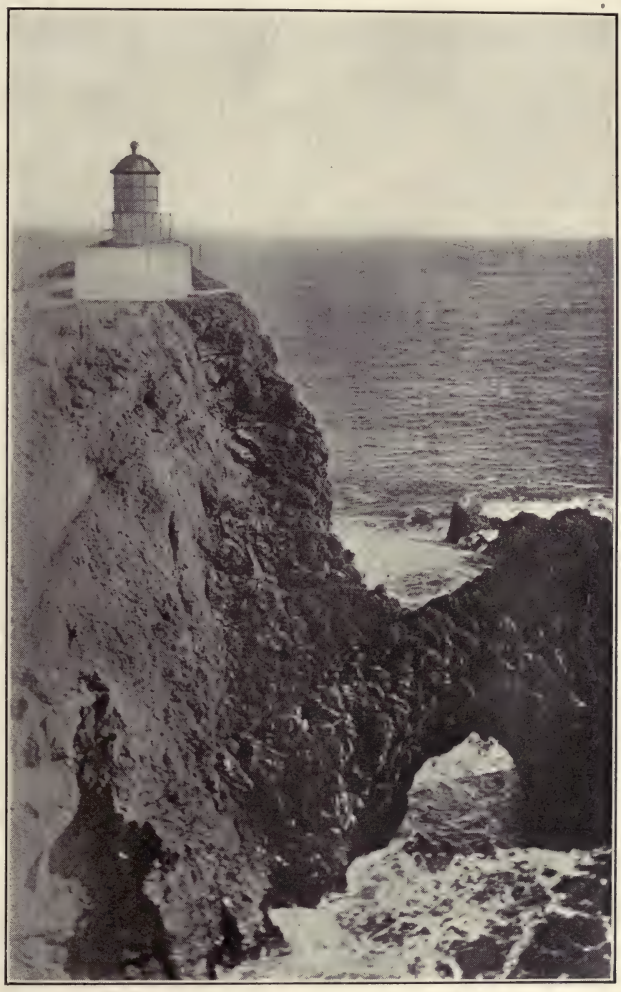
As part of the initiation the poor babies had to hold the snakes, too. One little boy cried, and seemed afraid of the new plaything. It was revolting to see huge bull snakes wound about the little chubby brown arms. At first the little fellows tried so hard to imitate the old priests as they sang and danced, but toward the end, the heat, the all-day fast and the terror of the rattlers, proved too much for even an Indian baby's endurance, and they gave up exhausted and fell asleep in their mother's arms.

After the dance had gone on for forty-five minutes, Indian policemen in regulation blue suits, circulated among the crowd and warned every one to be careful, for all the snakes would be turned loose in a few minutes. Tourists immediately picked up their skirts and made for the nearest housetop. The old priest emerged from the kisi and led the way to a large circle of sacred meal which four squaws had sprinkled at the northern side of the plaza. The catchers followed and dumped the mass of snakes into the circle. Then came the wild scramble, as each member of the snake society rushed up and grabbed with both hands into the wriggling, writhing heap of serpents. With mad screams each dancer made his way through the crowd, running as fast as he could, with the snakes squirming and twisting in his hand and over his body. Down the trail they raced, and only stopped when they had thrown all the snakes into the rocky shrine of the Spider Woman at the foot of the mesa. There the snakes hide for days, stupid and terrified after their rough handling by such curious human beings.

The Snake Dance was over for another year!

Wearily the Snake priests climbed the mesa again to go through the purification ceremony. Before they reached the village they stopped, took off their sacred kilts and feathers, washed the paint from their bodies, and wrapped themselves in blankets. Four medicine women met them at the council chamber and administered large doses of a charmed emetic that is supposed to make these who drink it immune to snake-bite poison. I believe in the strength of the charm, one would lose even their worst thoughts thirty seconds after taking a potion of that dirty-looking liquid. If their snake bite remedy is not as pleasant as ours, at least it leaves them more emptily prepared for the great feast which takes place in the kiva that night.

I was especially anxious to buy one of the snake priests' costumes, although I had heard that it was almost impossible to find an Indian who would sell his ceremonial kilt. After much persuasion, an English speaking Indian led me through the now dark village to the home of an old man. The house was poor and the old man feeble and emaciated. The young Indian, whom I found out later was the son-in-law, brought out a bundle containing the sacred snake kilt, feathers, bracelets and moccasins, and we bargained over them. Finally we agreed on a sum, but the old man would not consent to part with the ceremonial costume he had worn for almost a hundred years. The son-in-law argued and persuaded, seeing his share in the bargain. The old man fingered the round, shining dollars, then pushed them away to caress the snake kilt again. At last he pushed the whole bundle toward me, and said, with a quaver in his voice that made me feel like a Judas buyer, "Take it to your white people for it will bring good luck. I shall not use it again, for I shall be with my fathers in the Sipapu when the Snake Dance comes to Oraibi again."



Point Bonita, "The Lighthouse at the Golden Gate."

Point Bonita

By Ina Coolbrith

The wind blows cold and the wind blows keen,
And the dreary wintry sleet is falling;
And over the sand-dunes, white, between
The ocean voice is calling.

Calls with a sound that the sailor fears;
And the gulls, low-flying, hasten in,
And the bent boughs shiver in fringe of tears
While the long night hours begin.

But over the path throu' the Golden Door,
Where the troub'ed billows foam and flee,
Bonita's Light from its rocky shore,
Shines out to the ships at sea.



One of the caravels of Bastidas.

The Manila Ship and the Old Plate Fleet

By Alfred J. Morrison

NO WORK of the kind was ever more read than Anson's "Voyage Round the World" (1740-1744.) The writing was done by Benjamin Robins, the celebrated expert on gunnery, who, by taking pains with the narrative, was able to transform an interesting log book into a classic of cool adventure and political and commercial philosophy. Turn to Chapter Ten of Anson's Voyage, and peruse there the "Account of the commerce carried on between the city of Manila in the Island of Luconia and the port of Acapulco on the coast of Mexico." The chapter, for one thing, affords an example of the good English of the eighteenth century, which, instead of lowering the reader by coming down to him, could bring him up by a careful style, and at the same time amuse him without stint. How changed our methods! Perhaps of composition here or there, certainly of commerce to the East from the West coast of America.

Magellan found the Philippines for the Spaniards, but it was not until Philip II had been some ten years in power that a small colony from New Spain (Mexico, that is) was sent over to the island of Luzon. Before that time there had been trade to the Philippines from the coast of Peru, but in 1565 the Manila staple was fixed at Acapulco, the best harbor of Mexico on the South Sea—Hakluyto, Englishman, writing from Mexico a few years later, makes the date precise. And so, long before the barbarous North was grown in any way European (Virginia and Massachusetts still the red nomad's land), there was an organized commerce between Acapulco, port of the sea-sky Aztecs, and Manila, city of the East and West—whence came by the annual ship all the treasures of the Asiatic Indies, diamonds, rubies, sapphires and other precious stones, the rich carpets of Persia, the camphire of Borneo, the benjamin and ivory of Pegu and Cambodia, the silks, muslins and calicoes of the Mogul's country, the gold-dust, tea, china ware, silk and cabinets of China and Japan, besides cinnamon, cloves, mace, nutmegs and pepper, desired articles of the Spice Islands.

In respect of its trade, Acapulco was the Alexandria of the West. So well supplied were the traders at Acapulco that not seldom the Cadiz fleet to Vera Cruz found the market stocked already. For it is matter of surprise that for long years the high protectionists of Spain let go undisturbed this free trade (so to speak) from Mexico to the East. As if the Philippines, by virtue of colonization, were an appanage of New, rather than of Old Spain.

In reality this trade, if free from the monopoly of Cadiz, was itself most strictly a monopoly. Government ships supplied it, Peruvian vessels were enjoined from it by rigorous edict, and at Manila a religious order was granted the privilege of farming out the trade very largely. Whatever the regulations, such a commerce was of great advantagement to Mexico in the very old times,

and that commerce may be regarded as one chief cause of the elegance and splendor long conspicuous in New Spain.

It was Lord Anson's object, more or less, to make prize of the Manila ship when he set forth on his voyage to the South Seas in 1740. He accomplished his purpose, not as at first attempted off Acapulco, but near Manila. It was the galleon from Acapulco that fell into his hands, laden, as was the custom, mainly with silver—1,313,843 pieces of eight, and 35,682 ounces of virgin silver, in all near two millions of dollars, not reckoning the merchandise. It was customary, that is to say for the galleon from Manila, to bring merchandise to Acapulco, and to take out thence little but silver for the East. For centuries the East cared little but for specie from abroad.

Acapulco itself was a mean and ill-built town, the houses slightly constructed for fear of the recurrent tremblings of the earth. Besides, the climate was unwholesome and very prejudicial to strangers. But upon the arrival of the galleons, the town was populous and gay, crowded with the richest merchants of Mexico, Peru and even of Chile, who provided themselves with tents and formed a kind of large encampment. They have no rain at Acapulco from the end of November to the end of May, and the galleons were timed to set sail from Manila about July, to reach Acapulco in the December, January or February following. Their cargoes disposed of, they returned for Manila some time in March ("in all March," to use the language of the time), and arrived there generally in June. There was naturally, in the season, a great traffic by land from Acapulco to the City of Mexico, mules and pack-horses taking up the goods brought from the East, what was not kept in the country being forwarded to Vera Cruz on the North Sea, for shipment by the Flota to Spain.

As early at 1501, Seville, ancient town and famous snuff market, was granted the exclusive right of Spanish trade to America. Within a few years after the discovery of the Potosi mines in 1545, there were sailing annually from Seville two fleets for the West—one, the Flota destined for Vera Cruz; the other the Galleons to touch at Carthagena and Porto Bello. These fleets made sail together as far as the Antilles on the outward voyage, and returning rendezvoused at Havana. For two hundred and twenty years Seville was in this manner the gateway to the West for Spain. This monopoly of Seville was in 1720 transferred to Cadiz, but the great days of the fleet trade were then well past. Register, or license ships, to go out as occasion should demand, had even then come into use, and by the middle of the eighteenth century there was no plate fleet of galleons, and no flota for Vera Cruz. Smuggling, it may be added, had for generations been a fine art.

First from Seville and then from Cadiz, Spain sent out to America, by the Flota and the Galleons, great part of what the Americans must have to maintain their cost of living. To Vera Cruz came the Flota, that port being the natural center of the American treasure, and the magazine of all the merchandise of New Spain, or of that transported hither from Europe. Vera Cruz, besides, was the depository of a prodigious quantity of East India goods brought overland from Acapulco. Upon the yearly arrival of the Flota a fair was opened at Vera Cruz, which lasted many weeks.

But of all the Spanish fairs, that at Porto Bello—Bel Haven of the plate fleet—was the greatest in its business and its pageantry. The Galleons, touching first at Carthagena of Colombia, supplied from thence the trade of that shoulder of South America. When advice was received at Carthagena that the Peru fleet had unloaded at Panama, the Galleons set sail for Porto Bello—across the Isthmus from Panama. As soon as the ships were moored in the harbor, the seamen erected in the square a large tent of



Balboa Discovering the Pacific.

sails, where they deposited all the cargo, each owner's goods marked with his mark. The bales of goods were drawn on sledges by the seamen, and the money paid for their labor was equally divided. While the seamen and European traders were thus employed, the land adjacent was covered with droves of cattle from Panama, each drove consisting of above one hundred head, loaded wtih chests of gold and silver on account of the merchants of Peru.

When the ships were unloaded, and the merchants of Peru, with the president of Panama, arrived, the formalities of the fair commenced: the deputies of the several parties repaired on board the ships, where in the presence of the commander of the galleons and the president of Panama, the former as patron of the Europeans, and the latter of the Peruvians, the prices of the several kinds of merchandise were settled, and the contracts signed and publicly announced, so that every one might by them regulate the sale of his effects, and thus all fraud be precluded. The purchases and sales, as well as the exchange of money, were transacted by brokers from Spain and Peru. After this, every merchant began to dispose of his own goods; the Spanish merchants embarked their chests of silver, and those of Peru sent away their purchased goods in vessels up the River Chagre, and thus the fair of Porto Bello ended. As W. Robertson put it in 1776: "The wealth of America was exchanged for the manufactures of Europe, and during the prescribed term of the fair, forty days, the richest traffic on the face of the earth was begun and finished with that simplicity of transaction and that unbounded confidence which accompany extensive commerce."

Of the climate of this charmed spot, clearing house of the hemispheres, an old writer has remarked: "The heat indeed is excessive, and the torrents of rain are so dreadful, sudden and impetuous that one not accustomed to them would imagine a second deluge was coming. These torrents are also accompanied with frightful tempests of thunder and lightning, the awfulness of the scene being heightened by the repercussions from the mountains, and the shrieks and howlings of multitudes of monkeys of all kinds, which inhabit the surrounding woods. As the forests almost border on the houses of the streets, tigers often make incursions into the streets during the night, carrying off fowls, dogs, and other domestic animals, and sometimes even children have fallen a prey to them."

The Porto Bello fair over (spectacle of the New World), the galleons or plate fleet repaired about the middle of June to the Havannah, where, joining the flota from Vera Cruz, the plate fleet and the flota thence kept together for safety home to Cadiz. Nevertheless, what, as the stars were, befell the plate fleet for many years after the finding of silver at Potosi; how many rovers of the sea could tell, were they summoned. And arrived in Spain, the plate, despite of high protection of the traffic, was subject to vicissitudes. The Spaniards had been maddened, as it were, by their wealth, and had long given over their old-time industry. Great numbers of them, besides, left home for the Golden West, and the country was thinned of its people. As time went on, not above a twentieth part of the commodities exported to America was of Spanish growth or fabric. All the rest was the property of foreign merchants, though entered in the name of Spaniards. From the end of the sixteenth century, the treasure of the New World may be said not to have belonged to Spain. Before it reached Europe, it was anticipated as the price of goods purchased of foreigners. "Spain was so much astonished and distressed at seeing her American treasures vanish almost as soon as they were imported that Philip III, lord of the Peruvian and Mexican mines, has reduced to the wretched expedient of endeavoring to raise copper money to a value in currency al-

most equal to that of silver! Auri fames, so to speak."

Principal Robertson has given a lucid account of these transmutations in the eighth book of his History of America, published in 1777 at the beginning of our own free trade war. Are not the generalizations of the eighteenth century stimulating after patient apprenticeship to the historical method of later ages? As for Acapulco, its harbor was found of use again by vessels in the California trade for a few years before the laying of a railway to the Pacific, but the great trade of Acapulco with the Philippines was over and done with nearly a hundred years ago. Vera Cruz is still the port of the Eastern shore of the Republic of Mexico. Porto Bello is not to be traced as a name listed in a tolerable encyclopedia of modern times. The president of Panama long ago ceased to regulate with the Commander of the Galleons the formalities of the vast fair of the Isthmus. Many changes have supervened since the day in 1513, September the month, when Vasco Nunez de Balboa looked down from the mountain of Darien upon the Great South Sea.

HER PRAYER

A star fell out of the sky one night,
And the sky grew dark, but the world grew bright!

A lonely woman, sad and still,
In a lonely house on a lonely hill,
Longing for patter of little feet—
For tiny hands, so soft, so sweet—
That clutch one here, that press one there—
This was her never-ceasing prayer.

A star fell out of the sky one night,
And the sky grew dark, but the world grew bright!

A happy mother, white and still,
In a happy house, on a happy hill.
Each breath a sigh of thankfulness,
For tiny fingers' clutch and press!
For God seems shining everywhere,
Answered her never ceasing prayer.

A star came down to the earth that night,
And the sky grew dark, but the world grew bright!

SAIDEE GERARD RUTHRAUFF.

The Little Dancing Saint

By Richard E. White

It was summer, it was noonday,
And the sun was streaming down
On the convent at Benicia,
And the old romantic town.

Two good sisters of Saint Dominic,
'Mid the blooms and flow'rs of May,
Walked together in the garden,
Where the children love to play.

And the one spoke: "Things we deem not
Of much moment when they occur,
Often touch the memory key-note
And the chords to music stir.

"As I walked here in the garden,
How or why I do not know,
Came to me like a dream-picture,
This fair scene of Mexico.

"I was back again in childhood,
When my father held command,
In the fair town of Loretto,
In the sunny Southern land.

"And I saw the red-tiled mission,
And the patio and the shrine,
And the Virgin Mother holding
In her arms the Child divine.

"Here as penitents the people
Came from dawn till evening fell,
Came as children to a mother,
Came their inmost thoughts to tell.

"Every heart has its own sorrow,
Every soul has its own care,
So they came unto the altar,
And they laid their burdens there.

"Shattered hopes and tears and heartaches,
Were the offerings they brought,
What could I bring, Sister Rosa,
Care and sorrow I knew not?

"So I came at early morning,
E'er assembled were the throng,
And I danced in the bright sunshine—
Do you think that I did wrong?"

"No, Beata, Heaven always,
Counts the thought and deed apart,
Men judge by the outward seeming,
God looks deep into the heart."

"Yes, I danced in the bright sunshine,
Wishing thus to show my love,
While I thought no eye beheld me
Save the eye of God above.

"But the stern old commandante,
For a while from care beguiled,
In the shadow of the arches,
Stood and watched his dancing child

"And he noiseless stepped behind me,
And his head he bended down,
Stern his features were and haughty,
Now without a cloud or frown;

"And he kissed my cheek and murmured,
Loving words so sweet and quaint:
'Dear Conchita! Barilinata!
Ah, my little dancing saint!'"

* * * * *

In the campo santo sleeping,
Lies Conception to-day,
And a trysting place her grave is,
There young lovers come to pray,

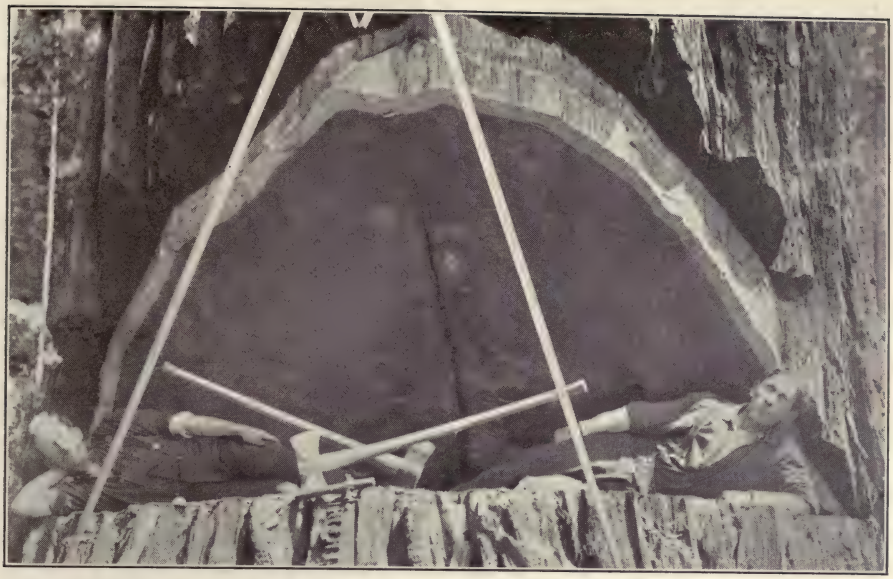
And the story of her love-life,
And her lover's tearful fate,
Is a page of tender romance
In the history of our State.

Fondly is her memory cherished,
And young gallants as they woo,
Pray their sweethearts may be like her,
Just as loving, just as true,

And they tell her touching story,
And the title sweet and quaint,
That Arguello styled his daughter,
Of the little dancing saint.



Logging in the primeval forest.



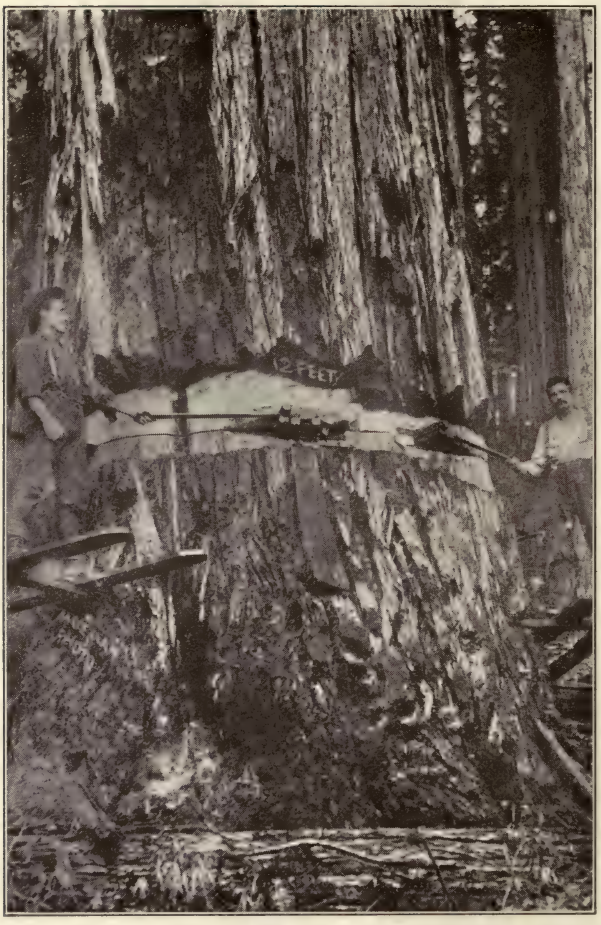
Part of the cut in falling a big tree. The choppers have cut sixteen feet across the stump.

California's Great Lumber Industry

By James Davis

A SHRILL whistle rang like a clarion. It was miles away over the span of the ancient beach, far away at the verge of a deep green setting of America's most magnificent forests. It was the voice of the Log Train engine that pierced the still serenity that overhung the pioneer village of Crescent City. There was a strange uncanniness about the screech of this steam signal. Sometimes the heavy engine, trailed by a dozen cars, heavily freighted with huge redwood trunks, broke its bridle, and the engineer mastered by the defective machine and its rebellious brakes tore madly to destruction on the uneven grade. But there is another tone of seeming emotion in this inanimate voice that speaks for the speechless man. The oily, sombre engine becomes an ambulance of mercy, betimes a funeral train —while the clanging bell and the many voiced whistle note the dignity of the mission. The long whistle was a message.

The mother ran to the door, shaded her strained eyes and looked long toward the place from whence came the signal. The whistle had not paused in its appeal, and in this camp the continuous whistle and the clanging bell meant that room should be made in the company's hospital, and doctors and nurses be present to do service. Over toward the curling smoke that rolled into the hazy sky, in that trail of destruction, she knew her son was daily risking his immature life. Perhaps it was he who was injured, maimed for life or killed outright at a single blow of a falling limb or a broken steel cable.



Tree cutters preparing to fall a big redwood twelve feet across the cut.

She turned. On her care-worn face, in bold relief, the lines of fretful worry marked the daily strain. She snatched her sun bonnet, and tying it as she went, she fairly ran to the Infirmary. There were many there before her. Aged men, infirm, in the last stages of the riddle of life, leaned upon shiny canes. With them, forced back into the rear, were gray-haired mothers whose hearts bled with anxiety. Forging into the narrow aperture of the doorway the curious, ignorant mass bore heavy on the keeper. He gave them no satisfaction beyond the sting of a curt remark, a stern request to clear away, as there was yet a chance for life, that the wound was not so serious as at first credited. Boys and girls, even little children, shouldered their way into the squirming nudging mob. "Who was it? Who's hurt? In the woods or in the mill?" they clamored.

"A stranger! Can't identify him! Yes, a dago. Nobody from here. Might live."

Contented, the crowd dispersed. The mother breathed a sigh of relief and turned homeward. Once in her own cottage she wept softly, shedding tears of deep sympathy for the mother of that lone boy. Although that mother was of low Italian order, she too had a heart. But did she dream of his sad fate? Yes, she dreamed of him, she longed for him, but she was alone. He had wandered into the whirl pool of toil, and was even now giving his life to a hard task master. She, uncivilized, cared, the economic world, civilized, cared not the least for his life, nor did the monopoly. Neither cared for him, and she was nil.

What about this great industry?

Jump on the train that heralded the dying stranger. One must hurry to catch it, because the engineer is anxious to keep up a good "rep" with the company, and time has been lost in running with a lone engine. The pond hasn't any too many logs, and the mill must be kept busy. Get aboard this shambled steel horse, and take a ride to the woods.

At camp No. 10 you must change from the car to the safer method of walking. Visitors are not allowed on

the Shay; merely the men who run it. A half hour's walk will bring one to the logging camp. It is a village, miniature, consisting of hovel-like cabins flocked about one end of a long wooden structure which is the "cook house." Its position is about the center of the field of operation. The cleared space in which it stands is but a hole in the surrounding enclosure of giant redwoods. Here "logging" is carried on.

The "chopper" with his keen-edged, double-bit axe, cross-cut saw, and incidental equipment, leads the way. It is his duty to fell the trees. He must fell them in such a way that their crashing plunge to the ground will not shatter them into splinters, or render them useless because of cross breaks. In addition, he must consider the "loggers," for the donkey engine cannot pull one giant through a dozen others, so the chopper must "place" the trees. So valuable are these ancient trees, so much expert skill does the "placing" of big trees demand that choppers work weeks, chopping, sawing and wedging in order to lay the monarch in its cleared and prepared bed.



Making ready to start the log train to the mill.

After choppers come "limbers," then "cross-cut sawyers." Finally when the whole mountain side looks like a huge slaughter pen, fires are set. In this way all debris, such as limbs, brush, undergrowth, are consumed. This clears the way for "loggers."

A short visit to the loggers introduces one to an appreciation of the dangers that lurk "in the woods." Logging takes place in the wake of the fires. At the head of the road a donkey engine is stationed to load the cars. Here loading is done with large steel cables. So strenuous is the grind of this work that the laborer must be of athletic trend to be able to endure the set day's work. For ten long hours the "loader" is kept on the jump in the fervor of the burning sun. Men hop over the huge saw-logs like tiny rats. A wave of the hand signals the "donkey tender" to act with his steam. A single mis-interpretation of these vague signs may cause an unexpected jerk on the line and bring death to the workmen.



One tree that more than loaded a train of nine mill logs.

Again, the tremendous pressure that pulls, strains and tugs with the massive weight brings too much strain on the cable, and a snap, a swish through the reach of its bite will neatly separate a negligent man's head from his feet with a clean-cut incision in mid-section.

"Swampers" are set to work clearing the way for the rigging men. The remaining branches, splintered strips, etc., are removed so that the fielders may do quicker work. This engine is called the "field engine," or often designated as "logger." All the hauling is done with heavy steel cables. These cables roll over a series of pulleys. When the load reaches one of these pulleys, the cable is slacked, the ropes removed from the wheel, and action is centered on the remaining pulleys. The "donkey tender," who controls the power, acts upon signals given by the "whistle-punk," who is no other than some youngster receiving a salary of perhaps $35 per month. One whistle signifies to go on—in motion the same signifies to stop, while two whistles call for slack and three to give all holds.

From the time the men finish their breakfast until noon, there is never a pause, never a rest, only such as may be caught at intervals due to some temporary derangement. In the field where water is scarce the company employs a water carrier. He is outfitted with an economic device in the shape of a yoke which fits over his shoulders. At each end is suspended a water bucket. During the time he is not busy with his buckets he is provided with a sharp axe, with which he must supply wood for the engine.

At noon the whistle recalls the men from their work in the field. Work is dropped instantly men begin to talk —though only of their work, until the "cook house" is reached. There is a maddening rush from the black sawlogs out in the field to the dining table. The rigging men, who are farthest out of the loggers, as also the choppers, tear to their meal like starved dray horses cantering for their oats. A few have time to rinse the soot and charcoal from their faces, while others sit down to the table with hands soiled from their labor and faces yet reeking with perspiration. The eyes of a most affectionate woman would be unable to locate her



A timber cruiser sizing up the cut.

husband in that cosmopolitan array of smeared, sun-burned men, reverted to the animal state that is lower than man's plane. Here eating is not feasting; it is bolting, cramming, straining, a hurly-burly slinging of beans and strong coffee. Within a few minutes they rise, take their dust covered hats, and rush to the scene of toil. If Nature permits, they may converse on the way, edging in a word now and then between the resonance of hiccoughs. At night, ten long hours having been taken in expending the whole energy of each body, the men take more time at the table. In the evening they do not sit up late, but on the other hand, worn from the exhaustive tension of the day's labor, they retire to their "creeping" bunks in dingy little "bunk houses," where they sleep happy and undisturbed.

THE CACTUS

A desert plain, a burning sun
That scorches with its rays,
A waste of sage brush, gray and dead,
Beneath the solar blaze;
A heap of bleaching bones beside
A water-bottle dry,
And one red cactus flower aflame
Above the alkali.

Within a far New England home,
The sad-eyed women wait,
For one whose hand will nevermore
Unlatch the garden gate.
And in a little earthen pot,
They nurse through sun and shower,
A spiny cactus that, alas!
Will never bear a flower.

MINNA IRVING.



One of the few surviving herds in America.

The Passing of the Buffalo

By Max McD

THE PASSING of the buffalo is one of the greatest scandals of all history. Out of the one-time vast number of bison that roamed and held the great American plains as their own, there remain but few.

For unrecorded ages the bison held all the fertile grazing land of this continent as their own. The greater part of these herds were in the South and West, but when Europeans began to settle in America, small bunches of the animals were occasionally found near the Atlantic coast, though they were generally rare everywhere east of the Appalachian Mountains. From Kentucky across the continent to Nevada, from the great Slave Lake on the north to Georgia on the south, the bison wandered in mighty droves, migrating as snow storms and drought dictated.

Wide, rolling plains, blackened as far as the sharp eyes of the settler could reach with huge, shaggy, humped backed beasts, bellowing, fighting and pawing the earth until it trembled as though an earthquake approached.

It is almost impossible for the average person of to-day to realize what the numbers of these herds amounted to, though an idea may be formed from the statement of Colonel Dodge in a report to the United States National Museum. In making a journey through Arkansas, he passed through a continuous herd of buffalo for twenty-five miles.

"The whole country," says Colonel Dodge, "appeared to be one mass of buffalo moving slowly to the north, and it was only when actually among them that it could be ascertained that the apparently solid mass was an agglomeration of innumerable small herds of from fifty to two hundred animals, separated from the surrounding herds by greater or less space, but still separated. When I reached the point where the hills were no longer than a mile from the road, the buffalo on the hills, seeing an unusual object in their rear, turned, stared an instant, then started after me at full speed, stampeding and bringing with them the numberless herds through which they passed, and pouring down on me, all the herds, no longer separated, but one immense, compact mass of plunging animals, mad with fright and as irresistible as an avalanche. Reining in my horse, I waited until the front of the mass with within fifty yards, when a few well directed shots split the herd and sent it pouring off in two streams to the right and left. When they had passed they stopped, apparently satisfied, many within less than one hundred yards. From the top of Pawnee Rock I could see from six to ten miles in almost every direction. This whole space was covered with buffalo, looking at a distance like a compact mass."

From careful information it has been estimated that such a herd would comprise at least four million animals. It is difficult now to realize that these animals were often a menace to wagon travel on the plains, besides stopping railway trains, and at times throwing them from the tracks.

Henry Kellsey, a factor of the Hudson Bay Company, in a report of his explorations in the far West of Canada, in 1691, tells of his party sighting buffalo in large numbers. A few years



The Monarch of the Yellowstone.

later this explorer became the first buffalo hunter on the plains of Western Canada. He tells that everywhere the Indians were slaughtering, taking only the choice pieces and leaving the greater portion of each slain body to the wolves which followed in large bands.

The buffalo means everything to the Indians. He was their house, their food, their clothing, their implements of war—hide, flesh and bone, he belonged to them. Their horses were picketed with buffalo thongs and buffalo hair halters; their saddles were of buffalo skin pads, while the stirrups were of the same material. The Indian used his stomach as a cooking utensil. Making a hole in the ground, this organ was set in and filled with hot stones. No other animal of the plains served the Indian so well. He entered so vitally into their daily routine that a buffalo dance was devised to perpetuate his memory and show what the Indians have gone through in the chase. Instead of bragging with their tongues, as does the white man, they use pantomimes. In the dance they imitate the sneaking process of stalking game and dragging it home. To-day on every reserve in the West, buffalo skulls and bones adorn the tepees and lodges of the red men.

One of the most interesting legends of the Blackfeet tribe of Indians centers on the passing of the buffalo. When they had gone, there was nothing but starvation for the red men of the plains, and they retired to Two Medicine Valley under the shadow of Chief Mountain, where the Great Spirit directed them to send men of the tribe to the top of the mountain to intercede with the Wind God on behalf of their hunger. Spreading out his wings over the plains, he told them to return and they would find the buffalo. They did, and the plains were covered again with bison, and the famine was broken.

The buffalo is an animal of rather a low order of intelligence, and his dullness was one of the prime factors in his phenomenally swift extermination. Being exceedingly slow to realize the existence and nature of dangers which threatened his life, he would often stand quietly, and see scores and even hundreds of his fellows killed with seeming indifference.

Regularly as winter came on these animals moved to the southern part of their range, much the same as do certain species of birds. Upon reaching their winter pasturage they scattered, and at the end of the season returned north in less conspicuous herds. They traveled much faster than one would suppose from their ungainly appearance, and rarely followed any but their own well beaten paths. When free from ice, rivers as wide as a mile were crossed without hesitation. In winter the combined weight of the herds often broke the ice, drowning numbers. Soft, muddy places and shallow pools were sought by these animals, where they rolled and wallowed until they had completely covered themselves with mud which, when baked in the sun, formed an effective armor against attacks of annoying insects.



Allard Pablo herd of buffalo, Flathead Reservation.



Lands where the buffalo once herded by tens of thousands.

While there were many individual or small traders in the foothills of the Rockies, the firm of T. C. Power and I. G. Baker, of Fort Benton, were the most prominent, and maintained a steady trade in buffalo hides and other furs. They had their own hunters, who made tri-weekly raids upon the shaggy bison. But they obtained most of their hides from the Indians, who quickly learned the advantages to be derived from exchanging a buffalo pelt for an ancient musket, a gaudy trinket, or a jug of firewater. The price of a hide was anything from a jug of whisky to six or seven dollars in money, dependent upon the character of the hide and the shrewdness of him who sold.

Fifty years ago when the great herds of buffalo roamed the range lands of the West, there was little chance for cattle to survive. The buffalo held the range by right of might, and lorded over it with arrogance and unreasoning petulance. The range was theirs, and they wanted it. But as time went by, as hunters slew them in thousands, the buffalo faded away, and the range cattle came. In 1870 there were hundreds of thousands of buffalo on Western ranges. In 1874 the I. G. Baker Company shipped from their post at Fort Benton, Montana, a total of 250,000 prime buffalo hides, in order to secure which the hunters had slain and left to rot or to the wolves, tens of thousands of young stock and aged bulls. White men slaughtered them for sheer lust of slaughter. Parties of European hunters used to go out and attack the buffalo, just to see how many they could shoot in a day, leaving their unused carcasses to rot on the plains. Others have been known to kill them by the dozens simply to get their tongues for table delicacies.

Some time in the late seventies, the buffalo disappeared; they were exterminated. They were slaughtered ruthlessly for their hides, and the Western plains no longer were profitable to the traders. It is related that traders in the South sent men to the North to burn the grass so that the buffalo would not return northward to breed. It is known that in consequence of prairie fires, incendiary or natural, the buffalo did not return during their last years, but roamed the prairies of Yellowstone country, where they were finally wiped out except in widely segregated bands, few in number.

The buffalo, or anything pertaining to them, stands out boldly against the most picturesque background that the West affords, being associated with the Indians, the famous early explorers and settlers, and historic spots, with such poetic and dramatic scenes as may never again be witnessed. The buffalo will always be the leading animal character in the portraying of the early days of this country, and for



Part of the herd belonging to the Wild West Show.

this one thing the remnant of his mighty race should be carefully preserved. There are still a few wood bison running wild in the vicinity of Fort Resolution in the far North, but the Indians of this region are responsible for the death of thousands that have never been used for food. It is reported by travelers in the North that when these Indians come across a herd of buffalo they try to exterminate them by driving the whole herd into a bog and killing them at their leisure. When in 1907 Ernest Seton Thompson and Inspector A. M. Jarvis of the Northwest Mounted Police visited the region near Fort Smith, they put the blame for the extermination of the herds there on the Indians.

In the United States the buffalo are increasing. Professor Hooper, president of the American Bison Society, at a recent meeting of the organization, said that renewed interest among the people of the United States and Canada assured the future of the buffalo. Census statistics presented showed that there were 3,453 buffalo in the United States in 1913, an increase of 19 per cent over 1912. There were 549 buffalo calves born last year. This society during 1914 plans to add fifteen buffalo to Wind Cave National Game Preserve in North Dakota, and establish herds in the national park of North Dakota and in either Highland Park or the Adirondacks in New York.

In Canada, all the buffalo are east of the Rockies in the province of Alberta. Most of these are confined in the three government parks, Rocky Mountain, Buffalo and Elk Island. During the year 1913 eight head were shipped from Montana by M. Pablo, and placed in Buffalo Park. These, with the possible increase of 250 for 1913, brings the total number of buffalo in Buffalo Park up to 1,300. At Banff there are approximately 25, and

at Elk Island 75. Scattered at different points throughout the Dominion there will be probably 50 more, making a total for the whole Dominion of buffalo in enclosures of 1,400. This is a very excellent showing for Canada, considering that ten years ago there were less than 100 buffalo in captivity in the whole dominion. The government is doing all in its power to purchase every available animal, and it is hoped that the few remaining of the Pablo herd now in Montana will be rounded up and shipped to Buffalo Park this year. Mr. Pablo asked for an extension of time that he might be able to track the outlaws after a snowfall this winter.

THE RULE OF PAN

I am half dryad and you are half faun, tho' we live by the law of man;
And we long for the forest, the earth, and the air, and we long for the rule of Pan.
Come, let's away to Arcady,
Throw off the yoke of custom and man,
Come, alive, exultant and free,
To the bark of the tree and the smell of the ground,
To the swirling call that the forests sound,
To a life where truth and joy abound.
I'll be a dryad and you'll be a faun, and we'll live as the great God Pan.

What tho' with horror men call us mad and prate of the law of man?
They shall not find the way to Arcady and to the rule of Pan.
In cities let men pass their lives,
And find life's secret in death if they can.
No man wins that for which he strives:
Let them grow prematurely old
In vain desire for fame or gold,
Or the crown that leaders long to hold,
While I am a dryad and you are a faun that follow the pipes of Pan.

And should these men find fame and gold and make the laws of man,
They'll never live in Arcady and hear the pipes of Pan.
Come, let's awake in Arcady.
Lost hopes have broken the heart of man;
They'll never again touch you and me:
In the forest green where the sunbeams swing,
With infinite joy we two shall sing,
For life will be ever a gladsome thing,
When I am a dryad and you are a fawn, and we live by the great God Pan.

RUTH CLAY PRICE.

RED McGLYNN

By L. Clifford Fox

McGLYNN SAT on the stoop of what had once been an abandoned adobe shack, and leisurely rolled a meis paper cigarette. The camp was asleep. A few yards away the dark outlines of a corral loomed out on the desert, and an Arizona moon shone down on thirty restless horses within. He lighted a cigarette and leaned back against the door. A cool, bracing wind breathed over the sands, and drove from McGlynn all thought of sleep. The night was too fair, life too young, and there clung to him the memory of two mischievous eyes that had never missed an opportunity to flash a message of friendliness since first he had encountered them.

Six months before, while hastening to the border for reasons relating to his own safety, McGlynn had discovered the camp wherein he now lived. He had been rather surprised at finding a camp in this location—in the very heart of the bleak territory, and his astonishment was accentuated when he discovered it was a moving picture camp. The company had barely established quarters. Moreover, it was short of horsemen, and when McGlynn was offered a job he flipped a coin, heads to continue on towards the south, tails to stay. Tails it was, and as McGlynn was a devout worshiper of fate, he accepted the coin's decision and remained. The first week he found a dull one—dull in comparison to his usual routine of life, and the third and fourth and fifth were successively uninteresting. But in the sixth week he forgot his old identity. Marie had come—Marie, a swarthy daughter of the desert, with eyes gray and big, a manner piquant, and the smile and form of an angel. She was fearless and a wonderful rider, and in her smiles, Red found the stimulus of a new life, the enfolding of which strengthened his resolution so to live as to eliminate all jeopardy of his liberty. He drew now from his shirt a bit of paper. He held it before his eyes, and in the moonlight read and re-read it. There was no signature. He had found it under his door after supper.

"The likeness between you and McGlynn, the bandit, has not gone unnoticed," he read. "Some one in Bakersfield saw you in the last picture and Director Webster has heard of it. This is a warning."

McGlynn wondered who the writer might be, and simultaneously with the thought came again the memory of Marie. He tossed the cigarette aside, and walking over to the corral, rested his elbows on the bar and whistled softly. One of the white nosed animals drew away from the others and presently Pinto's nose was rubbing up and down his master's sleeve. Red patted the animal caressingly.

"I'm afraid we'll have to be up and going soon, Pinto," he murmured softly. There was a touch upon his sleeve, and he turned to face the girl. She was just about up to his shoulder and as she looked into the rustler's eyes, a strange sensation possessed him.

"Buenos noches, senor!"

He returned the greeting with a nod.

"Senor McGlynn, perhaps, I should have said," she continued. He turned to her, and a smile played on his lips.

"Thanks for the note," he said. "I am McGlynn. What made you so sure?"

She drew from her breast a folded bit of paper and handed it to him. He leaned over the bars, and on the paper saw his picture, together with a complete description of his weight, height and habits. At the bottom was appended the notice of the offer of $1,000 gold for him, dead or alive.

He lighted a match and applied it to the circular. It crumbled in ashes to the ground.

"Those are bad things to leave about camp," he said. "Are there any more?"

"Two."

"Who has them?"

"Webster."

"Does he think I'm the man?"

"He's in doubt," she explained. "He sees the likeness, but thinks it's merely a case of double. He's written the sheriff of Cochise County to that effect."

McGlynn was startled. Marty Stevens was the Cochise County sheriff. They'd met in the desert, quite unexpectedly, a year or so before, and McGlynn did not emerge second best in the encounter.

"It's too bad," said the girl. "We will all miss you."

"Do you think I'm going, then?" he asked.

"Why, certainly," she replied.

"Why?"

"Because——" She hesitated.

"Go on," he urged.

"Webster wrote to Cochise three days ago. The sheriff is on his way here."

McGlynn rolled another cigarette and eyed her carefully.

"Do you know him?" he asked, after a moment of silence.

She nodded.

"Is his name Stevens?"

"That's his name," she replied.

Unwittingly, McGlynn was toying with a pistol. She noted the action apprehensively. There was a strange fascination about the tall, sun-tanned rustler that had drawn her to him, despite even her knowledge of what he was, despite even the warnings of the other camp men, who, save Webster, were jealous of his success.

"When do you go?" she asked, finally.

McGlynn's shoulders straightened. An odd light of defiance crept into his eyes.

"I don't know," he told her.

"But he's liable to show up any minute."

"Let him come," said the rustler, quietly. The girl hopped down from the bar on which she had been resting.

"I'm going in," she said. "Goodnight!"

"Gratias again for the note," said he. "Let me walk with you to the door."

"No, no. I'll go alone."

"We'll go alone," he suggested firmly. They walked to the long narrow building occupied by the five women of the company, his hand resting upon his arm. They were silent on the way, the man's thoughts bitter against his pursuers; the girl's dwelling upon the complex personality of her escort, the first man by whom she had ever been attracted, the one man, she knew, she did not want to pass out of her life.

A short distance from the door of the women's building he stopped her.

"Before you go in," he said, "I want you to do me a favor."

"What is it?"

"Why did you send me the note?"

"Because," she said, "because—you have been valuable to the company. You've helped us make a successful start."

She stopped—then went on hastily, as though afraid of herself.

"Please, McGlynn"—it was the first time she had called him that without a prefix, "please go away somewhere, any place, where you won't be bothered. Try to be on the level—a square shooter."

He smiled at her.

"Is that all you've got to tell me?" He took one of her hands and held it firmly within one of his own.

"Let me go," she said, hastily. "I —I must go in now." Her eyes were turned from him. Had he been able to see them he would have noticed that they were moist.

"Let me go," she repeated, struggling to free her hand.

"Listen to me," he said, tightening the hold upon her hand. "You've got to listen, that's all." He was forgetting the new McGlynn, lapsing again into the old McGlynn, the man who wanted what he wanted when he wanted it, only because he wanted it.

"Listen," he repeated. "When I rode into this camp, quite by accident, I was on my way to the border. In Mex. I expected to begin over—to be a square shooter. I loved to rustle before that. It wasn't the actual deed. It was the excitement, the pursuit. I was a kid when it took hold of me, and since I've been a man I've been trying to get a fresh start and I never was a man till I met you. Now, I can see the road I want to travel. And I love you, Marie. You're the only pure thing I've ever known. Yours is the only softening influence I have ever recognized. It's the only influence that will keep me straight. I'm not going to give you up now, for I know you think a little of me, and I'm going to hold you if I have to fight the whole territory for you—if I have to swing in the end for it."

He stopped and cleared his throat.

"Good night," he said, and swinging on his heel disappeared in the shadows, the girl watching him with a tremulous heart, and a vague, faint realization that, sowehow or other, she was happy, very happy, despite her effort not to be so.

McGlynn walked back to his shack and found another waiting for him. It was Webster, the director.

Their greeting was formal.

"Steuart," said the director, calling the other by his new name, "have you thought seriously of leaving us."

"Not a bit," said McGlynn.

"I'll explain," said the other. "You know——"

"Forget it," interrupted the rustler. "I know what's on your mind. I'm sorry this stuff came to you. I've got nothing to say. Pass your own judgment. If you think I'm McGlynn, hold me for the sheriff. If you don't, shut up about it."

"I—I believe you—in you—" said Webster. "But things look mighty queer. All I got to say is this: if you are McGlynn, beat it, to-night, and chose your own direction. No one will ever get a word from me. If you're not, the whole affair can easily be cleared."

He got up, and taking off his hat, twirled it about nervously.

"You know your own business best," said he. "For a moment to-night, when that notice of a reward, etc., came in, I felt sure you were the man we want—Stevens wants. Now I'm in doubt, and——"

He stopped. Both gazed out into the night. From the darkness came the steady staccato of hoofbeats.

They looked sharply, distrustfully, at each other. Then McGlynn chuckled. "It's Stevens," he said, and an awkward pause followed. The hoofbeats were growing nearer and nearer. Presently they ceased.

"Hello, Hello," came a voice from the darkness.

"Let's see who it is," suggested Webster.

"Just a second," McGlynn returned. He threw open the door of his shack, hastily kicked his saddle bags together and stuck another pistol in his belt.

"All right, come on!" he said, and they walked out in the direction of the voice to meet the newcomer.

"I was going to stick over in Lowell all night," said the stranger, dismounting. "I had a hunch I'd be expected here, though, and thought I might as well ride over at once. Guess I'm expected, ain't I? I'm looking for Webster."

"I'm Webster," said the director.

"Stevens is me," said the other. The two shook hands. Webster turned sharply to McGlynn.

"Take the man's horse," he said,

with an air of authority, and McGlynn, quick to apprehend, led the animal to the corral.

"We've got him this time," said Stevens to Webster, as they walked to the latter's little office. "I rode over to Bisbee to get a look at that picture. He's McGlynn. No one else in the world can ride like he does. It's a wonder to me, though, that he hasn't swiped your whole outfit or murdered a few."

Webster laughed uneasily.

"That's why I think you're wrong," he said. "This fellow has the O. K. sign plastered all over him."

"That's because he's clever," the other explained.

"Moreover, he's on the level," Webster continued. "I've watched him carefully."

"All of which convinces me he's McGlynn," said the sheriff. They entered Webster's office, and the latter now got his first good look at the newcomer, a tall, straight young fellow with the tan of the sands covering the whiteness of his skin. "Wait till I show you a few more pictures I have in my shirt."

He drew out a packet of papers and began sorting them.

"He's a wonder," he continued. "He seems to be exploiting his daredeviltry more than anything else. I had a brush with him last summer, and I'm hanged if he didn't take my gun away from me, give it back, and then tell me to ride straight towards the setting sun and not look back or he'd puncture me. I got behind the nearest rock, and got ready to stop him with a bit of lead, when he disappeared as though the earth'd yawned and swallowed him. Look here."

He held out several circulars, all different. Webster examined them with a keen interest. Then he shrugged his shoulders, with an air of finality.

"When do you want him?" he asked.

Stevens folded the circulars again. "Not till morning. I want some sleep, and then——"

Both men jumped to their feet. A cry, a woman's cry, pierced the night. They rushed to the door, Stevens in the lead, and reached the exterior just in time to hear a crash of timbers and then the sudden beat of hoofs. Out on the desert a pistol defiantly spat fire twice. Then all was still. Webster espied a light at the woman's quarters. "Over there," he said, and taking Stevens' arm, hastened to the place.

"It's Marie," said Mrs. Russell, a genial old character actress and now the most composed of the frightened occupants. "Some one asked for her at the door. It was Steuart, I think. She went out, and they had a few words. I knew she was excited. I took a shawl from my room, intending to hand it to her through the doorway, but before I could find it I heard a scream. I ran out here, but she was gone. Some one struck a match near the corral, and then she screamed again."

Webster and Stevens walked to the corral. The bars were down. Several of the horses had escaped and were tramping about the camp.

"Wait a minute," said Stevens to the other men of the company who had joined the sheriff and Webster. "Where did Steuart live?"

"I'll show you," said Webster.

They walked to his shack. A lantern's ray showed it to be vacant and stripped of saddle bags, bridles and McGlynn's other belongings. Stevens turned to the others. He looked over the gathering of men, bare-footed, some with naught save a blanket about them.

"Get dressed, fellows," said he; "I am going to need you."

His expression was a grim one as he faced Webster. "Old man," said he, "I wish you'd help me rope the horses. I'm going to need most of your men. But it won't be for very long."

McGlynn rode into the night carrying the prostrate form of the girl in his arms. She was unconscious. She had fainted when he seized her. Be-

hind Pinto galloped another horse, one end of the halter rope fastened to the rustler's saddle horn. As they sped forward, the man's eyes were fastened upon the pale, upturned face of his captive. The moonlight played on her countenance, and McGlynn's eyes softened as he noticed the fear even yet written upon her features. He wished that he had not taken her. What he would do with the girl, now that he had her, was the question uppermost in his thoughts. The same interrogation affecting other things had oft beset him. To steal had become second nature, and although he thought he had abandoned or fought off all fascination for the old impulse, in the moment attendant upon Stevens' arrival, he forgot that he was on the square, and stole what he wanted most—Marie. Presently he stopped Pinto and listened eagerly for some sound of the pursuit. When he again loosened his hold on Pinto he turned to gaze into the opened eyes of his prisoner. She was awake and gazing at him in bewilderment. She only knew at first that it seemed good to be in his arms, and she wondered how she got there. Then the realization of what had occurred came to her, and she struggled to free herself. "Let me go," she cried, struggling fiercely; but she was held in a grip of steel.

"Let me go," she repeated in a paroxysm of fear. His hold tightened, and she broke into a fit of weeping. McGlynn was more discomfited than ever.

"Look here, girl," he said, loosening the arm that held her. "You've got nothing to fear, and——"

He stopped abruptly. She had struck him full in the face, her long nails drawing down his cheek a furrow that quickly reddened with blood.

He bent low and kissed her upon the lips.

"Don't scratch again," he warned, and holding her now so tightly that she was unable to move, dug the spurs into Pinto's side. Neither spoke, but her dark eyes flashed an intense hate. They rode thus till the peep of dawn revealed more clearly the hilly territory they were in. His arm was stiff from the pain of holding her, and she, crammed close to his shoulder, was suffering. He drew up the other horse, and jumped from his own.

"I'm sorry we haven't time for breakfast," he apologized. "We'll have it later on. Get up on the horse."

She glared defiance.

"Get up," he said roughly.

She refused to move. McGlynn rolled a cigarette, lighted it, puffed rapidly, and then tossed it away.

"Are you going to get in the saddle?" he asked in a low voice that even he was unused to.

"No," she said through her teeth.

He grasped her by the arms, tied them behind her back with a halter strap, and fairly hurled her into the saddle. Then he mounted Pinto, and leading the other horse, proceeded. They reached the summit of the first hill, and he stopped to gaze below on the desert. A long distance away he could see the pursuers, eight of them.

"They're coming, all right," he said. She glanced at him quickly, and seeing the bloody mark of her fingers on his cheek, was sorry.

"Does that pain you?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, bluntly.

"I'm glad," she lied.

He only smiled.

"Come on," he said, kicking his horse's sides and jerking the rope holding the animal she rode. They continued on over the third hill and finally into the fourth, one of the highest. Here he noticed the pallor of the girl, and knew she was growing weak.

"There isn't much farther to go," he said, making up his mind suddenly. "We'll find a good place up on that rocky ridge," pointing a short distance away.

"The posse is in two divisions," he told her. "The second bunch is close on the heels of the first. The first is less than two miles from us now. I—I guess there'll be some action in a few minutes." He stopped the horses

and lifting her from her saddle placed her on her feet.

"We'll have to walk over these rocks," he told her. "It'll save the horses."

The place McGlynn had chosen was an ideal one for defense. It was about twenty feet from the road, on a slight elevation. Two high rocks rose side by side, the distance between them barely wide enough to permit the passage of three men abreast. Access from either side was practically impossible, and from a position between the two it was possible to command an excellent survey of the road, winding down the hill, and the thick brush descending the hill directly opposite and across the road.

McGlynn, with the girl walking in front of him, led the two horses between the rocks and picketed them behind the shelter. He then hastily gathered and rolled a few big stones into position to serve as a fence across the entrance. Behind this he proposed to keep off the posse. The girl watched him silently, and when he had completed his task and dropped his cartridge belt behind the stone barricade, he turned to her, and she saw the beads of perspiration rolling down his cheeks.

"It's liable to be quite a scrap," he said, as he sat down and wiped his brow with his sleeve. "Kind of a new experience for you, isn't it?"

"I can't say that I'm quite used to it," she replied sarcastically. He smiled.

"Don't worry, kid," he said. "You are as safe as though you were home if you'll just sit behind one of these big rocks. A bomb couldn't displace you."

He turned around and crawled back to his barricade, sweeping the road with his eyes. Then he returned to her.

"I've just been thinking that you might raise a lot of hell here for me," he told her. "I'm willing to take your word that you won't make any kind of a disturbance."

"It is understood," she said.

"Thanks."

He arose and stretched himself, and a bullet whistled and flattened itself against a rock. He dropped to his knees at the same time.

"They've found me first," he said, and crawled over to a position where he knew he was safe from the rifles of his pursuers, and then took from the saddle on Pinto's back an extra cartridge belt and brace of revolvers. "Now, I guess we're about ready," he said, as he crawled past her, bound for the barricade. "Don't move from where you are or you'll get hurt."

From her position she could not see the rustler, as he lay on his stomach, peering through a crevice between the stones of his barricade. But he crawled back shortly. She did not hear him. She leaned against a rock, looking as miserable as she felt. Something in the pathetic droop of her shoulders awoke a responsive chord in him. He drew close.

"There's a big bunch over there," he said. "They stand a good chance of getting me. That's why I—I wanted to explain that I didn't mean to play that coyote trick on you last night. I meant only to say good-bye. In a wild moment I grabbed you. This morning, just before you scratched me, I was figuring out some good means of liberating you. Since then I've changed my mind. You've got to stick with me to the finish, whether you want to or not. And whatever you do, don't stick your head above any of these rocks, for if you do it'll only make it a nest for about twenty bullets." He cleared his throat.

"Remember," he concluded. "Remember, Marie, that I'm not quite as rotten as you may think."

She was afraid to look at him for a moment, and when she did turn, he was gone. A moment later she heard the first pop of his pistol, and immediately set her attention to the task of freeing her hands.

* * * *

After several of his men had made a sortie, Stevens discovered that Mc-

Glynn's position was one that could be made impregnable for many hours —until such time as some of the posse should circle the hill and surprise him by attacking from the rear. To do this would take many hours. Any attempt at rushing the quarry was out of the question, for before man or horse could ever reach the miniature fort, it would be easy for the posse to lose six or seven men. "I don't know how much food he's got," Stevens told Thorne, leader of the second posse. "We might starve him out, but it may take a long time, and the girl would undoubtedly suffer. Our only chance is the circling of the hill."

"I guess you're right," Thorne replied. "But if we don't succeed in attacking him at the same time from front and rear he's liable to harm the girl."

"It's a dirty mess," Stevens replied, wiping his brow.

"Compromise," suggested Thorne. "Let him go if he'll give up the girl. We'll get him afterwards. What's the difference if we hang him here or down below?"

Stevens looked at him with scorn.

"He'd be square with us," he snapped. "Besides, I want him now, girl or no girl."

Thorne shrugged his shoulders.

"You'd better get started around the hill," Stevens suggested. Thorne called together his men and mounted. From his vantage point, McGlynn had witnessed the conference between the leaders. Had he wished, he might easily have killed both. They were plainly visible from where he watched. He took deliberate aim, pulled the trigger of his pistol and Thorne's horse reared and fell to the ground. The men fell back at once. Stevens, on his hands and knees, made his way to the horse, examined the wound, and then returned to Thorne.

"Right through the head," he said, between his teeth. "Never mind. We will get him. Be careful, Thorne. He is no fool."

Thorne got a fresh mount, and with five men started off down the hillside. It was near noontime now, and McGlynn was hungry. He placed his hat on a stick and raised it above one of the rocks. He withdrew it almost immediately, and smiled as he noted the four bullet holes. Again he raised it, this time tossing it back again with a peculiar jerk. Across the road, Stevens, confident that he had wounded the rustler, jubilantly cried out to his men. The next moment he stood in the open, but withdrew almost instantly. McGlynn had shattered one of his wrists with a bullet. Binding it as best he could, the sheriff despatched a man back to the moving picture camp with a note asking Webster for more men, and the rustler, now reasonably sure that he would not be molested, for a few moments anyway, crawled back to Marie and fixed a few corn-beef sandwiches. He fed her, not knowing that her hands were already free. Then he resumed his old place and watched.

The minutes passed as hours. A hot sun beat mercilessly down upon him. The heat, combined with his tired nerves and the loss of sleep the night before, made him drowsy. A faint wind swept the hill occasionally, but it brought with it a dry warmth. He pinched himself to keep awake.

An hour later he found himself resorting to knife pricks to keep from dozing. As the sun began to disappear and it grew cooler, he fired several shots in the direction of the posse, but there was no answering volley. He surmised that an attempt to surprise him in the rear had been undertaken, and knew that he would be unable to keep close watch after dark on both approaches. He picked up his hat again, held it above the barricade on a stick and waited. There was no sign of life from below. He wondered, after all, if his last shot had seriously wounded Stevens—if the posse had departed. Once more he tried the hat experiment. Again it failed. He put it on his head, now, and recklessly stood up, his shoulders appearing above the rocks. An instant

later, he dropped to the ground, blood streaming from his shoulder. And below Stevens laughed softly to himself. "Peppering that hat again," he said to one of his men.

McGlynn's wound was a painful and serious one. As best he could, he tried to stay the blood, and only partially succeeded. It oozed from the crude bandage and trickled down his shirt front. A thousand pains racked his body. Try as he would, he could not fight off the temptation to close his eyes. He knew he was growing weak. He called out, in a last hope, to Marie, and got no answer. Again he called. With a final effort he began to crawl back to where he had left her. Every movement intensified his pain. As he drew nearer, Marie heard him rattling his way over the rocks. An hour before she had instituted an exploration of her surroundings. Beneath the picket station of the horses, she had found an old pack trail. It had apparently been abandoned for a long time, grass growing over it, but it was plainly discernible. She was confident it led into the road, probably one mile, perhaps two or three from where she had discovered it. She was on her way back to obtain food and a pistol, when she heard McGlynn searching for her. Quickly she grasped the broken thongs, held them in her hands behind her back and waited. He appeared before her slowly. "I—I just called you—Marie," he said weakly. He tried to smile, and the effort failed. His dark eyes reflected the pain he suffered; his dark, handsome face, scarred by her nails, was haggard.

For the first time she noticed the shoulder wound. She gasped, then rushed to his side. Scarcely had she reached him when he toppled and fell, striking the ground on his wounded shoulder. The fresh pain revived him. She grasped a canteen and bathed the wound as best she could. It was an ugly, jagged one. In his feeble way he tried to push her from him.

With alarm, the girl watched him—then, out of the pity of her heart, took his head in her lap. She was free to go now. The situation was reversed. He was her prisoner. Only a word to the men across the roadside and his captivity would be secure. She gazed into his face and noted its pallor. They might hang him, she knew. He was no murderer. She knew that. But he had violated the crude ethics of the cattle country. She pictured the possibility—McGlynn gasping for breath. She knew the posse were in an ugly mood. Again she gazed into the face of the unconscious man. It seemed so boyish now—save for the scar made by her fingers earlier in the day. Tears trickled down her cheeks.

"McGlynn," she whispered. There was no answer. She dropped her head to his and began to weep softly, and when she looked up half an hour later she saw the stars above her. From far down the mountain side—from the rear of the stronghold—came the hoot of an owl. It was answered across the road. She knew instantly it was a signal. Vainly she tried to arouse the unconscious man. She realized that each moment was precious. Suddenly she recollected the pack trail. She knew just where to find it. The posse would have difficulty in discovering it in the darkness. It was her only hope—their only hope. She half dragged, half carried the unconscious man to his horse, and with almost superhuman strength, succeeded in pushing him to the saddle. Across the back of the other animal, she threw the saddle bags, and then she, too, mounted Pinto, straddling his back with the saddle before her. Slowly, she guided the horse to the trail, and then, fearing McGlynn would slip to the ground, clung to him with both arms, while she gave Pinto free rein on the descent.

* * * *

The sun was high in the heavens when McGlynn showed the first signs of returning consciousness. He was still very weak, and he lay for several minutes with eyes closed, trying to

fathom the events of the night. But he could remember nothing. He opened his eyes and gazed about him in bewilderment. Then he felt something warm about his neck, an arm, and looked up—and into the eyes of Marie.

She held the canteen to his lips. But he did not care to drink, and brushed it away.

"Weak?" she asked, gently.

He nodded an affirmative.

"You'll have to be very careful for a long time," she told him.

"All right," he said; then smiled: "Where are we, nurse?"

"Look, McGlynn," she said, pointing to the plains in the distance. "Look! It's Mexico, and we're on our way."

His eyes lighted with a glad surprise.

"You mean," he faltered. "You mean that——"

He stopped, unable to continue. There was a lump in his throat, and somehow or other he felt very unworthy.

But she smiled back at him.

"Yes," she said, softly, and with a queer tug at her heart, "McGlynn—square-shooter—and I!"

VILLANELLE OF THE SINGERS

Song is the singer's pain,
Born like a fleeting sigh—
Never do joys remain.

All days must be the same,
Hours that are happy fly—
Song is the singer's pain.

What, pray, the singer's gain?
Sweets that are tasted die—
Never do joys remain.

Life is a purging flame,
Sorrows the pearls we buy—
Song is the singer's pain.

Bitter the wine of fame,
When Love's vine is sere and dry—
Never do joys remain.

When the white day shall wane,
Black shall the roadway lie—
Song is the singer's pain,
Never do joys remain.

R. R. GREENWOOD.

A WASATCH CLOUD BURST

By Catherine Canine

IT WAS ONLY after conquering much opposition that Beatrice and I proceeded into the Wasatch Mountains on our solitary camping trip. Our relatives failed to understand why we wished to go alone; but at last my father consented. He had confidence in my motor driving even over mountain roads; and there was nothing in the hills, he said, that would harm us—neither bear nor rattlesnakes where we meant to go. I should wear overalls and blouse as I had so much enjoyed doing when camping with him. My short hair made me look boyish, even in dresses; and passing loggers would take us to be brother and sister. Having begun to champion our cause, he grew enthusiastic. He had run sheep all over these mountains, and nothing would hurt us, he reiterated, barring cloudbursts; whereupon Mrs. Fielding, Bee's mother, clasped her pretty hands and wailed that no one could bar cloudbursts.

There were many reasons why we wished to go alone. Beatrice sketches and I write a bit; and the hills offer sweetest opportunities for both. Besides, inharmonious people in camp are unendurable, and we knew no one who was not somewhat discordant. Then, too, we had a couple of suitors quite unacceptable to us, but rather in the favor of our parents. These and minor annoyances made the hills wildly alluring.

So we set forth together on the morning of August 14th, speeding across the Bear River Valley, through fields of ripening dryland oats and wheat, and second crop alfalfa fragrant with bloom. Quickly passing Brigham City, we climbed steadily and swiftly through the lovely Boxelder Canyon to Mantua, a little hamlet of the high hills. Thence we crept cautiously up the Danish Dugway, its precipitous sides making constant menace. High on that narrow, handmade trail, we stopped and looked back over the prim grain fields of the tiny Mantuan Valley, their varying tones of green and yellow resembling a giant checker board with which the winds were playing. Through a gap in the mountains we viewed the big Bear River valley, stretching in hazy beauty to the white alkaline barrens which in their turn reached out toward the waters of the great Salt Lake or touched the misty, opaline blues of the far west Promontory Range. Another turn in the road brought us to tumbled ledges and massive aiguilles of blue limestone, whose fantastic grandeur offered heroic contrast with the soft beauties of the valleys.

It was a little after noon when we made camp beside the clear waters of Hosanna Creek, a process not at all laborious. We pitched no tent for the car, curtained by night, was to be both sleeping and dining room. With plenty of pure water at hand and dry wood for camp fires, we had little to do toward camp-keeping except make coffee and bake in our Dutch oven the excellent shepherd's bread my father had taught me to make. Our nut eating proclivities saved us much dirty, useless work, and left us unsullied leisure to sketch and write. Day and night the water made a living lyric, and the mountains ever furnished wild epics.

There was placid, joyous flow of

camp life without incident, unless one should so designate the carrying-off of our aconite pills by black ants. Those ants for mere size compared with kittens, and made more than plausible Pliny's tale of the Indian ant, which was as big as a wolf, and worked at gold mining in the summer time.

There were no difficulties and almost no incidents to mar our tranquil days until I elected to explore the opposite side of a hill, which stood on our east. It was very steep. Plunging downward through a coppice of hard maple, choke cherry, scrub oak, thorn, sarvis berry and laurel, I almost fell into a ruinous old log cabin, which was quite concealed by greenery. peering within, I saw an antiquated stove, a decaying bedstead of superior workmanship, a black walnut table, a black walnut chair, with its tapestry in tatters, and a few books which had been crumpled or torn by mice or other marauders. Plainly this had never been the abode of an ordinary herdsman or miner. In a flash I knew that it must have been the hiding place of one of the Mormon Saints trying to escape the attentions of the Federal officers who were hunting polygamists in those earlier times which are still referred to by the Saints as the "Underground Days." Musing on the probable character of the occupant, who had evidently been a man of some financial means, my eye was caught by a glitter of gold which came from the farthest corner of the room. Plunging into the place, I was gleefully examining the nuggets, hoping and believing them to have been the cache of some long perished Mormon, when a voice called out:

"You little hound! What are you doing with those rocks?"

Springing up, I found a six-shooter *en face* in the hand of a big blonde fellow in khaki clothes and a slouch hat.

If he had designated any other dog but the hound! In a rage, without consideration, and without fear, I reached back for my little automatic revolver.

Laughing, he grabbed my arm. "You have somehow lost your head!"

"Retract!" I stormed.

Again he laughed. "All right. Pretty good English for the back hills, youngster. How came you here, and with whom did you come?"

I remained silent, having no mind to expose Beatrice and our solitary camp.

"How did you come? Where are your people?" he demanded.

Still I kept silent.

"I don't want to be rough, kid," he continued; "but you've got to tell me. How should I know that you wouldn't lead a raid on my cache?"

"If the stuff's really yours, why mind it like an outlaw?"

He flushed hotly for a second. Then ignoring my question, he pursued his line.

"Tell me about the rest of your party."

As I refused to reply, he shoved me toward the old walnut chair. Producing a stout rope, he said:

"You may sit here, child, until you can talk."

Knowing struggle to be useless, I did not resist the tying. Then he went out, and I could see through a tiny opening that he built a fire in a little clearing behind the cabin and cooked dinner. Soon he brought in savory food.

"Just answer a question or two," he said civilly, "and I shall be glad to have you dine with me."

Still I said nothing.

Without touching the food himself, he took a big water bucket and set forth. I was sure that there was no water nearer than Hosanna Creek. Probably he would strike that stream at a point considerably below our camp on his side of the hill, around which the little river wound. He had not made a very secure tying, deceived perhaps by my apparent submissiveness. My feet were free, and as soon as he seemed to be safely out of hearing, I vigorously kicked that old chair to pieces and made an exit from it and the rope forthwith. Run-

ning where that was possible, scrambling like a ground squirrel over steep places, I soon reached camp, where Beatrice was placidly sketching a grotesque giant boulder.

Such scurrying to break camp! Such helter-skelter pitching of things into the auto!

But we were unwilling to go home; and, reasoning together that the hills probably held but one outlaw, we raced away from that locality with all the speed the mountain roads would permit. We would go to Logan Canyon, which was picturesque and nearer the haunts of ordinary men. There was an ominous cloud behind us, but we thought to distance it.

After driving for an hour, we turned round a hill which was strangely familiar. Then, horrified, we realized that we were within a half mile of our old camp, and much nearer the outlaw den than we had been before. In our confused haste we had simply circled "The Sinks," a spongy basin, hill engirdled, but not visible from the road. And that cloud, grown enormously big and fearsomely black, was now at our left hand.

"If I had but taken the other turn!" I mourned.

Even as I spoke came the deluge. That cloud opened its heart fully and freely. Our world was flooded! I rushed the car up the hillside a little way, anchoring it against a large boulder, for the road was a stream in a moment.

We were drenched! I had never imagined any one could be so wet—bone and marrow. Then a cold wind sprang up, and Bee began to cough. An attack of pneumonia the previous winter had left her fragile, and I had recently heard the doctor say that she must not take a severe cold. At once I insisted upon going to the outlaw's cabin for warmth.

Beatrice demurred.

"After all, he didn't look anything like as villainous as our steady, valley suitors would in such clothing," I assured her. "And he was really gentle with me."

So we set forth; and how we did slip over that wet ground! We were muddy as well as wet when we reached the cabin door, and I had torn one leg of my overalls nearly to the knee.

Peering within I saw that the outlaw had a companion—a young man modishly clothed in a gray business suit. The miner, looking up, at once perceived me.

"Hello, Allspice!" he called out cheerily. "Come in. Brought the rest of your party?"

As Bee and I stepped into the dry, comparatively warm place, we all four burst out laughing. Outlaw or not, it was deliciously funny.

"Sister's in danger of pneumonia," I said, brusquely. "Let's build a fire."

I had kept my head sufficiently in spite of haste to bring a small coil of baling wire, surmising that the old stove would have to be wired up if it was to be of service. It looked as if a finger touch would shatter it.

"Where'd you get your wire?" asked the outlaw, as he made the stove secure with it.

"I just had it. My father never lets me out of his sight without baling wire," I retorted, trying to act up to the pert boy part. It was giving me lots of trouble to constantly present the untorn overall leg.

"Any dry wood?" inquired the gray clad man.

"An antique walnut chair, which was kicked to pieces yesterday," answered the big blonde fellow, producing the ruins.

When we were warm, and Bee had stopped coughing, we exchanged explanations with mutual relief and merriment.

The newcomer was D. E. Phillips, a young lawyer of some note in Salt Lake City; the outlaw, Arthur Tynan, was a young artist whose work both Beatrice and I knew and admired.

"Unfortunately and quite by accident, Tynan came into possession of incriminating evidence against a former friend who was arrested on a

murder charge," said Mr. Phillips. "Arthur's way of escaping a subpoena was to flee to your mountains. Of course he couldn't betray a man who had been kind to him. He sent me a sort of chart of this place and the road leading to it, to be used if things cleared up in Salt Lake. The criminal at last confessed, and I started at once, arriving about a half hour before the cloud burst."

"And the rocks are the result of prowling," Mr. Tynan explained. "There's a little placer in a hidden canyon—in such a dense jungle that none but an absolutely idle man would think of penetrating it. I had no work and nothing to read except the pioneer's "Book of Mormon" or "Voice of Warning," so I explored. The stream, now quite dry, which must have brought down the pay gravel, appears to have issued from a big cleft in the solid rock wall; and, after running perhaps half a mile above ground it sank again into the earth—spongy spot similar to The Sinks. There may be incalculable wealth about; but there's enough in sight for three or four people."

As he spoke the last words, he looked at me with a merry yet pleading expression; and I pondered that glance long; pondered it as he and I plunged through the mud to our motor car, to secure therefrom whatever provisions might have escaped injury from the wet.

We took to the cabin nuts, canned raspberries and a lot of fresh Dutch cheese which Bee and I had obtained the day before from a ranch. With Mr. Tynan's good shepherd bread, and black coffee, and our merry hearts we made a delightful meal.

When the black walnut chair had been entirely consumed, and the room was growing chill, the two young men fared forth to sleep in our wet car, giving Bee the old bedstead of superior workmanship. Mr. Tynan, with a twinkle in his eye, advised me to lie on the floor at my sister's feet, like a gallant knight of the poetic olden days.

The following morning I overheard an enlightening conversation between the two men.

"She's the loveliest girl I ever saw," Mr. Phillips was saying when I happened within earshot.

"The other one will be handsomer when she is dressed!"

"*She!*"

"I tied the kitten in the chair, you know," chuckled Arthur.

It was several hours before I could face them. Then I said jauntily:

"A useless masquerade is tiresome. I'm going to get my dress."

While we were waiting for the roads to dry, we had exciting fun placer mining. Two days after the cloud burst we carried Arthur and some of the treasure in our automobile to Brigham City, where he got a train for Salt Lake to make the needful filings, leaving Denny Phillips in the hills on guard.

To make short a matter which has been rather long, but not too long, in the happening, the placer has turned out great! Big enough, almost too big, for Arthur, Denny, we girls and my dear old father!

Beatrice and Denny are to be married next summer. Arthur, while admitting that double weddings are "common," if not almost vulgar, nevertheless contends that one would be apropose in our situation—that is, if I will not marry him sooner.

THE THREADBARE PARADOX

No humorist, the miser lorn
That chuckles o'er his pence,
Yet more than any jokesmith born
He hath the saving sense.

HARRY COWELL.

IN NEED OF REPAIRS

By Lannie Haynes Martin

WHEN the Stantons moved into their Kensington avenue mansion they were much gayer than when they had lived in the little green-shuttered house in East Third street. From October to April there was an endless succession of dinners, receptions, teas, and from April to September, if they were not abroad, there did not seem days enough in the calendar for the garden parties, tennis tournaments and motoring jaunts. But if they possessed more of happiness than had once been theirs, it did not show itself in their faces.

Louis Stanton, most frequently in the public eye, was known chiefly by his speeding record and his fine-paying scowl, an expression which had become so familiar to expert illustrators they could add it on to any photograph even if a snapshot had not caught his latest escapades. Although known as past grand master in the joy riding fraternity, joy certainly did not shine out of his eyes.

Contentment was even scanter still in the countenance of his sister, Mary Ellen, whose recent coming out party, though far the most elaborate, the most expensive function, that the Stantons had yet attempted, had been totally eclipsed by other such affairs. It made no difference to them that Mary Ellen had been attending balls and receptions for the past two or three years, they chose to call this her "coming out," only she did not seem to get on any better after she had come than she did before. Mary Ellen well knew that the number of regretful responses marked on their invitation list was not due to illness or to an over-crowded social season. And this knowledge, along with much other unpleasant worldly wisdom, made her mouth sag at the corners in unbecoming curves. Especially set did these curves become when she eyed the billowy, embonpoint of the unstraight-fronted mother, or listened to the "you had ought" or "I have saw" of her self-made, suddenly successful father. These two odd factors, according to Mary Ellen's calculations, were the prime reason why the product of her happiness did not augment faster. But in the faces of the factors themselves, there were several degrees less of gloom. It may have been because they expected less of life. It may have been because, through long formed habits, they could not be idle, but nevertheless the factors had their own grievances and their pet dissatisfactions.

Mrs. Stanton had grown more and more impatient at the long series of formal dinners which Louis and Mary Ellen had been giving to visiting acquaintances. Mr. Stanton had refused a number of times to appear at all, dining in his den alone, newspapered, negligeed and negligent of all hospitality's demands. Mary Ellen herself wore a jaded look of satiety, and Louis openly confessed it was "all a bore."

Once when an eleven o'clock Sunday morning breakfast found them all up and at home, Mr. Stanton took occasion to remonstrate with the family collectively and individually in regard to their outrageous extravagances, citing certain times when certain sums and customs had been amply sufficient for this same family, and incidentally

remarked, "the East Third street house is vacant again; guess I'll sell it —nobody seems to want to live down there now."

No one made reply, and he met with no outward remonstrance, but in her heart Mrs. Stanton resolved that she would never sign the deed, for to her that "East Third street house" was not merely a piece of rentable or unrentable property, to her it was home. There she had gone as a bride, there Louis and Mary Ellen had been born, and there the very happiest days of all her life had been spent. Next day, after a short morning shopping tour, she had the chauffeur set her down opposite the fifty foot frontage of that little east-side, green shuttered cottage. She still had her own key, and opened the door with as much eagerness as a girl springs the lid of a solitaire's velvet case. Inside the hall was the same red and green body Brussels strip that she had helped to tack down twenty years before; there was the carved, old, golden oak hat rack and the gilt framed motto, done in red and green zephyr, to match the carpet. With but a glance at the parlor on one side and the front bedroom on the other, she went straight through the hall into the kitchen, giving an inward exclamation at how well the old linoleum was holding its own. Unconsciously she stooped down to look under the kitchen stove, and as unconsciously reaching for a broom, she swept out some fuzzy wisps of soft, gray down which she seemed to know were there by instinct.

She peeped into presses, drawers and cupboards, straightening, arranging and handling cracked old china with a tenderness it had not felt in years, and presently she realized she was having a most glorious good time. Then she discovered she was hungry. Not Mother Hubbard's traditional cupboard was more bare than the pantry in this vacant house, but Mrs. Stanton had memories of a little delicatessen store just round the corner. How often had she recalled that savory little shop when they were waiting the pleasure of a tardy caterer. Without hat or gloves or jacket she ran out the door and around the corner as she had done so often in the old days. The same little black-eyed, weazen faced woman was dishing out shrimp salad behind the big glass jars of stuffed mangoes and pickled tripe. She was exuberant in her joy at seeing her old customer again, and as she sliced the Swiss cheese and cold boiled ham and packed the potato, sauerkraut and hot baked beans into little paper buckets, she seasoned it all with neighborhood news and gave lavish, heaped, good measure.

Close to the little delicatessen there was a small vegetable and dressed poultry store, where fat turkeys, ducks and chickens hung in rows. With a sigh, Mrs. Stanton passed them, remembering the roasting merits of her old stove oven. And there were sweet potatoes and big old white Bermuda onions. They hadn't had a cooked onion since they had moved up to the Kensington avenue house. Mary Ellen said it would smell up the furniture. Back in the little old kitchen with the Dutch lunch spread out on the old blue willow ware, she ate and ate with growing satisfaction, but she could not get the onions and the big fat turkey out of her mind.

Presently a sudden resolution sent her flying to the telephone, which was not yet disconnected, and at the other end a grocer's clerk was smiling at the big fat order he was writing in his book. "This is Mrs. John Stanton, at 247 East Third street, right around the corner; don't make a mistake in the place, and send the things just as soon as you can." Then she telephoned to the house-keeper at the Kensington avenue house that she wouldn't be home for dinner. "Guess the old lady's been hit by the gad bug too," said the cook, who never knew whether he was to cook one dinner, four, or none.

In the middle of the afternoon, when the browning, sizzling turkey in the old gas oven, and the slowly stew-

ing onions on an upper eye, were sending out savory odors mingled with the scent of celery and sage, some one walking briskly from the curb outside came whistling and running up the old front steps.

"Why, that is Louis," excitedly exclaimed his mother, as she went out in the hall and guiltily closed the kitchen door after her to bottle up the onion odor. But it was not her twenty year old auto-speeder; it was old John Stanton himself! And he was whistling like a boy.

"Well, what in the world are you doing here?" he exclaimed as he ran into her in the dim hall.

"I just came down to look after some things," she evasively replied.

"Yes, I thought there might be some repairs needed in the pipes or something—that's why I came down," he lied baldly. "Um-um," he sniffed, "there's a mighty good smell in here, it seems to me," and then, not wishing his wife to see him browse through the old place, he was going away, but she took him by the hand, led him into the kitchen and opened the oven door. He was as excited, surprised and happy as a ten year old on Christmas morning. He had to peep into everything, taste the turkey dressing, and lick the spoon that had beaten the cake. And then he helped her set the table and they were just about ready to sit down when Mrs. Stanton said, "John, this looks selfish for us to go off like this and have a good time all by ourselves. Let's telephone the children."

"Land sakes," he expostulated, "do you suppose we could ever find them? And have you any idea they'd come if we did?"

"We can try," said the mother, who, after much telephoning, located Louis at his club, and by the mysterious appeal in her voice, dragged him away from a broiled lobster he was just beginning to devour. He was commissioned to find Mary Ellen, which he did, racing at a neck-breaking, speed-breaking pace, and telling her by way of inducement that their mother had found a gold mine or a skeleton or something in the old house in East Third street.

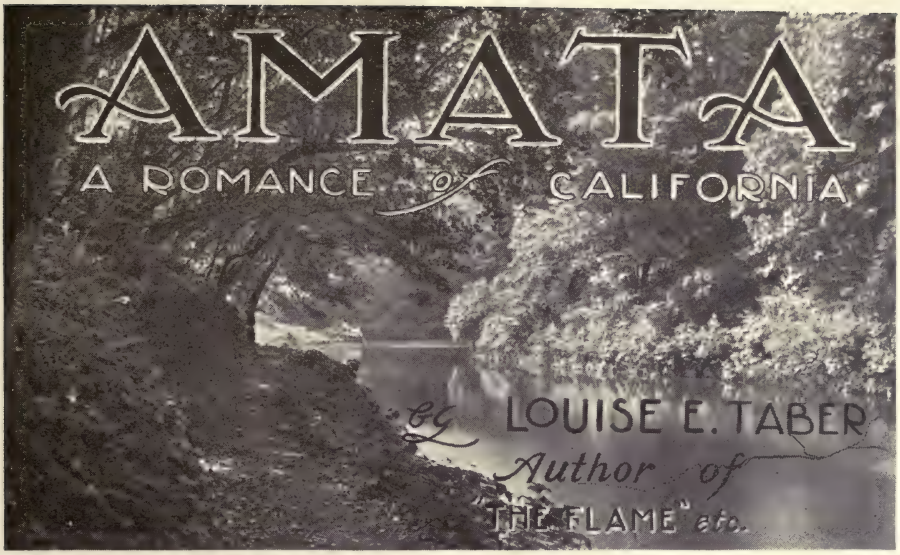
When they arrived and saw the genuine happiness shining in the faces of their parents, and caught the odor of the dinner that was just ready to be put on the table, they entered at once into the spirit of the ocacsion, and Louis said he'd leave broiled lobster any day to get such a feast as that.

Mary Ellen helped her mother put on the finishing touches, and when they sat down they were such jolly, excited, talkative little party that Louis, in a sudden burst of good humor and good sense, said: "Mary Ellen, I was a really, truly prophet. Mother has found a gold mine here, and I propose that we never rent this old shack again, but keep it for just such jolly times as this!"

His mother came impulsively and put her arms around his neck, and cried a bit on his shoulder, just to let them know how happy she was, and old John Stanton declared he'd never think again of either selling it or renting it.

That night, when they were back in their Kensington avenue mansion, and mother Stanton was snuggling under her satin covered eider down coverlid, she put out her hand and touched the occupant of the twin ivory inlaid brass four-poster that stood beside her own and said: "I guess, John, it was not the house that needed the repairs. I guess it was us!"

He squeezed her wrinkled, old fat hand and said, "You've certainly blowed the back water out of all my pipes," and went to dreaming of the time when he ran a little plumbing shop down at the corner of Sycamore and East Second.



IX.

IT WAS a quarter before nine when they reached the Gordon home. The house was set in about a hundred feet from the road, and was a large, roomy dwelling made of gray stone. Back of the beautiful garden was an orchard. To the left of the house was a small grove of old oaks, whose spreading branches made a canopy under which hammocks were hung. Everything was homelike, suggestive of ease and comfort.

Elsie took them to the grove. "Before your breakfast is served, we can run over some singing exercises," she said to Amata.

They helped the old man into a hammock, and Elsie put a pillow under his head.

"You'll be asleep before long," she said, looking down on him with sympathy.

She slipped her hand through Amata's arm, and they went together up the walk, and entered the house by the side door on the broad veranda. They went into the spacious music-room, which looked out on the grove, and Elsie opened the long windows so that the old man could hear Amata singing.

"I have something to tell you," Amata said.

"Yes? I know! Some one is in love with you!" Elsie shook a teasing finger at her.

"No," she protested. "I want your advice on something serious. You always have told me that I should be an opera singer. Well, last night I was at the Peninsula Hotel, and Mr. Burke offered to loan me the necessary money for singing lessons, so that I can go on the stage. I could pay him back as soon as I make a success, but would it be right for me to accept so much from him—a stranger?"

Elsie was thoughtfully silent. "I don't know what to tell you," she said at last. "It all depends on the kind of man he is. What does your father say?"

"He doesn't know about it yet. I told Mr. Burke that father doesn't want me to go on the stage, and Mr. Burke said that I had better make him understand that it would be all right before telling him of the offered money."

"Did he know before he made the proposition that your father objects to you becoming an artist?"

"No," Amata slowly acknowledged, and turned anxious eyes on Elsie.

"Then it is strange that he didn't speak to your father at once. That would have been the nobler way. But of course he doesn't know either of you very well. Perhaps he didn't know just what to do. I'll ask papa what he thinks of Mr. Burke."

"Don't speak of the offer. It would be horrible to have father learn of it from some one else. Perhaps we had better begin singing. I don't want him to be uneasy."

Elsie struck some resounding chords on the concert grand piano.

"What shall it be?" she asked. "The 'Mad Scene' from 'Lucia?' You are learning that very quickly."

Amata's mellow tones broke on the quiet air. The old man, out in the hammock listened with troubled pleasure. He knew that she could make a fortune on the stage, and added to her artistic talent was her physical charm, for many had told him that she was beautiful, but he could not let her go, knowing that temptation would follow her like a vampire. He thought that Elsie's friendship would be Amata's safeguard, for he was sure that the Gordons would employ her. These thoughts eased his troubled mind, and he listened contentedly to Amata's singing. Presently her sweet voice and the mesmerizing calm of the warm air lulled him to sleep.

Mrs. Gordon came out of the house, and seeing him, told a maid to cover him with a mosquito netting. She waited at the foot of the steps until her instructions were followed out, then started off to the orchard, without turning to see Marcella, who was coming up the path. The girl stood still, watching. Amata's voice was rippling out in a well executed cadenza, and presently Elsie went on with the accompaniment. Joy and peace were everywhere but in Marcella's heart. Her bitter contempt for the street musicians was increased tenfold. She abruptly started back to the road. The consideration that the Gordons were showing these wanderers made it possible for Roy to admire Amata openly. Stepping into her motor-car, Marcella said sharply to the chauffeur:

"To Burlingame!"

A way must be found to drive these Italians from San Mateo, and she determined to accomplish her purpose, even if she must humble her dignity enough to ask Mr. Burke to aid her.

* * * *

It was dinner time before Marcella returned home. She had not enjoyed her day in Burlingame. She knew that her hold on Roy was weakening, and not even her vanity could beguile her into believing that he cared for her as he did before going to Bakersfield. After dinner she received a telephone message from Roy, saying that he would call that evening with Mr. La Farge, who was leaving the next day for Canada.

"I'm sorry he is going so soon," she said, half-aloud, as she hung up the receiver.

"Who is going?" asked her father.

"Mr. La Farge."

A puzzled frown crossed Mr. Van Dorn's face.

When Marcella was dressed for the evening, she came down the broad stairway, followed by her maid, and from the court went out on the front veranda. She stood looking over the lawn. The sun had set and the last rose-purple tints were fading from the sky. Deep shadows already had fallen under the trees, and she felt the charm and romance of the early evening hour. It was warm, and not a single breeze stirred the leaves that lay in listless quiet. She turned to her maid.

"Tess, have a piano lamp put on the terrace, and I want this willow chair under it. You may bring some of my mandolin music."

When Marcella sat under the bright light, the maid placed a cushion for her feet. Marcella took her mando-

lin and settled back. Her decollete gown was of soft pale yellow silk, trimmed with a fringe of finely cut gold beads. Her fingers were resplendent with jewels; she wore a diamond necklace, and the coils of her wavy blonde hair were held together with a narrow band of diamonds. She was sure that Roy must feel the fascination that she would cast over Mr. La Farge to-night. Before long she heard Marston's voice, then some one laughed. She knew that Mr. Burke was with them. She felt a thrill of satisfaction when they entered, for they had stopped speaking the moment they saw her.

"Behold the 'Three Musketeers!'" said Mr. Burke. He felt the charm of her regal beauty as he imitated the Frenchman and bent to kiss her hand.

Roy understood this theatrical effect, and wondered why Marcella had stooped to it. The men drew chairs around hers, and Mr. Burke and the Frenchman vied with each other in showering her with compliments. Roy, silent and thoughtful, was impatient with the scene. His silence was filling Marcella with cruel delight. She thought he was jealous, and it stimulated her vivacity.

Later the Gordons came, and Marcella found herself the attraction of the group. Roy devoted himself to Elsie, while Mr. Gordon and his host discussed the business of the day. Mr. Van Dorn thought that Mr. La Farge avoided him, and once when Mr. Gordon spoke of the Prosperity Oil Company, the Frenchman entered into an animated conversation with Marcella. It was Mr. Burke who turned and listened with a somewhat amused light in his eyes.

Supper was served in the dining-room. Marcella was the last to rise.

"May I have a word with you, Mr. Burke?"

"Surely!" with quiet surprise.

The Frenchman, with Mrs. Van Dorn, followed the others into the house.

"I have been thinking about the musicians," Marcella began, "about their long stay here in San Mateo. I don't like it. How can they make an honest living? They should be induced to go away."

Mr. Burke crushed down his elation. Marcella was placing herself under obligation to him.

"I promise that they shall leave, if it lies within my power," he said.

He took the hand Marcella held out, and a sarcastic smile stole over her lips, for she noticed that his nails were manicured.

"Please don't mention what we have said," she carelessly returned.

"Certainly not." A conquering light flashed in his downcast eyes.

X

"You are quiet this evening, Amata. What's the matter?" The old violinist stretched his hand across the rickety table at which they ate, in the little back room in the hut.

"Nothing, father." She threw a cheerful tone into her voice, but she was pale. Her heart was rent by her dutiful love for the old man contending with her desire to accept the brilliant future that Mr. Burke described to her. Their conversation had been interrupted, and he had asked her to see him alone that night. Something in his voice had made her consent. He was to come to the hut at seven, the hour the violinist always slept. It would be the first time in her life that she would meet a man alone by appointment, and although the miner was to come to her garden, it did not make it any more proper. When the old man was asleep, she stole out, closing the door behind her. When Mr. Burke came, it was so softly that she did not hear him. He stood a moment studying her, delighting in her unconscious beauty.

"Amata!" he called softly.

She turned, and her heart gave a paintful throb. "I want to ask your forgiveness for this appointment, made so imprudently," she said. "I can't listen to your kind offer. Father will never consent, and I can't disobey him."

Mr. Burke was prepared for the refusal. "Come and sit over here," he said, pointing to the stumps. "I ask you to listen not only for your own good, but for your father's sake."

She went. His calm strength dominated her. He did not speak at once, but was studying her fine profile and her wealth of wavy black hair.

"It may seem unkind for me to urge you in this way," he began, "but the time has come when something must be done. I wish it were possible for you to accept my offer without forcing me to say something that will be hard for you to bear. I wish you could have sufficient faith to trust me blindly; but that, I understand, is impossible."

"What do you mean?"

He went to the farther end of the garden and returned. "It is hard for me to say it!" he exclaimed, as if the words were torn from an anguished heart. "When I offered to pay for your musical education, I did it because I was interested in your voice, and it hurt me to see you throwing away your life in this wandering life. I wanted to help you because I felt it was my duty, but if it was my duty then, surely it is doubly so now . . . You and our father are not wanted here . . . I have been asked to have you go away!"

"Not wanted!" she echoed.

He dared not look at her, for the sound of her voice had shaken him with momentary remorse.

"People can't understand how you make money enough to live," he forced himself to say.

With a smothered cry she confronted him. "They think we are not honest?" she gasped.

He did not answer, but bowed his head.

She stood looking down at him with dilated eyes, and her whole form trembled with terror. "Father and I will go away at once," she said, and pride swept through her tone. "I thank you for telling me."

He quickly looked up. "Don't you see that it is impossible for you to continue this life? It is unreasonable to suppose that San Mateo will be the only place in which you will encounter unkindly feeling. You must realize that you are a woman, a beautiful woman, and it seems strange to the vulgar minded to see you select such a way to earn your living. If your father could only realize this he would understand that you are in more danger singing in the streets than you would be as a professional artist. I want to help you, and now is the time. You will leave here humble and powerless, but you will return triumphant, a queen among women. I can't see your life ruined. Surely, you understand."

"Yes," she dully answered, and pressing her hands to her eyes, swayed.

He slipped his arm about her. She quickly mastered herself and drew away, but not before his lips had lightly touched her hair.

"Sit here," he said. "It is terrible that I should cause you so much pain."

She shook her head. "I thank you for your kindness and frankness. I must make father see that this wandering life must end. Miss Gordon likes me. Perhaps I must do as father wishes, ask her for a position in her home."

"Amata! Surely you can't mean that with your possibilities for a brilliant future you would throw them all away and become a servant!"

Her proud spirit shrank from the word.

"You couldn't bear it," he went on. "You should begin at once a life that you can continue when you will be left alone. Don't reply now to my offer. Take time to consider it."

She looked up, and he saw the torture to which he had been subjecting her.

"I have faith in you," she said. "Your kindness has been too great for me to doubt your sincerity. I had determined to refuse your offer, but now I want time to reconsider it." She held out her hand, and he took it

without visible emotion. "Please go!"

"Poor girl!" he murmured, but triumph was in his eyes.

Amata stole into the house. The old man was still asleep, and as she looked upon his peaceful face, she burst into tears. How could any one accuse him of being a thief? A thief! The word struck her like a blow. She threw herself on her little bed. Her love of life was gone; nothing faced her except the brutal accusation.

XI

The next morning Mr. Van Dorn rose early and went down the Crystal Springs road in the hope of finding Amata. When near her home, he saw her coming slowly up the road, holding a small milk pail. He noticed with anxiety that her head was drooping, and as he drew nearer, he saw that she was pale and that her cheeks were tear stained. She did not observe him until he stood before her, and when she looked up, tears were trembling on her lashes.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I'm unhappy." She tried to stifle a sob.

"You want a different life, don't you?" he asked, with pleasure.

"Yes," she faltered. "I can't continue this street singing. I know people think it is strange that I find no other way to earn my living."

"I have come to suggest another way," he returned. "May I walk with you?"

"Yes. I am going to get some milk."

"I have been thinking that this is not a fit life for you," he said, "and I know how to remedy it."

She gave him a quick glance. "How?"

"It came to me last night that it would be a good plan for you to become a concert singer. You have the voice, the personality and the essential magnetism. There is no reason why you shouldn't make a great success, and it would be so much better than going on the operatic stage. How would you like that?"

"Could I make a success?" she said.

"Of course you could! And I am sure that your father wouldn't object. He could be with you always, and there would be none of the stage excitement that he fears. I want to ask him if he is willing to let me pay for your instructions with a good teacher."

"How kind you are!" she exclaimed, her heart full of sudden joy. This proposition would necessitate no secrecy between herself and Mr. Van Dorn, as there was with Mr. Burke. Her father could manage everything. Tears of gratitude rose to her eyes and she held out her hand. If some people in San Mateo were unkind, she at least had trusting friends in Mr. Van Dorn, the Gordons and Mr. Burke.

"May I go and ask your father about it?"

Amata hesitated. "Miss Gordon wants me to sing at her party to-morrow night. If I make a success, I'll suggest it to him. I want him to know how willingly I can give up the idea of going on the stage."

Mr. Van Dorn was beaming. "Can you give up the opera without regret?"

"Yes. All I want is to earn my living in a better way and earn it with my voice. A great part of my happiness lies in music."

"I am glad. Music will fill many vacancies in your life."

She nodded with sudden sadness. "When I think of my mother and the happiness I have lost through losing her, I begin to sing, for it is a pleasure to know that my voice is like hers."

Mr. Van Dorn abruptly turned from her. They walked a distance in silence. "Are you lonesome without her?" he asked, and his tone was low and strained. "Do you feel the need of her?"

"Do you think your life would have

been the same without your mother, Mr. Van Dorn?"

"No. Do you ever want to know something of your real father?" he ventured.

"Yes, but he was cruel. How could he have deserted my mother?"

"Perhaps he has asked himself that same question a thousand times, Amata. We never understand the impulse that prompts one to do wrong. Do you feel any sympathy for him?"

She did not answer at once, and his heart throbbed with a sickening dread.

"I am sorry for any one who does wrong," she simply said.

A desperate light flashed across his face. "Could you ever love him because he is your father?"

"I don't know. I can't imagine what sort of a man he is. He must be heartless; then I couldn't love him."

"Perhaps he isn't; perhaps he had some insane idea to make a place for himself in the world. He may have been foolish enough to be a financial and a social climber; then——"

"Then he should have taken my mother with him. What right had he to leave her?" She turned to him, but he could not look at her.

"He had no right. Perhaps his remorse has been as great as the suffering he caused your poor mother. But if you should find him and he was not the heartless man you suppose; if he were willing to atone for the past, could you forgive him and love him as you would love a father?"

"I don't know," she slowly said. "If he has truly repented, and if he loves my mother's memory because he regrets his wrongs, then perhaps I could forgive him and learn to love him. But why do you ask these questions?"

"Because if you can forgive and love him there is something angelic in your nature, and I know that you merit all I can give." He hardly knew what he said, for his voice fell strangely on his ears; it sounded so fresh and youthful.

"I want to do what is right," she said, earnestly. "Now I must go for the milk. Again I thank you for your kind offer. It has taken a burden from my heart." She held out her hand with candid friendship, and he took it with hopeful love.

Mr. Burke came around the corner of the cross road, but when he saw them, he dodged back. He was on his way to the fields near Amata's home. His quick eye caught the happiness in Mr. Van Dorn's face. Amata's back was turned to him. He stepped behind a hedge until Mr. Van Dorn started off in the opposite direction, walking with youthful briskness towards his home. Then Mr. Burke looked for Amata. She was going towards a main street, gaily swinging her pail, and her voice came to him in a joyful, care-free song. He glanced from the millionaire's retreating figure to Amata, and a dangerous, vindictive light flared in his eyes.

(*To be Continued.*)

DREGS OF WAR

War, and the roll of drum,
And the bugle's breath;
The tramp of feet that come,
And—death.

War, and the smoking gun,
Through the stubborn years;
War, and glory, won,
And—tears.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

CHAMBERS' BOY

By Florence Lister Land May

THE BOY had worked steadily for five years upon his father's ranch in western Oregon. He had begun when he was a shaver of twelve years, at which time it had seemed a grand lark to work like a man; and now that he had reached the age of sixteen, he felt as if he had known no other life. In speech he was as rude as the common laborers with whom he toiled, yet there was a refinement in his voice, even when he blundered most over grammatical construction, which seemed more or less to worry him. It was as if he felt vaguely, without knowing why, that something was wrong or out of place both in himself and his speech. His laugh, gurgling like a brook over rough pebbles, and ending with a little musical catch like a negro's, was always infectious. It reached the ears of the foreman and two of his favorite workmen, as they sat beneath the cloudless blue sky at the noon hour.

"It's gladsome to hear the young 'un cackle," Buzz exclaimed to the foreman.

"There's somethin' wond'ful 'bout that there boy," replied the "boss." "I seen 'm settin' flat on the ground handlin' the baby chicks that tender, an' a' talkin' to the old pullets and roosters in a way to make yo' eyes spout water. Then again I 'eard 'im a talkin' to 'imself 'mong the pines at sunset, an' laughin' low kind of foolish like, only he looked so happy I hadn't the heart to stop 'im. It was queer, though, kind of spirit like." The big, brawny foreman shivered.

"Wall, O'ive been a thinking," put in Pat Mulligan, a weedy, stunted little Irishman, "O'ive been a thinkin' that it's the plain juty of that bye's feyther to give him a eddication."

"Eh?" exclaimed Buzz. "Shucks! The boy's happy."

"Mabbe so, mabbe so, but all the same it ain't the roight place for the bye," persisted Pat.

"I've got it!" cried the boss, springinging up. "His father's comin' up from 'Frisco nex' week—let's put it to 'im strong. What d'ye say?"

"The maisther!" cried Pat, awestruck, then firmly, "O'im wid yer."

"I'm thinkin' it might make Mr. Chambers worse than ever to the boy, an' him his own flesh an' blood, too," demurred Buzz, puffing harder than usual at his briar pipe. "Yer remember how he beat 'im the last time he was here?"

"Don't quarrel, boys, over the young 'un," advised Jake Cummins, the boss of Chambers' ranch. "'Tain't doin' the lad no good, as I can see, an' we mus' pull shoulder to shoulder if we're minded to give 'im his rights an' a eddication I'm sommat against a speakin' to his pa, what's never been a pa to 'im; but I've more'n half made up my mind to write this very night to 'is ma in Boston."

"Begorrah! an' yer don't mane to say you're thinkin' sthrong o' writin' to Sallie?—beggin' 'er pard'n, Mrs. Turner, what's more rightfully named Chambers. Oi don't b'lave in divorces and Oi be not afther changin' my moind because 'twas Sallie hersilf what be a forgettin' the Boible."

"Shut up, Pat," ordered Buzz, "the kid's comin' this way."

"Who said I'm a fine young gentleman, and me tendin' the chickens,"

replied the youth, shamefacedly, flushing beneath his sunburn.

"Well, me an' the boys been a considerin' the question of yer eddication," answered Buzz, importantly.

"Education!" repeated the boy dazedly. "He," pointing to the south, "ain't never said nothin', an' till he says somethin' 'tain't no use to talk about what ain't."

"Well, by the saints——" began Pat, violently, but the boss laid a restraining hand upon him.

"The boy loves 'is daddy," he warned.

"Yes," replied Donald sullenly, "I love him."

The lad had drawn himself up to his full height; a bright color came and went in his cheeks; his eyes were unnaturally bright and glittering as he exclaimed: "The one what speaks against him is got Donald Chambers to fight."

The trio slipped away in silence. The boy flung himself on the ground. "Father," he sobbed, convulsively, "father, you beat me, you hurt me; but them fellows ain't to say so. I'll fight; I'll kill them what says you're bad."

Meanwhile the boss was shaking his head. "I didn't know 'twas in him," he blurted out suddenly.

"I say, boys, I'll write this very night to the lad's ma. She's wed rich in Boston, and I'm believin' that once she saw 'ow the lad's neglected, she'll send for 'im."

That night, after the work was done and after Donald was in bed, the two workmen and the boss sat down together by the little redwood table by the open log fire in a semi-circle, and by dint of much labor completed a letter to Sallie Turner urging her and her husband the necessity of placing Donald in school; also they dwelt lightly upon the inhumanity of the boy's father, who was leaving him to grow up with the "pigs and the chickens."

"'Tain't puttin' it too strong, d'ye think?" asked Buzz. "We might be losin' our places."

"Be afther losin' 'em, thin," shouted Pat, indignantly.

The next morning Buzz was solemnly despatched to the post office with the letter, and the three friends counted the days until the reply came.

* * * *

The master had come, and had, for some trivial offense, again beat Donald, but his loyal comrades dared not offer sympathy a second time; so the boy wept out his grief in silence, alone with the pines.

At last the day of their relief came. The father departed south, and as luck would have it, so thought the ranchmen, Sallie Turner's reply arrived the same afternoon. Sallie wrote in a fashionable angular hand now that was difficult to read, but at last, by perseverance, it was deciphered.

Her "Mother's heart was bleeding for her son, who had been snatched from her by the cruel courts of law, and she would come for him. The entire matter must, however, be kept from his father." Secrecy, even from Donald, until the last moment, was to be the watch-word.

Sallie gave minute details as to where and when she would meet them and the boy. She had shown remarkable foresight, and had planned well.

The pals were puffed up with the pride of their important secret. Hints of it burst out at the most inopportune times, and more than once the trio found Donald's wondering eyes upon them. Donald was evidently constructing something, but as he was never satisfied with it, and pulled it to pieces every night, it was difficult to discover exactly what it was.

In a dogged, loyal sort of way, the boy loved his father. The why and the wherefore of his continued separation from him, his sudden bursts of affection, followed, as often, by unexpected cruel beatings, puzzled the boy's slow brain, but were problems to which he had never found an answer until recently. His companions on the farm he secretly loved; but, noting the marked difference between their dress, speech and manners and

his father's, he admitted them to only a shade of intimacy. The boy had so loyally defended his father, showing in his straightened bearing and flashing eye the loyalty of love and pride when, in their mistaken zeal, they had commiserated with him; the three simple, rough ranchmen glowed with an awkward joy and surprise over "the kid's spunk."

* * * *

Sallie Turner had been a ward and protege of Joshua Bibbs, who owned the ranch adjoining Chambers'. She was an orphan girl, who, by a strange chance of fortune, had fallen under their protection. Her mother, a poor widow, had applied to them by letter for board for herself and little girl, Sallie; and honest Joshua Bibbs, ready to earn an extra penny through taking a few summer guests, had consented to board her.

Neither he nor his good wife, Rhoda, had dreamed that, in consenting to receive the widow Perkins as a boarder, they were taking upon themselves the care of an invalid. Annie Perkins arrived at the ranch too ill to stand upon her feet, and died within a month of quick consumption. The Bibbs searched in vain for relatives or friends to relieve them of little Sallie. The mother left no tell-tale traces behind her.

The good couple shook their heads and were disturbed by grave doubts in regard to the disposition of the child.

"It would be too bad to take her to the asylum," protested Rhoda Bibbs, a sort of hunger in her eyes for the dark-eyed baby of four years, who had, somehow, seemed to fill a yearning vacancy in her childless breast.

"Well, then, let's keep 'er," replied Joshua Bibbs, "her board an' clothes won't amount to much, an' I expect she'd be kind o' company for you, ma."

"Yes, pa, she would," Rhoda replied. "I love the little thing! Poor mother! to have given birth to a child like that an' then—an' then have to leave it!" sobbed Rhoda, who had never borne a child.

"Pa" kissed her tenderly, saying, "Never mind, ma, there, there!"

Early in their married life they had decided to so call each other, their youthful hopes of offspring having met with no fruition. As the years passed and still no children came to bless them, although in the continual hoping and waiting Rhoda's comely face had assumed an almost Madonna expression.

They had agreed to act as if they had really possessed the children they had hoped for so hopelessly.

Joshua went to the village store at S—— one day and returned with a baby's crib, and lovingly, lingeringly, Rhoda had made the little bed clothes for it; then, when in the actual course of time, had there been a child, it would have needed rattles, rubber rings, a sawdust doll or woolly lamb, Joshua Bibbs and Rhoda had together happily bought them. Later a buggy was added, and a little white enameled high chair, and still Rhoda's all absorbing desire remained ungratified.

"It's a shame!" cried Joshua, gazing tearfully down at the little crib. "An' you would 'ave been such a mother! I've a mind to call you 'ma' anyhow." And so she had been named from that day, never dreaming that fate would, by a sudden, inexplicable turn, cast into her aching arms a little child who would call her "mother."

They had tenderly guarded and nurtured the little Sallie, growing young again in her smiles and pretty, infantile ways. They had given her a good common school education, and taught her the words of the Master from the New Testament.

But one day when she was sixteen she had returned from a long ride the wife of Joe Chambers, the dissolute and wealthy mine and ranch owner. It was too late for her foster parents to object, so they had taken the husband of their girl to their hearts as well. The first thing Chambers did was to take Sallie down to San Francisco and forbid any further commu-

nication with her foster parents. A few months later her child, Donald, was born, and, a year after his birth, Sallie left her husband, taking her child with her. The day her husband's suit for divorce was granted, she had wedded a wealthy Easterner, madly infatuated with her beauty. Whereupon Chambers applied to the court for the custody of the child, and won the suit.

Since that day, Donald had never seen his mother's face, and, for some reason which no one could fathom, his father had placed him upon his ranch with his foreman and hands at the age of twelve, regardless of his education and future prospects. Rumor in San Francisco said that the woman who had weaned Chambers from his wife had, at last, rebelled against his devotion to the boy. Jealousy of Sally was the real reason.

The day had at last arrived when Sallie was to meet "the boss," and Pat at S——, Buzz having finally, in a spirit of genuine self-sacrifice, consented to remain at home. It was with difficulty that Donald had been persuaded to accompany him. It was not until the station was in sight that they had told him that he was there to meet his mother whom he did not remember. More they did not say. They thought it best to leave the rest to Sallie.

When at last he saw her, a pretty, brown eyed little woman, the impulsive color flooding her cheeks as she held out her arms to him, crying, "My boy! My poor boy!" something seemed to snap within him. He was at her feet, crying, repeating over and over again: "Mother—mother—mother!"

At that moment he knew that his mother was good.

* * * *

Time passed, in which Donald had made the closer acquaintance of his mother and step-father. Sallie had earnestly, lovingly taught him such rules of life and conduct as would, she felt, make him acceptable to his step-father, but it was no use. From the moment Lem Turner set eyes upon the boy, he detested him, nor was he long in showing his dislike.

Donald's eyes were blue like his father's, and at every turn Turner was reminded of the man he loathed, Sallie's former husband. A lurking suspicion had long since formulated itself in his mind that Sallie had to the last loved the wild, reckless Chambers, and had married him, Turner, in a fit of pique.

The boy lived with them and went to school; but his glad whoop of welcome for his mother was silenced when his step-father was present. He stumbled awkwardly about the richly furnished rooms, upsetting the furniture, and occasionally, so unused had he been in his simple life to such things, crushing a choice bit of bric-a-brac. Then was his step-father's brow thunderous, for he was a collector of art of all kinds.

During the last two years Donald had learned much, his speech was no longer rough and boorish; his manners had softened; but in spite of all these things the lad was unhappy. He wrote more and more frequently to "the boss," Pat and Buzz, and not at all to his father who, he declared sullenly, "was not his father."

At first Chambers had been violent and had kept the mails hot with a rush of threatening letters; but as Sallie remained firm, and Donald also, the former openly threatening to expose his cruelty to the boy, he finally desisted.

At any rate, while Sallie was torn by a conflict within that sent her feelings to palpitating in turn for husband and child; while Donald lost his buoyancy and became sulky and depressed, passing long hours at night planning to escape from his unhappiness. Then the unexpected happened. Joe Chambers died suddenly of heart disease.

When his will was read it showed that he had bequeathed everything to the boy, Donald Chambers. Sallie was delighted, and wept so violently that her husband disappeared for two

days until, as he said, "the d—— foolishness would be over."

He had been losing money heavily, and pulled himself together as the realization broke upon him that there under his roof was a guardianless boy who would possess a fortune in his own right.

"Feel bad, my son?" he exclaimed, arriving home rather unexpectedly. "Well, come out in the Mercedes with me. A little air will do you good."

Donald shook his head. He disliked his step-father, and his was not a nature to pretend; besides a terrible new grief was shaking him. He had misjudged *him*—his father. Surely, his father must have loved him after all.

"Like father, like son!" his step-father sneered. They had hated him as he had hated them. Well, so be it. He would yet control the boy's fortune through Sallie. He "could manage Sallie, all right," he declared, when suddenly, as if out of a serene sky, a bolt came. Another will had been found in Chambers' private safe in San Francisco. Everything was still left to the boy, but the estate was placed in the hands of competent guardians, to be carefully handled until the lad was of age. Even then, the new will stipulated, Donald should only receive a part; a larger portion when he was twenty-five, and the bulk of the estate when he had reached thirty. His son was, so the will declared, left in the care and custody of his mother until he reached the age of twenty-one. No means were provided for his support until then.

Donald would have to wait two years before receiving a cent of his father's fortune.

Sallie wept, knowing how strained the relations were already in her household. Turner swore and openly declared that he would not support the boy nor allow him to remain longer in the house.

"It is a mean trick," he stormed. "A trick! What is the boy to me?"

"I realize he is nothing," replied Sallie, with compressed lips, "but he is everything to me. If he goes out of this house, I go!"

The boy, passing through the hall, heard the remark. He said nothing, but when his mother arose the next morning she found a note beneath her door, which read: "I'm going to friends. Will come back for you when I'm twenty-one."

* * * *

"Merciful Saints, if it ain't 'imself, an' as foine a young gintleman as I ever see in me whole loife!" shouted Pat rapturously, as Donald alighted joyously at Sand Springs one bright winter morning.

"Well, 'ow be you, boy?" exclaimed the foreman. "Ye bean't forgettin' Buzz? An' here's Mr. and Mrs. Bibbs too. All yo' friends be here, laddie."

"I'm happy to get back," cried Donald, "and I never want to leave you again until I am a grown man."

Buzz nudged Pat. "It's like 'is own fine lookin' father, 'e be."

"S-sh!" cried Pat, but Donald interrupted.

"Boys, I want you to believe that my father loved me and—my mother, also."

"Shure! Shure!" cried Pat. "It were mesilf what wuz sayin'——"

"We be agoin' to see yer eddicated up ter the handle, kid," said the boss.

"I'm sorry, friends, but I must work for a living. I like ranch life, and, as for education, why I'm educated already. Hurrah for home, I say!" Donald beamed lovingly upon them all, and Pat threw up his hat.

Here Joshua Bibbs stepped forward and, laying a hand on Donald's shoulder, exclaimed: "You know we love you, laddie, Rhoda an' me, and it be a grief to us that—ah—that—well, you know all about it, son, so we won't talk about by-gones. I stopped by the cabin and the boss insisted on my takin' a bite to eat, when I stooped down an' looked at your invention——"

"Invention!" repeated Donald, bluntly.

He had never named his yearning to make something new with his hands —a volition which he had never him-

self understood, and now he paused puzzled and speechless.

"That there contraption, lad, what yer was always a' workin' at," explained the beaming boss.

"Well, it was this way, boy," continued Joshua Bibbs, "I stooped down an' I looked at the thing, an' I said, 'why, this is a new-fangled incubator.' You should have seen the boys there! They laughed and guffawed, an' allowed it wan't no account."

"The upshot of it is, lad, that I sent the plan o' the thing on to Washington, an' here's yo' patent. You'll be a rich man in your own right. I order an incubator on the spot. This thing hatches chickens like flies, an' —whether's there's eggs inside of it or not!" he added with a guffaw, wringing Donald's hand.

Rhoda had her arms about him. "Oh, boy, boy!" she cried, "we have always wanted a son."

"And I——" replied Donald, thickly—say, boys, a fellow can never have too many mothers. I need a father, too," he added, placing an arm about old Joshua's neck—"and," nodding brightly at the rest—"friends."

"The bye's a gintleman, a gintleman," shouted Pat.

"He's something better, boys—he's a man," cried Bibbs.

MERRY MAY

A mist of purple 'midst the lilac trees,
A crooning brook, with pearl and sapphire gleams:—
A kingcup gold, beside a clover pink,
And on her emerald throne, a daisy dreams.

A shaft of pink athwart the apple blooms,
Where robin softly trills his bird song clear—
A butterfly coquetting with a wild rose sweet—
Who lifts a blushing face, his amorous tale to hear.

A flash of green, where young leaves coy, unfold—
An arching sky of shimmering turquoise blue—
With fleecy clouds—so like soft thistledown
That winds across some limpid lake did strew.

A song of love borne on the drowsy air,
And scented blooms dance gaily on the spray:—
While Nature calls from field and flower and stream—
"Dull winter's past—come greet the merry, merry May!"

AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.

THE SUPREME TEST

By Arthur W. Peach

"COLONEL," one of the group asked him, "don't you think you can tell what a man would do in a crisis by his general manner every day? You've had experience. What's your belief?"

The Colonel smoothed back his white hair, and settled himself in his chair.

"I've heard you young fellows arguing over that matter. Perhaps I can tell you a story that will make the matter clear a little."

"That's just what we want," the spokesman said, pleased with the answer to his question—a story.

The Colonel began. "Some time ago, as the years of a man's life run, I was stationed at Fort Lane in the West. I won't give you a lot of details, because they aren't to the point. But when I arrived there I found the post interested in one of those everlasting three-cornered love affairs. Captain Bell's daughter was the most interesting corner. She was a beautiful, happy hearted girl, just the kind of a girl a man learns to love at first sight. One of the other corners was a young Lieutenant there—Botsford by name; he was quiet in manner and appearance, a serene faced, commanding sort of a chap, who seemed always "on the job." The other corner was an attache of the adjutant's office; he was just opposite in many ways—a careless, happy-go-lucky chap, with no poise or balance. He was ready for a fight or a frolic any time. As far as looks went, Botsford had him beaten.

"In everybody's opinion, almost, she ought to have been able to decide between the two men easily, but, someway or other, she seemed to find it a difficult proposition. Each had his points; but to most of us Botsford seemed the man; he was sane, cool-headed, courageous.

"The test came in a surprising way. I remember when Benson came into the barracks where I was busy. 'Well, listen to this,' he said to me. 'I had a date with The Only Girl; she slips up, and gives the same time to Botsford; and now—we're both to go with her. Doesn't that sound interesting?'

"I admitted that it did, and also suggested that perhaps she was doing it to get a line on them. Little did I think of the line she did get on them before the ride was over.

"They had planned to ride to the east into what we called the Red Basin, then follow the creek down.

"They had gotten some distance out from the fort—I couldn't say how many miles, for I wasn't sure of the distance then, and am not now. Anyway, about an hour after they had gone, a runner from the north reached us, that a bunch of Sioux had skipped their reservation and were coming hell-bent down our way. They were out to do all the killing they could before they got finished themselves. We knew they would head through the Basin, and the next thought was of the three down there riding.

"Bell was given command of a picked troop, and away we went, for I had the good fortune to be among the number.

"Now, I'll skip on to the ride of the lovers. They were down in the creek bottom, riding along and chatting—I got the whole story later—when Benson's horse began to act suspiciously. The horse had got a whiff of the wind blowing down the creek. He knew his horse well enough to judge that something was up. The horse was an old timer—rather of a joke around the post, but the old codger had smelled

Indians before, and he hadn't forgotten.

"Benson urged that they turn back. Of course, Botsford made it out as a sort of joke, and rode on with Miss Bell. Benson said no more, but went on with them, knowing that his wish to return just because his old horse had acted a little out of the ordinary had made a joke of him.

"But they hadn't gone a hundred yards before from the drop of the cliff a bunch of flame flashed out. The three turned at the flash and started back on the full jump. From behind the cliff came the Sioux at breakneck speed. Only one of their shots had taken effect—a big slug had missed Botsford, and plowed a big hole through the neck of the horse which he was riding.

"They turned the next curve, Botsford leading on his big black, then the girl, and Benson. It was a lucky thing for them the trail was so full of twists the Sioux could not get their riffes working. Soon the big cavalry horses outdistanced the tough scrubs of the Sioux; but it was only for a little while.

"They had gotten some distance ahead, when Botsford's horse began to slow up. Botsford was white and shaking, the girl pale and trembling, but game, Benson—well, Benson was thinking.

"He put his thought into a few words. 'They'll get us before we reach the fort. One of us ought to stop here, hustle up there, and hold 'em.'

"Benson waited, then went on: 'Here, Botsford, your plug won't go another yard. Take mine!'

"Botsford took it. It was over in a second.

"Botsford and the girl rode as they had never ridden before, and her thoughts can be imagined. Benson was smiling as they swung away, and the girl has told me she will remember that smile until the day she dies. It was the same careless, good-natured smile that she had always associated with him—the smile she had thought went with a careless character and thoughtless nature.

"Back of them she heard the sound of quick firing, and the wild yells grew fainter. The next minutes were agony for her, for she knew what little hope there would be for him. Ahead of her Botsford rode; but her thoughts did not stay long with him.

"Just at Curly Bend we met her and Bostford. A glance told us what was up. She was white and fainting; Botsford as white, with the sweat standing out in drops on his face. She just pointed back down the trail, and we went on full hop and jump.

"We reached the spot on the cliff side where Benson was putting up his last stand just in time to see a bunch of red forms whirling around a place among the rocks. We cleaned them off with one volley; and those that tried to slide away among the rocks we caught as they tried to reach their ponies. There was a whole string of them down the trail. Bell got the last one with a left-handed Colt shot way down, spilling him just as he swung his leg over.

"Poor old Benson was pretty well shot to pieces. I remember how 'Doc' Stevens grumbled and grunted as he worked over him. He got him sewed up and tied up, however, and we took him back by easy stages. He came to just once on the way back, and the first thing he asked for was the girl. Old Bell put out one hand and gripped the young fellow's. Benson understood, and off he went.

"Later on in the year I had the fun of cheering a bride and bridegroom. Botsford was sent to an Eastern post, where his beauty and his serene manner would be more at home.

"So in answer to your question," the Colonel said, earnestly, "I'd say first: you can never tell; but—but it isn't safe to figure too much on the chap with the Sphinx countenance, or put too much faith in the adage that 'Still waters run deep.' A good many times the fighting heart is hid behind a smiling, cheery face and in a happy-go-lucky character."

THE IRONY OF THE NORTH

By Florence E. Dudley

FOR DAYS we had watched the sea to the eastward. Sometimes it tossed the waves nearly to the top of the rocks at the entrance to the harbor. Again it was as still and blue as the sky above, coaxing the native boys to launch their canoes and paddle over its shining surface. But the straining eyes of the watchers saw neither the whitecaps nor the canoes, for the steamer was long overdue, and a woman lay dying alone in the North.

She had come to us a year before—a June bride—with her merry laugh and dainty dresses, and now she lay on her bed fighting for breath. To the five other white women on the island she had been like the sunshine which flashed on the blue cakes of ice in the channel in the spring; and, for her husband, the young marshal, she had changed the North from a land of loneliness and terrible silences into a spot where even the snow waterfalls laughed as they thundered down the mountain side into the basin below. There was not a place in the village where she was not welcome; from the hut of the old Indian woman, who could remember the earthquake that rent the hillside from top to bottom, to the little Greek church where she bought the candles for the Virgin and bowed her head recently for the priest's blessing.

When it rained, she shook the damp waves of hair from her eyes like a curly spaniel, and laughed and said it was just like home. When the snow storms shut out the sight of the sea she loved, she put on her leggings and short skirt and tramped through the drifts to watch the steamer, hung with icy festoons, land at the dock. When the snow had gone from the shore and valleys, she went with her husband for long walks, gathering the long-stemmed violets from the hollows in the basin, or—what she liked best—fighting her way along the beach in the face of the wind, with the waves booming at her feet.

And now she was growing weaker day by day, and the sea was dancing in the sunshine.

Every morning the little Aleut boy climbed the hill to the lookout cross at its top, and at night the dying woman asked, with wistful eyes, "Will the steamer come to-morrow?"

Mishka knew that he would get a silver quarter from the company's representative at the store if he could see from the hilltop the thin trail of grey smoke against the white mountains to the eastward, but it was not the loss of the quarter which made him bow his head, and, with misery in his black eyes, creep softly to the door of the house where the woman lay. With a woman's presentiment of ill, she had clung mutely to her husband when he left, and he could not speak as he loosened her arms and ran up the gang plank of the freight boat; but only the teacher of the native school, who stayed with the young wife, for company, knew of her terrible fear that she would never see her husband again. It was summer, and there was little to fear from storms, for the husband; while the wife was so strong and well that we never thought of any harm to her in the village until a native child died at the cottage she had visited only the day before. Then, too late, we began to think of expedi-

ents which might have kept the husband from going "below" with the insane prospector during the deputy's absence.

The Jewish doctor worked night and day to check the disease, but we were a thousand miles from a hospital with its scientific appliances and white-capped nurses, and the woman sank under his treatement until her breath came slow and fluttering, and only her eyes asked the question as the shadows gathered late over the sea.

"She cannot live till night," said the doctor in the morning. Three times that day, Mishka sobbed his way up the hill to the Russian cross, but he saw only the red-roofed fishing village below and the tossing sea beyond.

The next day he went only once, and no one asked at night, "Will the steamer come to-morrow?" But still we watched the sea. Had we the right to lay her away till the husband should come? One, two, three days we waited, and still Mishka could see nothing but the white winged gulls move over the flashing sea.

The day was dark and damp when we laid her to rest, and the sea was cold and grey. When the last spadeful of earth had been put in place, and the last cross of wild-flowers laid on the mound, the heartsick white women and the dreary Aleuts in their sombre cloaks and kerchiefs started back across the wind-swept waste, toward the village, by the leaden sea. And down from the hill with the Russian cross, along the ridge of the canyon rent by the earthquake, came Mishka, crying:

"Steamer! Steamer!"

CALIFORNIA

Hot, yellow sand and blue sky
Panting their hearts out to meet;
Wandering wind passes bys
"Bring us," the lovers entreat,
"Bridal-veil mist from the sea;
Bring us the pillow of night;
Thou the uniting priest be;
Chant thou the mystical rite."

Matron, the sky her fair brow
Binds with a cloud, and the sand
Wears on his rugged breast now
Flower that was held in her hand.
Yellow and blue have been wed;
Stands like a mid-wife the Morn;
Heir to this proud marriage-bed,
Royal, the green earth is born!

LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN.



An Alaskan bungalow, fifty miles distant from the nearest neighbor.

Honeymooning in Alaskan Wilds

By Agnes Lockhart Hughes

HE WAS an Alaskan, thoroughly imbued with the Northern spirit—and she a California girl, city bred, educated and accomplished. They were married in Seattle, but his interests calling him immediately to Alaska, it was decided that his young bride should accompany him into the wilds, many miles distant from a neighbor. She had never seen Alaska, but was enthusiastic for the trip, so boarding the Alameda, at her Seattle dock, the couple, after a voyage of some three weeks, arrived at their destination—Bales' Landing—Stepivak Bay, Alaska, where the Japan Current tempers the Pacific waters.

Then it was that, looking about her vast playground, some three hundred and fifty acres, Mrs. Bales concluded that it was no place for hobble skirts, and decided to adopt a compromise between male and female attire. There were no neighbors to comment, the nearest being fifty miles distant, so Mrs. Bales donned a costume a la Doctor Mary A. Walker. Then she set about housekeeping in their home—a crude dug-out tucked under a hill. The furniture, which was chiefly home made, consisted of a deal table, two box chairs, a trundle bed, a stove, kitchen utensils, dishes and rugs—the latter contributed by a trio of Bruins, who yielded their lives that their shaggy coats might lie between the white man and woman's feet, and the frozen earth.

No pictures adorned the walls, the only tapestries being on the outside, where an infinite artist hand had etched on Nature's canvas scenes of never failing interest.

Necessarily, provisions had been brought from Seattle. There was no telephone over which to call up a butcher or grocer—nor was there either within thousands of miles to respond to the summons. Yet meat and fish there were for the taking, so Mr. Bales instructed his wife in manipulating a gun, something that she had hitherto stood in awe of, but she proved an apt pupil, and it was not long before the fruits of her aim supplied the table with choice caribou steaks, squirrel pie, rabbit stew, roast ptarmigan and duck. Delectable pickled caribou tongues were added to the menu, and Mr. Bales' rifle brought juicy bear meat to the repast, for Bruin was the only one of the game, native to that part of Alaska, that had not fallen before Mrs. Bales' fire.

The bill of fare was varied by silver trout, caught by the dozen in gunny sasks, near the Bales domicile—delicious salmon in plenty, they being so numerous that only the choicest parts were used—while other varieties of the finny tribe were easily attracted by the bait proffered by Mr. and Mrs. Bales.

Not merely for sport, but mostly for their needs, Mrs. Bales shot game on the wing, and in ambush, caribou, mink, squirrels, foxes, rabbits, ptarmigan, ducks, and last, but not least, a trophy of which she was justly proud, being a handsome eagle measuring eight feet spread. No eagle on a golden dollar ever seemed brighter to the fair Diana than the victim of her aim, as he lay spread on the golden sands, within a radius of her home. Soon, however, the sameness of the vegetable course, drawn at intervals from their storehouse, filled Mrs. Bales with a longing for something green and fresh from the ground, so imbued with this desire, she set about planting some seeds that had been brought along haphazard, in the ground made ready by her husband, and it was not long before the garden was yielding lettuce, radishes, tomatoes, cucumbers, turnips and potatoes, all of excellent quality and matured in quicker season than if grown in Seattle, because of the long summer days, with their midnight sun, and the moisture from the melted snows. The Bales larder, pantry and meat house combined, was somewhat distant from the house under the hill, being built nearer the landing, for convenience sake.

Nature directed a stream of sparkling water from the snow-capped mountains, almost to their very door, so that a cool, delicious beverage was always available in plenty. This stream was spanned by a rustic bridge fashioned by Mr. Bales, and christened by him, "The Bridge of Sighs," because one disliked leaving the spot where the waters tossed glittering pearls, while crooning a low toned song of gladness and mirth, gleaned from the mountain peaks. Mrs. Bales originated many delectable dishes that would do credit to any first class cook, and that without other aid than a Yukon stove.

Their fuel consisted of alder, and not because it was an obligatory duty, but for physical culture exercises, Mrs. Bales often helped to fill the woodbox. Candles afforded their only artificial light when night fell over the land, but the Bales' household retired early, undisturbed by social demands, theatre calls, or moving picture attractions, and arose in season to enjoy morn's young charms and roseate smile. Of course, no mail reached the couple, at any stated time —it being merely a chance that a steamer might pause at their landing; so naturally no correspondence cards went forth into the outer world.

With no insistent landlord demanding rent; no water tax, butcher nor grocer bills confronting them; following no dictates of fashion, and being far removed from pleasures that strain the purse, the couple balked the trusts and no wrinkles were contracted worrying over the high cost of living, or the omnipresent domestic service problem.

Mrs. Bales superintended her own



Among the high Alaskan mountains.

independent laundry, and the linen, bleached on grasses free from soot or dust, would delight any housewife; while the embroidery stitches invented by the bride would astonish many an expert needlewoman. Her sewing was done outdoors, under heaven's arching dome, and with mountains etched against a marvelous horizon, inspired her vision. Many an afternoon siesta was indulged in, undisturbed by jarring noises of trolleys, motors or lumbering carts. Summer was waning when Mr. and Mrs. Bales entered on their honeymoon in Alaska; the autumn of another year was creeping onward, when the couple reluctantly sailed from Stepivak Bay for Seattle, thoroughly imbued with the intention of returning soon again to their peaceful paradise.

During their sojourn in Alaska, for part of a season, Mrs. Bales remained entirely alone, in the dugout, under the hill, while her husband went after big game, tracking Bruin to his den, and obtaining many choice bear skins. Yet Mrs. Bales scorned the idea of fear. "Nothing of the sort ever occurred to me," she answered, on being questioned, "were you not afraid?" Neither would she admit that time dragged. "It passed all too quickly," she said, adding: "It is strange, but Alaska holds a charm that banishes worries, and the petty things of life. It is not wholly what many have mistermed it, 'a big man's country.' True, it has the strength of a great man and its resources are wonderful; yet under all, throbs the tenderness of a woman's heart, with peculiar fascination and allurement."

Mr. Bales having spent many years of his life in Alaska, is thoroughly conversant with the country, the habits of its natives, and is an authority on its birds and beasts. Hunters of big game rely infallibly on his judgment, and it never fails. Many a night he has slept alone on the exposed tundeau with nothing between him and the Aurora Borealis, or glittering stars above, and only his sleeping bag dividing him from the frost bound earth







1. Shooting ptarmigan for dinner.
2. Wash day in Alaska.
3. Bringing in her first eagle.

beneath. Yet never a fear has he known, and he loves the country with a devotion bordering on adoration; and the worship has filtered into the veins of Mrs. Bales, who entered Alaska a timid, shrinking woman, afraid to handle a rifle, but who emerged from its allurements the same refined person, but with a broader conception of Nature's many phases and marvelous attractions.

A sulphur deposit, evidently spilled some time ago from a volcano, is not the least item of value on the Bales acreage. It first presented itself as a nuisance, getting into the shoes and making walking uncomfortable, but a sample examined by experts proved that Nature had been kind to deposit such a valuable heap in the Bales back yard, for it has a considerable market value.

The trip to Stepivak Bay was made by boat from Seattle to Seward, and from thence again by boat to their final destination. Three weeks were consumed in the journey, and with no one to welcome their arrival, the couple disembarked at Bales Landing, and walked six miles over a level road to the dug out under an overhanging hill, which was to be home for many months, "far from the madding crowd" and city discords.

As the boat steamed away, and the smoke faded into a thin wraith, the couple were left alone, fifty miles from their nearest neighbor, "Jack"—and as may be imagined his calls were infrequent. Henceforth, unless a passing boat might set down some hardy trapper at their landing, or a stray Indian native might wander by, the Bales would remain alone with small need of bolts or bars on their domicile to keep out unwelcome intruders.

Puzzling on the decision of an Easter bonnet was the least of Mrs. Bales' worries, as she discarded her chapeau after leaving civilization, not to again don it until her return.

Met in Seattle, Mrs. Bales was asked: "Will you return to Alaska?" "Assuredly," she replied. "Nearly all who can, do—for the call is insistent. Mine is one of the many cases in which nothing cures the disease, but the cause of it. Alaska is the only remedy for the Alaskan fever, and when my husband returns, I shall accompany him." And she did a few months ago, entering on her journey with all the enthusiasm of a happy child, but Mr. Bales has shipped lumber to their landing, and a most substantial home will be theirs with many added comforts.

In a remote spot of Alaska, fifty odd miles from a neighbor of any sort, and far removed from shops, markets and social attractions, with only the rudest apologies for the many conveniences which the average woman deems absolutely necessary to existence, Mrs. Bales found life's fullest measure of contentment and joy, while honeymooning in Alaska, demonstrating that after all happiness is within ourselves.

YOUNG CHINA

Brown eyes, mild and slanting,
 Pink and ecru skin,
Smooth black satin tresses
 Tightly banded in,
Azure blouse and trousers
 Made of silky stuff,
Patent leather slippers
 And a large mink muff.

EUNICE WARD.



One of the sections racked by volcanic convulsions: great cracks in the earth extend in all directions.

ONE CORNER OF HILO

By Ruth Reat

IN HAWAII, a tenderfoot is a "malahini," and an old timer is a "kamaaina." Naturally, the kamaaina of Hilo town, because of his acquaintance with the one hundred and fifty inch rainfall of that locality, does not regard camping and tramping as the best ways of seeing the island. Naturally, too, the malahini of recent importation, arguing that all the hundred and fifty inches cannot fall at one time, refuses to allow his enthusiasm for that method of travel to be quenched by any amount of cold water upon his plans, either from the skies or from the kamaainas.

Our crowd left Hilo one December day in a terrific downpour, which for the past week had been trying to effect a change of mind in us. But we had already invested our money in a wagon for carrying supplies, in two horses, in "kaukau," in sleeping bags and other necessary paraphernalia, and both money and labor in tents—of which we felt very proud, inasmuch as they were the work of our own hands; moreover, we felt it our duty to demonstrate the theorem that camping is possible and profitable and pleasurable even in humid Hawaii. So there could be no turning back at the last hour. In khaki and leggings, then, with gorgeous yellow rain slickers enveloping us, we fared forth toward the wonder of the islands—Kilauea, the "largest active volcano in the world," as all chamber of com-

merce literature will inform you.

The volcano road, thirty miles in length, is hard and well drained, and we found the walking very good indeed, in spite of all the rain that had fallen. The storm was no longer a continuous affair; at intervals the sun shone out, making our climb so warm that we would hasten to throw our coats upon the wagon. We never dared get very far away from them, for usually it was only a few minutes until the approach of a shower could be heard across the cane; so short was the warning that we were not always prepared before the pelting downpour was upon us. One peculiar thing was that in this land of excessive rainfall we were often unable to find water to drink. The soil, being of lava origin, is so loose and porous that all the water drains off very quickly, and we found few streams along our way. Some study was given to an invention, consisting of a trough around the edge of our large Japanese umbrellas, with a tube for carrying the water from it to the mouth of the bearer. No patent has yet been taken out.

After the first five miles of sugar-cane, the woods begin, and beautiful woods they are, with their dense vegetation so fresh and dripping and green and cool. There are ohia trees with their brilliant red lehua flowers, so popular with the Hawaiian people for leis (wreaths); tree ferns twenty and thirty feet high; koa trees, which yield the most beautiful and valuable of the island woods; Hitchcock berries, of a brighter red and more acid than raspberries, and a good substitute for drinking water; ohelu berries of many shades, delicious when made into jam over our evening camp fire; papaia trees, with melons waiting for the first passerby inclined to help himself; banana trees, indications of ancient Hawaiian settlements, now stunted and producing only immature fruit; water-lemon vines, with their egg-like fruits, sprawling over the tops of trees; bird's-nest ferns on the branches of trees, the older leaves making a brown inverted cup below and the later ones a green bowl above —to say nothing of all the other tropical plants with which a malahini could not be expected to be acquainted; there are not many houses along the road, and while many charming curves invite the amateur kodaker to try his skill, these silent stretches of wild tangle give an impression of desolation and waste as well as of beauty.

Our first night was spent at Glenwood, twenty-two miles up, the terminus of the railroad. A government agricultural station is located here, and we inspected some of the hundred and more experiments that are being carried on. Glenwood has an elevation of 2,000 feet, and Kilauea 4,000 feet, so that on the second day we climbed 2,000 feet in eight or nine miles. The rain fell incessantly. We spoke of the good news told us over and over, to the effect that the sun would be shining on the opposite side of the volcano, but to us bedraggled creatures tramping along in such a wetness and under so sodden a sky, this seemed altogether beyond the possibilities. Yet when we reached the Crater Hotel, the blue began to be dimly foretold above, and a little farther on we came to Kilauea Iki in full sunshine.

"Little Kilauea" is an ancient crater, possibly eight hundred feet deep, with steep green sides and flat black bottom—"a grand old puka" (hole), it was affectionately referred to by one kamaaina, while a frivolous malahini sized it up as an ideal baseball field and amphitheatre. From its brink could be seen clouds of smoke and steam rising from the live crater of Kilauea, though as yet we could not see the Big Hole; this view of a steaming and burning Mother Earth is very similar to that of the Upper Geyser Basin in Yellowstone. We followed a new automobile road a few miles farther, and pitched camp at a spot one hundred yards distant from the edge of Kilauea.

This Hole is about three miles in diameter and six hundred feet deep;



"Our crowd" in khaki and leggings and gorgeous colored slickers, equipped for exploration.

the greater part of its floor is a dismal black waste of cold, solid lava, though steam issues from cracks. Just at this time, hundreds of sailors from the battleships in Hilo harbor were traveling across it, and our puzzle was to "find the sailors," for they looked more like ants crawling over the dark, wrinkled mass below. The busy part of the volcano is the inner pit, the hole within a hole, which contains the molten lava; it is known as Halemaumau, and Halemaumau, being interpreted, means Everlasting House. It was impossible for us to look into it from where we sat on the sheer cliffs two miles away from it. Mauna Loa came out of the clouds while we waited, a 13,000 foot giant, lying muffled in his sleeping blankets above the opposite side of the crater.

After supper around a roaring fire we were ready to see the Pit; all of us malahinis agreeing in wanting our first sight of the fiery lake by night. The clouds which always hang above it changed from a faint pink at early twilight to a brilliant rose glow when darkness fell; the light has been seen even out at sea, so there was no danger of our not being able to see our way. The auto road makes a gradual descent to within a few yards of the edge, and, to use a second quotation from the promotion committee's literature, no other volcano in the world can be visited with such ease. Through a steamy cloud of sulphur that seemed trying to suffocate us, or perhaps to frighten us back from worse things to come, we at last emerged to climb up a little path to the brink of Halemaumau itself.

We heard a great threshing and pounding, and felt the intense heat, then a few more steps, and we saw, and after one gasp we were silent with the wonder of it. Ninety feet below us heaved a resplendent lake of fire, terrifying in its suggestion of stupendous power, and gorgeously beautiful in its ever changing arrangement of yellow, reds and black. Heavy golden fountains tossing angrily in the center, smaller spurts of fire darting up all over the surface, great cracks of glowing yellow shooting across the darkness of the harder coating that

partially encrusted the lake, and a circlet of reddish gold enclosing the whole splendid, surging mass—these were the first striking features of the huge, glaring cauldron below.

In our ears was the dull thudding of heavy masses of molten lava as they fell back after being thrown high into the air, the cracking of the hardened upper layer as the fire beneath began its destruction, the rubbing and sawing against one another of large and small slabs of the solid lava, and directly under us the clinking as of shattering glass where the black lava was cooling. Everywhere was change and movement, a constant breathing, flowing, circling, rolling and leaping. It was a wonderful sea of color and sound and action, so dazzling, so powerful, so alive, that there was about it a fascination as of some magnetic personality.

It was easy to understand the faith of the old Hawaiians in Pele (Paylee), the goddess of the Pit. From the beatings of her heavy heart, the labored rise and fall of her troubled breast, the glare of her angry eye, it appeared only too probable that she was even now meditating terrible vengeance upon those who dared to doubt. The big impression is of might, of power, of man's helplessness in the grasp of such gigantic strength. The ominous crunching and grinding of the solid lava near the sides, and the scorching heat that assailed us so fiercely, both seemed to hold a menace for weak mortals who presumed to approach so near the marvel.

Never did fire have so nearly the appearance of water. Flinging their golden showers many feet into the air to fall back in fantastic images of reptiles and birds, the central fountains were strikingly similar to geysers, one of them being named Old Faithful, after the star performer of our largest national park. The moving of molten material from one part of the lake to another was like the placid flow of a river current, and the presence of islands of solid lava helped to bear out the resemblance. Upon the shore ledges broke the lurid waves of a slow tide. The dark crust, with gleaming cracks constantly running across its surface and breaking it into smaller and smaller pieces, was like nothing so much as ice; as cake after cake came grinding together or crowded pushing and jamming upon the beaches, we could very easily imagine that we were looking upon a spring break-up.

As at any gathering place for tourists, it was interesting to listen to the remarks made upon the scene, and many were the comparisons heard: Halemaumau was a huge pot in which the Devil's dinner was boiling and bubbling away; sometimes the contents of the kettle was taffy, scorched beyond remedying; again it was a horrid chimney sending off the smoke and soot from the burning depths of the earth; it was molasses candy undergoing the pulling process; then "Savety valve of the Pacific;" it was an ulcer, a cancer of Nature's; but oftener than anything else, it was just plain old Hell. Truly the preachers who spurn figurative interpretations might well come to Halemaumau for details of their descriptions.

More people visit Kilauea each year —and certainly it should be better known than it is. It is not a sight to be disappointed in, as are so many greatly advertised wonders of the day, though we did hear of one woman who arrived on the rim of the pit one evening, glanced at the turmoil and color beneath, and turning to her husband, said: "Is that all? Well, come on, John; let's go home." To some of us it will always be a matter of surprise that there are people in the world to whom Arizona canyons, Yosemites and Niagaras are worth scarcely a step across the road to see, yet we know John's wife to have existed. It is told of Uncle Joe Cannon that he lacked only three miles of seeing Halemaumau when the Congressional party visited the islands some years ago; he became so interested in a game of poker at the Yosemite House, so the story goes, that he did not make the

trip over to the Pit. We felt he could be excused more readily than John's wife, for Uncle Joe was almost justified in doubting, in these days of wild advertising, whether anything better than his game was so near.

By day we found the contents of the Pit a most peculiar red, different from any shade ever seen before; the cracks, reddish at night, or streaked with red and black, were a gray or slate-blue color. We would not miss a single night performance as long as we camped on the edge of the crater; in fact, we were so certain that we could never get too much of Pele's exhibition that we decided to spend a whole night watching it. We entered the crater from the opposite side, after several miles' tramp along the high wall till we found a place where the sides sloped in gradually enough to allow of our descent. We had been told never to venture on the floor except on the beaten trail, but we could not reach the Pit before dark, unless we took the shorter path, so that seemed to be the proper course. The journey across the rough lava was made in safety, with just the right amount of uncertainty about it to make us call for help when we broke through a glass bubble, and caused us to quicken our pace somewhat when we got among the cracks where the livelier sulphur fumes were too strong for comfortable breathing.

Supper over, we settled ourselves on the rocks and adjusted our pasteboard masks to admire the all night performance. It was not until ten o'clock, when the last auto had departed, that the suspicion came to us that, after all, it might be possible to get more than enough of Madam Pele's show. The rocks were hard to begin with, by ten they were harder, and at midnight they were undoubtedly the hardest rocks ever known. The temperatures we experienced were not the most comfortable. At that elevation the winds which swept down upon us had a most chilling suggestion of real winter about them, and we turned from their unfriendly breath to seek comfort in the heat from the fireworks below. A few minutes spent close to the edge, however, was enough to drive us back again, for our clothes became so hot they burned our skin. So we were alternately frozen and scorched; never before in our lives had we been so hot and so cold at the same time.



Hiking through the byways of beautiful woods.

We had not seen the lake more active than it was that night. Sometimes ten geysers were playing at the same time, throwing the lava probably fifty feet high, while the smaller jets were leaping up madly over the entire surface, shifting and sparkling like a network of lightning. There was a peculiar cyclone effect: a piece of black crust would suddenly flop back like a trap door, leaving a golden opening out of which came a flurry of whirling, flying bits like scraps of old newspapers out of a bonfire. While these were circling in a merry dance, a second trap-door would be lifted some distance away, and a second flock of fire birds fly out. Later in the night we were all dozing, when all at once a terrific gale

sprang up, sweeping a cloud of dust upon us, and carrying a mass of rubbish into our midst. The ledge seemed to be rocking, and before we were wide awake, we had all jumped up and scurried to a spot farther from Madam Pele's home. With the first signs of morning we were up and away over the trail across the crater floor, there being no dissenting voice to the proposition that we were ready for our beds and a good day's rest. This does not mean that we regret our stunt, but we do say that once is enough.

Our greatest adventure was the descent into the Pit itself. We congratulated ourselves on our good fortune in arriving at the volcano when it was at its best; often the surface of the lake is hundreds of feet below the top of the pit, and it was now reached for the first time by many people who had lived in the islands all their lives. The cliffs were beautifully lit up in the pink glare, so that we had not much trouble in picking our way down over loose rocks where the steep wall had caved in on one side. With the heat so intense above, it seemed strange that we could approach any nearer the fire, but the supply of air entering around the sides made the temperature not unbearable below, although the stones were too hot to be touched with comfort. At the bottom a ledge of solid lava several feet in width projected into the lake; walking out upon it, even stepping across a crevasse where fire showed, did not seem nearly so dangerous as it had from above. The fiery waves rolling toward our shore were a foot or two thick; into them we jabbed long poles we had brought down, and scooped out molten lava for specimens. We watched these waves and the geysers carefully while we staid below, ready to scramble upward at the least sign of their undermining our support.

The tree moulds are among other interesting sights to be seen in the vicinity of Kilauea. They are cylindrical wells in the ground, and one theory of their origin is that during an ancient flow the lava hardened around the tree trunks, which have since decayed. In some of them the branching is shown. These curious formations are worth preserving, yet they are to be found in a private cow pasture, and the deepest and best moulds are being filled in, to keep the cattle from falling into them. Later, in Puna district, we saw tree moulds quite different: columns of lava many feet high; these may have been formed by the hardening of lava around trees, while the hotter, softer parts of the flow hurried on, leaving the solid behind.

The crater floor contains many odd formations, and of course fantastic names are applied to them—the "Devil's Kitchen," the "Picture Frame," etc. The smooth lava is called pahoehoe, and is the kind which is broken up and jagged and rough, and which does all sorts of mean things to the boots of people who walk upon it. In many places the surface gives forth a hollow sound like that from a hard, frozen crust of snow. One day we ate lunch in the crater, cooking our potatoes by hanging them down in a hot air crack for half an hour in an improvised wire basket. For miles around can be found the curious particles of volcanic glass called "Pele's hair." The drops of lava thrown out from the Pit are caught in the hot air currents and spun out into glassy filaments as long as three feet; they are a shining yellow, and really look very much like hair.

Cockett's Trail occupied one day of our stay at Kilauea. It is a gravel path, not particularly easy walking, curving in and out among the ohia woods, and leading to half a dozen extinct craters, all well worth seeing. Number two was an especially grand puka, probably 1,600 feet deep, with steep, rocky, almost perpendicular walls, and a quarter of a mile in diameter. Steam was issuing from several cracks in the bottom and along the sides. The echoes were very good —jumping from one side to the other

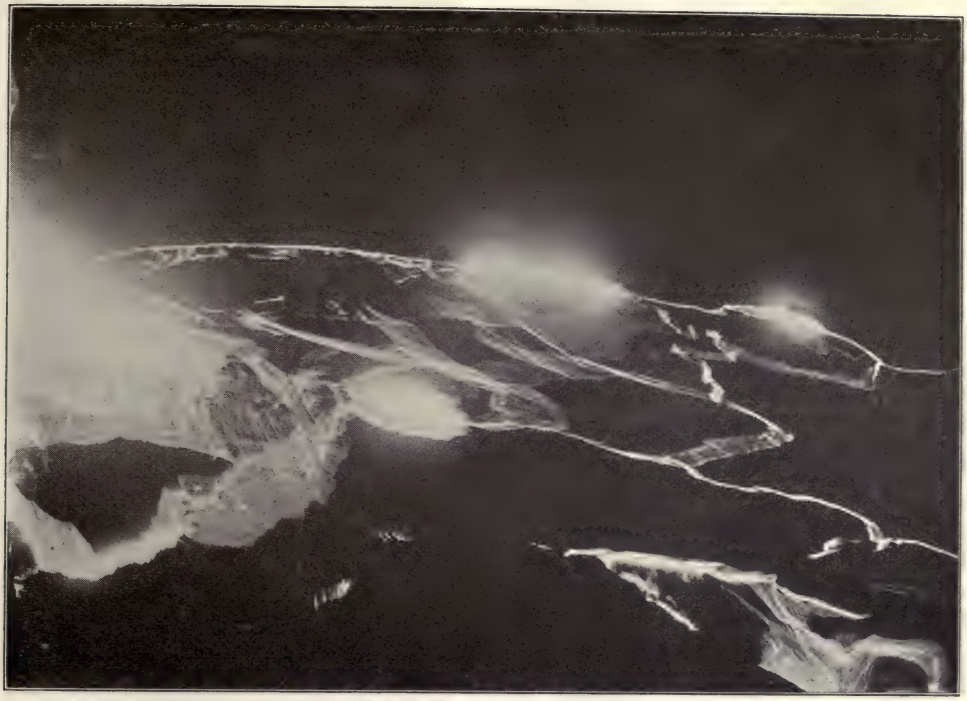


The pit of Kilauea.

for a long time. Number four was voted the most interesting. We came to it after crossing a desolate open country where lava mounds were plentifully scattered about; it was a 75x100 foot opening in the gravel, like a rocky well. Evidently it had been formed by a caving in, rather than by an explosion, for the ledge projected over it all around. We could not see the bottom, and it was somewhat terrifying even to make the attempt of approaching on our stomachs and hanging our heads over the edge. The time for the falling of a rock was five seconds.

Lunch was eaten on the edge of crater number 5, a well wooded one whose mauka (toward the mountain) sides were sunken for some distance back in terraces several hundred feet high. Number six was the last and best, a majestic big fellow—a double affair, in fact, the makai (toward the sea) one older, not so deep, with trees growing just to the curve that divided it from the mauka one. While we gazed into its depths, a rainbow arched down into it. On the return trip we climbed one of two peaks, part of an old crater wall. There was no trail to its base, so we had an interesting struggle through the thick undergrowth, pushing the ferns and vines ahead of us until they were too strong for us to manage, then trampling them down or climbing over the barrier they made. Wild cattle are common around the volcano, and on Cockett's Trail we met several that were in no hurry to get out of our way. When a huge black bull stood directly in our path and looked us steadfastly in the eye for many seconds, as much as to say that however we might regard him, he had not the slightest fear of us, our glances involuntarily began searching out ohia trees conveniently arranged for climbing.

Another day we hunted out a new trail home from the Pit, toiling up the steep banks of the crater where it seemed never human foot had trod before, then pushing through dense vegetation, climbing over big rocks and falling into gulches and holes hidden by the growing things underfoot. We



Crater of Kilauea at night, showing seething lava.

circled around for an hour or more, getting back to the edge of the crater at a point possibly one-eighth of a mile from where we ascended. We were running a close race with the sun, but struck a trail just in time to get to camp a little after dark.

Leaving the volcano region, we traveled southward down a rocky lane to what is known as Keauhou. We left our wagon at the ranch house and took our provisions the last two miles on the horses' and our own backs. The country was one pile of lava after another, and it really seemed wicked to make a horse travel over some of the steep places we came to. There was an abrupt pali (cliff) where we came into sight of the sea, and descending some hundreds of feet, we found, among all the roughness, a level space large enough for a camp. The tents were anchored with chunks of lava. Committees scoured the hillsides for old pieces of mamane wood, and after everybody had tried a hand at it, we finally had a blaze going, in spite of the rain that opposed our efforts.

This is the goat country, and thousands of the creatures are roaming the desolateness; wild donkeys and horses are also numerous. Hunting kids was now our sole aim in life; weary and sorefooted, but happy, were the brave hunters who returned to camp at nightfall bearing the slain upon their shoulders. Our little pocket was not easy to find when we got a few yards away from it, and those of us who staid at home to keep the sacred altar fire burning, with the twilight hung a lantern on a ledge above camp, a signal that guided the comrades who journeyed afar. Followed the butchering act, with the carcasses hung from poles, all by dim lantern light. Kid liver and bacon, kid stew and dumplings, fried kid and gravy, kid bones roasted in the ashes, were items of succeeding menus. Bannock bread, beautifully burned on the outside and beautifully white inside, was a matter for careful manipulation each meal time.

Our camp boy reached the highest pinnacle of delight and enthusiasm when one day he lassoed a tiny kid. He tied the little fellow with a long rope near camp, and we all became very proud of our mascot; it did not know what fear was, and was so tame that we loved it from the start. Christmas Day came and went, closely resembling the day before Christmas and the day after Christmas: there was a steady downpour of rain, some of the crowd were away hunting, and the others alternated between sitting around the fire in their slickers, and rolling up inside their bags in the tents. Our evenings were festive with hot kaukau, accounts of the hunters' experiences for that day, songs and stories, and on the twenty-fifth we had an extra celebration, but the holly and mistletoe, as well as the usual gifts, were noticeable for their absence. The lady who had never been away from home at Christmas before did not talk a great deal.

When we said farewell to the goats, it was to tramp some twenty miles to Kalapana, on the sea coast, descending almost four thousand feet in the one day. We started before daylight, stopping after the first three miles to have our breakfast of bread, rice, sugar, condensed milk and jam of crushed ohelu berries. We passed seven more craters on this trail, Makaopuhi (Eye of the Eel) and Puuhuluhulu (Bushy Hill) being two of the best. The path was just wide enough for walking, so this meant that our wagon had to go back the way we came, and such supplies taken with us as could be put on the pack horse. At one steep pali the beast refused to try the descent over the slippery rocks and we could scarcely blame him, for we had a hard time managing two feet apiece ourselves, and felt sorry for an individual with four, which would give just twice the amount of "pilikia." With much yanking and tugging, beating and pushing on the part of the Yellow Jackets, the animal was induced to falter on the downward way.

The rain forgot to stop falling, and was with us all day long; guava bushes grew so close to the trail that they kept us well dampened. There was but one habitation on the whole twenty miles; we reached it about one o'clock and found the Hawaiian family most hospitably inclined, although we could converse with them only in the sign language. The women brought out lovely clean clothes for us to put on, and it was with some regret that we refused them. We accepted a fire from which to get some comfort, however, also the use of the dining house, where we had our own kaukau supplemented by gifts of coffee, real milk, poi and chelu jelly. Our Hawaiian camp boy told us the people were much offended at our refusing their invitation to stay over night, but we were in favor of finishing this march to the sea at one stretch, and having a whole day at Kalapana to rest and dry out.

Now we left the woods behind; the trail on from the ranch was straight and sharply defined, and about four feet wide. It was the one used by the kings in olden times, when they traveled in state to the volcano. Such interesting little items as blisters, sore hips and stiff joints made grave differences in the rate at which the several members of our party progressed, so we reached our stopping place in two weary installments, the first just after dark, the second an hour later. Falling over the sharp rocks in the dark, and splashing off the road into ditches is no fun, and we were happy to fall into a bed when we finally came to the house where we had arranged to stay.

The owners of the place were not at home, but an old Hawaiian man and his wife came in from next door, and wanted to fix things properly for us. They kept up an animated conversation with our boy on the lanai outside our rooms, and into it, at intervals, we were most unwillingly drawn. Solomon translated our assurances that we were oh! so comfortable and so satisfied with our lot, but still the jab-



A palm avenue, Honolulu.



Road to Volcano house and crater, Hilo.

bering continued, till it grew into a controversy that had quite an ominous sound. Each time it reached a pitch sufficient to rouse us from our little naps, we would protest again that we were suited in every detail and would not be "fixed" for anything, but our ideas received no consideration whatever from the kind neighbors. Our faithful advocate argued for another hour, and then went down to defeat —waking us to announce despairingly that "he just could not keep these people from fixing things nice for us." We murmured "All right," and wondered vaguely whether we were really in for a forcible straightening up, but we took the risk, and forgot our sorrows in a sleep that was not again interrupted.

A rest was in order next day. We had a swim in the ocean at the end of the yard, and Solomon brought in cocoanuts from the groves around the town, lovely young ones with the meat nice and soft, like jelly. We read *at* the Hawaiian literature in the house, and admired the decorations in the rooms, one bedroom boasting thirteen colors of paint.

From Kalapana our way led along the coast, a lovely tramp, past multitudes of cocoanut trees, close to high cliffs with breaking waves below, then over low, sandy beaches. We found two Hawaiian boys whom we knew. The first invited us into his neat little home and set out a feast for us in the way of luscious, purple slices of taro, and honey, a very fine combination. The other piloted us to a cave that was most interesting; the passage into it was not high enough to allow of our walking upright; it led down and up and down again, over large boulders, into a room containing a pool of warm water. The people come often to swim here; the pool is forty feet in length, with an opening, under the water, into another part. It is said the Hawaiians used to bury their dead in such underground caves, shut off from the main caverns by water.

Kapoho is situated among the extinct craters known as the Puna Hills; they are prominent elevations on the



Cocoanut Island, near Hilo, at night.

landscape for thirty or forty miles, and we had often seen them from Hilo on clear days. The slopes of the mountain toward Puna district are quite regular, so that many eruptions of the volcano have flowed that way, and as many as twenty racing, seething flows have been counted in thirty miles.

One of the principal sights of interest to us was Green Lake, a beautiful little body of water in an old crater, its almost perpendicular walls like a green cup. The water appears very green, though it is colorless in a glass. The lake keeps at a constant level; there is no apparent supply except the rainfall, and no outlet. The natives say that during an eruption of Kilauea it becomes yellow and then black. A short distance away there rose a symmetrical cone with cocoanut trees on its summit, which was pointed out as the site of an ancient heiau (temple) from which signals by fire used to be sent to the Pepeekeo Hills thirty miles away. At its base we found the Warm Springs, or Blue Pool, its waters a most peculiar shade and just the right temperature for bathing; the spot was reached by a single file trail, evidently unknown to tourists, for the guavas grew close enough to get us wet to the waist with dew. Next we visited the quarry, a busy place where rock was being blasted and loaded onto cars ready for shipment to Hilo for building the new government breakwater in the bay.

To Hilo we returned, our circle completed, we ourselves well satisfied with all that we had seen in one corner of Hawaii, and planning to "do" the rest of the island next summer. All those who saw us on our arrival home were sure, also, that our jaunt had been a success; judging from nothing more than the soiled and worn appearance of our clothes, they could understand that we had been experiencing the pleasures of real camp life and of strenuous tramping, and that we had had a glorious time.



View of the beautiful Court of Palms.

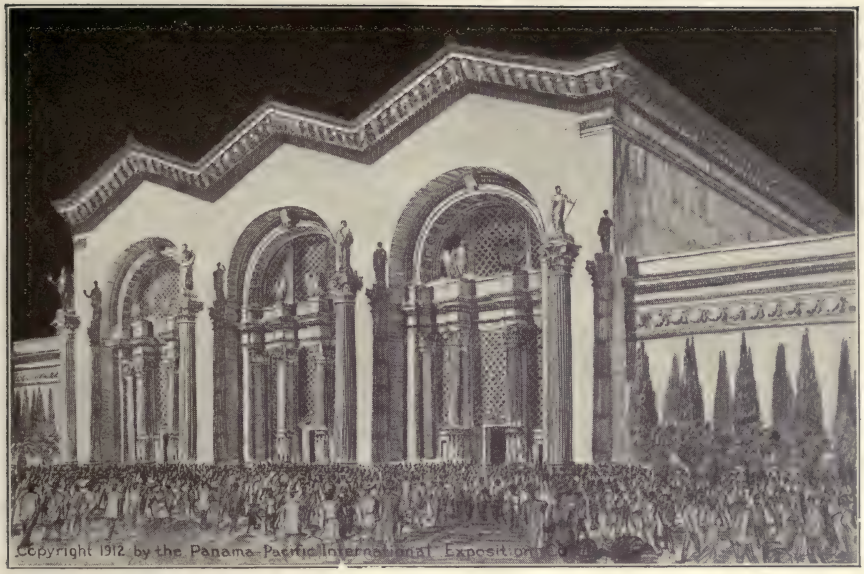
Panama-Pacific Exposition

Programme Features

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TWO hundred and eighteen great congresses and conventions have already voted to meet in San Francisco during the exposition year, 1915, and it is expected that this number will be increased to fully five hundred such gatherings. Five hundred thousand accredited delegates from all parts of the world are expected to attend the gatherings already scheduled. The construction of the main exhibit section has been conducted with unparalleled rapidity and care. All main exhibit palaces will be ready to receive exhibits on July 1st of this year.

A program of events of international interest and importance has been arranged, and its details are now rapidly reaching completion. Among the events are the following: Gathering of the warships of the world's nations; an assemblage of detachments of the armies of the world; a race around the world by motor driven air craft to start from the exposition grounds in May, 1915. As already announced, prizes of $300,000 have been assured for this series of events. A major prize of $150,000 will be awarded for the complete circuit of the globe, with supplemental prizes to aviators first completing various sections of the course. From assurances



Facade of the Machinery Palace just completed and accepted by the Exposition Company.

received, it is expected that the supplemental prizes will reach or exceed $500,000. An international live stock show to last during the period of the exposition—almost one-half of a million dollars will be awarded in premiums and prizes for live stock and harness racing; a series of 191 great sports and athletic events will include almost every conceivable variety of sport. A series of great musical festivals, embracing choral singing, instrumental and operatic compositions, is assured. A number of the famed choral organizations of the world will render the songs of their native lands. A single national association has offered prizes of $25,000 to encourage the singing of Welsh songs.

Original and brilliant works of sculpture have been completed and are ready for installation on the huge exhibit palaces, and in the vast exposition courts. The works of some of the world's foremost mural painters will soon be finished.

The landscaping and the construction of the gardens and lagoons is far advanced. In the nurseries there are being propagated thousands of rare trees which are now boxed, ready for transplanting, while great numbers of trees have already been set out upon the grounds, in pleasing contrast with the faint ivory color tone of the exposition palaces. The horticultural and floral display in magnitude, variety and beauty will excel anything of its nature ever presented at a world's exposition. Thousands of trees, shrubs and flowers have been introduced from far corners of the world. These include hundreds of giant tree ferns, palms, cypress, rhododendrons, firs, acacias, eucalyptus trees, banana plants, orange and lemon trees, and thousands of trailing vines and flowers, including roses, bougainvilleas, veronicas, hydrangeas, geraniums, tulips, crocuses, anemones, daffodils.

The Palace of Machinery is finished and is ready for the reception of the exhibits; the Palace of Agriculture is 95 per cent completed, and during the month of February 600,000 board feet of lumber were placed in the building; the Palace of Food Products is 85



"The Marina," fronted with broad green lawns sloping to the waters of the bay flowing through the Golden Gate nearby. The esplanade will be almost one mile in length and will be continued in a series of boulevards that will parallel the harbor's edge. At one extremity of the esplanade has been constructed a great yacht harbor, while at the other end are passenger and freight ferry slips; at the latter the exhibits of the world will be transferred from ocean going vessels to trains which will run directly into the exhibit palaces.

per cent completed, all of the framing being done, and the dome is now being erected; during February, 300,000 board feet of lumber were put up in this building. The plumbing is 90 per cent completed. The Palace of Mines and Metallurgy is 80 per cent finished. All of the framework of the Palace of Liberal Arts has been erected, and it is estimated that the building is 68 per cent finished. The heavy framing of the Palace of Varied Industries has been finished, and the plumbing is 85 per cent completed. The Palace of Manufactures is 70 per cent completed. Rapid progress has been made in erecting the framework for the Palace of Transportation, and 836,000 board feet of lumber were placed in the building in February. The first stations now being erected on the grounds are 92 per cent finished and will be completed within thirty days.

The contract for the erection of steel for the Exposition Auditorium at the Civic Center site is 90 per cent completed, and the erection of the steel for the dome is rapidly nearing completion. This structure will have a seating capacity of 12,000 persons, and is being built by the Exposition at a cost of $1,300,000.

Steel is being erected rapidly for

the huge Palace of Horticulture, and the framing of the west end of the palace is finished. The erection of steel for the Palace of Fine Arts is in progress, and the lagoon in front of the Palace is practically finished.

The pile foundation for the Tower of Jewels at the south entrance of the Court of the Universe has been finished, and grading for the court is now in progress, and the pile foundation is 60 per cent completed.

Structural plans for Festival Hall have been finished, and bids called for. Architectural plans for the California Building have been completed, and structural plans are 50 per cent finished.

Plans for the illumination of the Exposition are being perfected rapidly and include many novel methods of lighting not before employed. The spacious facades of the Exposition palaces will be illuminated by flood lighting in contrast with former methods of outline illumination, and the beauties of the architecture and sculpture will be seen at night as clearly as if by day.

Thousands of glass prisms which will be used to decorate the exhibit palaces and the Tower of Jewels are arriving from Australia, where they have been especially fashioned. Large forces of men are employed in great electrical manufactories in producing special illuminating apparatus.

The congresses and conventions that have already voted to meet in San Francisco represent a delegate strength of from 200 to 40,000 each, and a succession of courses of lectures on important subjects will bring hundreds of thousands of delegates and students of world problems together. A feature of special interest will be that many of the congresses doing related work will meet during the same period, thus enabling delegates to attend conventions engaged in a discussion of closely related subjects.

A resume of conventions that have voted to meet in San Francisco discloses the following activities: Agricultural societies, 21; business, 20; educational, 21; fraternal, 35; genealogical, 7; Greek letter fraternities, 23; governmental and civic, 16; historical and literary 5; industrial, 15; labor, 9; professional, 11; religious, 8; scientific, 19; social service, 6.

One of the most important conventions will be the International Engineering Congress, of which the chairman will be Colonel George W. Goethals. The salaried engineers of the Pacific Coast have raised $13,000 to finance the congress; the five great national engineering bodies comprising the congress have also guaranteed a large sum to aid in defraying the necessary expense of the meeting. The first bulletin outlining the plans of the congress will be mailed to 80,000 engineers throughout the world.

The International Council of Nurses will meet in San Francisco during the week beginning May 31, 1915. There will be at the same time three national conventions of nurses, and one of the California Nurses' Association. Fully 5,000 nurses from fifteen nations are expected to participate in these gatherings.

The congresses on vocational education, meeting in July, 1915, will bring together leaders of education who are seeking to solve the problem of leading boys and girls to select their life work while they are at school and to prepare definitely for it.

Delegates from more than twenty-five nations interested in grape culture will attend the International Congress of Viticulture to be held in June, 1915.

In the summer of 1915 the American National Live Stock Association, with 76 affiliated bodies, will meet on the Exposition grounds. In July, 1915, the Association of American universities will convene in San Francisco. In August, the Association of Collegiate Alumnae will bring together fully 5,000 women graduates of various American universities. This will be one of the largest conventions of women held during the Exposition period.

An international municipal congress

will meet in August, and a comprehensive city planning exhibit will be one of the features of convention week.

The American Historical Association will hold a special summer session in July, 1915. The sessions will be held in the University of California, at Stanford University and in San Francisco.

Representatives from more than 200 great insurance organizations and societies throughout the world will attend the World's Insurance Congress, the first ever held, which will meet during the first two weeks of October, 1915.

The International Electrical Congress, composed of the leading electrical experts, will meet in September. A world's petroleum congress, the first ever held, will meet in the fall of 1915. Thirty-four American and three European organizations, concerned with the marketing, production and distribution of petroleum, will take part in this congress.

The National Potato Association of the United States will organize an international potato congress to deal with the production, distribution and marketing of potatoes. There will be a similar gathering to deal with the subject of alfalfa.

Systematic plans are being arranged to give the delegates to the congress every possible convenience in gathering all the information in the specialized lines in which they are interested. The American Breeders' Association, for example, has been invited to send a committee of its members in advance to list everything of greatest value at the Exposition dealing with the subject of cattle breeding. Pamphlets telling how and where to find these exhibits will be mailed to the members before they start for San Francisco.

Valuable live stock exhibits from many portions of the globe will be displayed; $175,000 has been set aside by the Exposition management for premiums and prizes for live stock, and the sum of $47,000 has been raised by breeders' associations in the United States and abroad.

The participation of the foreign nations assures a representative exhibition of the world's progress. Thirty-four nations have accepted the invitation to take part in the exposition. The nations are preparing selective and representative exhibits, and will display on a magnificent scale the results of the world's best effort in recent years.

Rapid progress has been made in the preparation of the sculpture. Many of the notable sculptors of the day have completed their works, which are awaiting installation upon the grounds. Other groups are rapidly approaching completion. The works are characterized by their imagery and originality, and will be recalled by visitors long after the Exposition City has become a memory.

Under the direction of Mr. James E. Sullivan, Director of Athletics of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, and founder of the American Amateur Athletic Union, a program of international sport events is rapidly being consummated. Mr. Sullivan attended the international federation of the athletic governing bodies of the world at Berlin, and extended an invitation to the countries represented there to participate in a series of competitive sports at San Francisco. Interest in the events is greatly stimulated by the fact that the International Olympic Committee will, for the first time outside of the regular Olympic games, award the prizes and that a plaque will be presented by Baron Pierre De Coubertin, president of the committee, to the winner of the modern Pantathlon.

The winners of the Olympic games will, in many instances, be selected as the representatives of their respective countries at the next Olympic games, which will be held in Berlin in 1916.

Facilities will be offered for almost every conceivable variety of sport. Nowhere, according to the expert opinion of Sir Thomas Lipton, can be found a better course for the yachts



The Court of the Four Seasons. In each of the four corners of this court, which is designed by Mr. Henry Bacon, creator of the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, there will be a great niche containing statuary typifying the four seasons, spring, summer, autumn and winter. Behind the columns of the colonnade encircling the court will be mural paintings expressive of the theme of the court and designed by Mr. Jules Guerin.

in the 21 meter class, and for motor-boat races than is offered in San Francisco harbor. President Wilson has offered a cup to the winning yacht in the 21 meter class. The Department of State is advised that His Majesty, King George of England, will encourage these events with a trophy.

The athletic track within the stadium is being constructed according to the plans of F. W. Rubien, vice-president of the Metropolitan Association of the Amateur Athletic Union. On the field within the track will be held team contests, baseball, football and similar sports.

Many golfing experts of the United States, Great Britain and the Continent will contest in championship matches on the course adjacent to the grounds.

Most of the athletic events will be open to the world. The international championships will be held in the spring, but the exact dates will not be fixed until the meeting of the International Amateur Federation at Budapest in July, when the rules of the contest will be drawn up.

The invitation extended by the War Department to the foreign nations to send troops to an international military encampment is being heartily received. It is expected that more than fifty thousand troops will participate in the greatest military tournament ever held.

Many of the foreign nations have tentatively or definitely accepted the invitation to send troops, and for the first time in history the troops of more than three nations will assemble for maneuver exercises during time of peace. With the exception of the time that the Allied Armies occupied Peking, this will be the only instance when the troops of more than three nations have been in encampment together.

The encampment will last throughout the ten months of the Exposition and daily reviews and parades, in which all of the troops will participate, will be under the direction of a field marshall, appointed each day. The tournament will include field battery display; sabre exercises; cavalry exhibitions; infantry drills; tent pegging; riding and jumping; bayonet exercises; tugs of war; sharp-shooting; fencing with sabres and bayonets; vaulting and bare back riding; historical military pageants; running and riding races and machine gun competitions.

Great battleships and cruisers of the nations, as well as the less highly developed types of air craft, will be assembled upon the aviation field or in the harbor before the grounds, and interesting mimic warfare will be held, affording a comparison of the relative efficiency of the air craft and those of the sea.

Interest in the military pageants will be increased by the fact that the huge forts of the Presidio, adjacent to the Exposition grounds, will be thrown open to the public.

A SONG

Ah, dear, when I am dead,
What folly to be sad!
Fill my grave with roses red
And then be glad.

All love in one sweet sip
Together we have tasted—
Pressed it to an eager lip,
Nothing wasted.

Then, dear, when I am dead,
What folly to be sad!
Fill my grave with roses red,
And just be glad!

VIRGINIA CLEAVER BACON.



One of the many buttes seen in crossing the plains. This butte is about one thousand feet high.

A Child's Experience in '49

As Related by Mrs. M. A. Gentry, of Oakland, Cal.

By Jennie E. Ross

Continued From Last Month

III.—The Homeward Journey.

IT WAS in the autumn of 1850, a little over a year after my arrival in California, that my kind friends decided to send me home to my mother. During the previous years, routes of travel had been established between California and the East by way of Panama and Nicaragua. Believing that one of these routes would be less arduous and fraught with danger than the Overland Trail, my guardian, Mr. McClum, had decided to return East by way of the Isthmus. After consulting with others who were also planning to go East, the Nicaraguan route was chosen as being more healthful than Panama, which was known to be infected with yellow and other fatal tropical fevers.

As I was leaving the Holloway ranch, my friends, in addition to the expense money which they had contributed, presented me with an ounce of gold dust and two fifty dollar gold pieces. These last were gold coins—commonly called slugs—which were minted in California during the gold rush. They were octagonal in shape, but otherwise differed but slightly from other gold coins.

After saying good-bye to everybody, Mr. McClum and I rode to Sacramento, where we took a river steamer for San Francisco. Though

I had often seen steamers on the rivers at home, this was the first one I had ever been on, so I was much interested in everything about us. We made the trip down the river in one night, and on the following morning we landed in San Francisco. It was then only a small town, consisting of a few stores and one story houses, and surrounded on the landward side by barren hills and sand dunes.

On the day of our arrival, we went up on Telegraph Hill to get a view of the city and harbor. But I was less interested in the city than in the sailing ship that was to take us on the first stage of our journey. This was the bark Canton, which lay at her moorings not far from the shore. To me, who had never seen a deep water vessel, she was a strange looking object, with her high masts and bare yard-arms.

My guardian found lodgings for me with a lady residing in the city, where I remained that night, and on the following day we went on board the Canton. There were no wharves, so the passengers were taken out to the ship in skiffs, and we were forced to climb up on board by means of a ladder. There were but four staterooms aboard —three of which were assigned to the ladies of the party.

I was not long making the acquaintance of these ladies, four in number, whose names I found to be Mrs. Patch, Mrs. Dollyhide, Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Hinton. I shared the stateroom assigned to the last two ladies.

When all were on board, the sails were hoisted and the ship sailed out of the Gate. No sooner were we out upon the ocean than the usual thing happened. I was immediately taken sea-sick, as were also the ladies of the party. But I soon recovered, and from that moment enjoyed every bit of the long voyage.

We were favored with good weather for the greater part of the way, although we encountered one severe storm, a rather terrifying experience to one who knew nothing of seafaring. While it raged the passengers remained below decks, but I grew curious to know what was happening outside. So I made my way up to where I could look about the ship. One glance was quite enough. To me it looked as though the Canton was deep down in the sea between two huge, towering masses of water, so large that the ship appeared but a tiny object in comparison. Terrified by the spectacle, I retreated below decks, and did not venture out again till the storm was over.

Several times we were becalmed. Then the sea would be as still and level as a floor, without a ripple to be seen on all its wide expanse. At such times the passengers amused themselves by fishing in the sea. Fish swarmed about the ship, hungry for the crumbs which were thrown overboard, so numerous that one day I suggested speering instead of using a hook and line for catching them. Some of the passengers tried it, and it proved to be a good scheme, and many fish were taken in this way, so that all on board were served with fresh fish, a welcome change of diet.

I was very much interested in the sea fish, aside from those we caught. Great schools of dolphins and porpoises were frequently seen, and there was another kind of fish which we nicknamed "trotters" from the way they splashed the water, much as a trotting horse splashes through the puddles in a muddy road. When we reached the tropics, flying-fish were frequently sighted, and a big shark followed us for many days. There was a sick man on board the ship, and the superstitious sailors declared the shark was following us to get a meal from the body of the man, should he chance to die. I am happy to say that the man recovered, and the shark had to go without his feast.

But what most awakened my interest was three whales which we sighted one day. These monsters, which the captain informed us were sperm whales—the largest species in existence—passed just behind the Canton at right angles to the ship's course.

They were following one another in a straight line, and we could plainly hear them puffing and blowing, much like the panting of a steam engine.

At once the sailors began to treat us to a discourse on the subject of whales. If one of those monsters should come near the ship and give her a slap with its tail, the vessel would be smashed all to pieces, was the substance of one of the stories told us. One of our passengers, a large, brawny man, was evidently much impressed by the fearsome tale. "If I ever get home to my mother, I'll never leave her again," he vowed solemnly. Though much awed by the story, I was amused at the remark.



Barred on an old buffalo trail on the plains.

Our voyage could not be called a peaceful one, for grave dissensions arose in our midst. One cause of complaint was the food that was served to the passengers, for which they had all paid in advance. Judging the meals to be too poor in quality and too scant in quantity, the miners protested to the captain. Receiving no satisfaction, they threatened to seize the ship's supplies unless better food was forthcoming. Evidently their threats made some impression on the captain, for there was no further complaint on this score throughout the remainder of the voyage.

But a graver trouble arose. On board the ship was a wealthy Irishman of aristocratic family, who was traveling for pleasure. He was well supplied with money, which he spent lavishly on entertaining the miners, with whom he soon became a great favorite. Another thing that added to his popularity was his delightful conversation, for he had traveled much and was a brilliant talker. Being a favored passenger, he shared the captain's stateroom. One day he announced that he had been robbed, and immediately his indignant friends accused the captain, who alone had access to the stateroom where the money had been kept. Though there was no proof of the captain's guilt, the miners banded together and threatened to deal out dire punishment to him and the mate, unless the money was restored to its owner. The money not being forthcoming, the indignation of the men increased. They well knew they were powerless on shipboard, but they vowed that as soon as they reached Nicaragua, they would hang both the captain and the mate. I will go ahead of my story sufficiently to say that these threats were not carried out, chiefly because the officers kept out of the way of the angry miners, at least that was the explanation that was given to me.

One day I had what was, to be, a startling adventure. I was playing about the ship, and amusing myself by swinging on a rope. Suddenly the vessel careened sharply, and I swung overboard and far out over the water. Fortunately, I retained my grasp on the rope, and as the ship righted, I swung back on board again, none the worse for my involuntary flight through air.

Though I spent much of my time playing, I was busily working a portion of the time. I did a thriving business hemming handkerchiefs for the miners, receiving two dollars and a half for each one. It was an exorbitant sum, and I now know it was just a kind and tactful way which these good friends took to give me some money. Their generosity did not stop there. Learning that my mother was a widow with several young children to support, they made up a purse of one hundred and fifty dollars to be spent on my future education after I reached home. The names of all who contributed were written upon a sheet of paper at the bottom of which was inscribed the motto: "Modesty and virtue adorn a lady." One man who had no money to give, presented me with a pink shawl, which I wore for many a month afterwards.

At the request of the miners, one of the ladies made me a money belt, in which I could carry this gold in safety. Seeing that there had been one robbery aboard ship, these thoughtful friends reasoned that the gold would be safer with me than in my guardian's possession, as no one would think of robbing a child.

When, one month after our departure from San Francisco, we reached Nicaragua, we entered port in brave array. All our flags were flying, and the band—for we had a few musicians on board—was playing. So martial was our appearance that the government officials mistook us for a hostile warship and sent out a boat to intercept us. But matters were soon explained, and we were allowed to proceed on our way. Soon we were all ashore and making ready for our trip across the isthmus. The men decided to walk, but the women and I were to ride on mules. There was some delay



Tepee in Flathead camp.

in securing the animals, and during the interval I, with some of my friends, visited the fortifications that guarded the harbor. These consisted of several cannon mounted in a posi- that that commanded the entrance to the port. The town, I was told, was the seat of the local government, and one of the persons who awakened the interest of the miners was the Governor's son, a gaily dressed youth with hands covered with brass rings and hoops of gold in his ears.

Mr. McClum soon succeeded in hiring a mule for me and the ladies were also supplied with mounts. Though it was less than two days' journey to the river where we were to leave the animals behind, the price charged for the mule was eight dollars. This everybody declared to be an exorbitant sum, but we had to have the beast, and were obliged to pay the price demanded.

When all was ready, another difficulty arose. I had always ridden on a side saddle, and my mule was not equipped with one. I must ride astride, and I shrank from the very thought, for in those days it was deemed highly improper for a woman or girl to use other than a side saddle. It took considerable persuasion to induce me to mount my beast, but at last I followed the example of the other ladies and our journey began.

After leaving the town, we plunged into the jungle. There was no road, nothing but a narrow trail winding up over the mountains. It was rough going most of the way, and I often sought to turn my mule to right or left in order to find an easier path. But no amount of tugging on the reins availed to turn him from the course he chose to follow, and I was obliged to let him go where he pleased.

In many places the trail was nearly obstructed by the overhanging branches of trees and twining vines, and it would be hard to get through without being swept from the back

of the animal I rode. Mrs. Patch, who I remember was a large, stout lady, rode some distance behind me. Whenever I came to an especially narrow place and passed through in safety, I always looked back, full of eager curiosity to see how Mrs. Patch was faring. Many of the trees and bushes were covered with long, slender thorns which would inflict painful wounds on all who came in contact with them. One young man of our party, while carelessly leaning against a tree, had his hand pierced by one of these much dreaded thorns.

But save for a few minor scratches we made the journey in safety. Bandits were numerous in the country, and were in the habit of attacking travelers, so as we went along the men kept strict watch for the outlaws. only a short time before a party of twenty had been killed and robbed, but fortunately we saw no sign of the bandits throughout the entire journey.

The first night we spent at a rude native inn where all travelers were given food and lodging. Here I slept upon a bed of rawhide. This had been made by stretching a rawhide over the frame of a bedstead and nailing it in place and allowing it to dry. There were no blankets, as each traveler was expected to furnish his own. However, we spent a fairly comfortable night.

Our second day's journey was merely a repetition of the first till late in the afternoon we came to the river, where we abandoned our mules, and went on board some native boats called "bungos," which were waiting for us. These bungos were large flat-boats with a little roofed-in inclosure or cabin at the stern. Six brawny natives with paddles furnished the motive power. The ladies and I had one boat and the men took passage on the others.

Hardly had we started when it grew dark, and we all lay down to sleep, though I was told that the men maintained their strict watch against attacks by bandits throughout the night. In the morning we were in the midst of cultivated plantations and approaching the city of Greytown, our objective point on the Eastern coast. All about us were bananas, cocoanuts and other tropical fruits in abundance, and in the trees overhead were parrots and monkeys.

Reaching Greytown we went to a hotel, where we stayed till our ship, the steamer Alabama, was ready to sail. But, with the exception of the tortillas, which I liked, I could not eat the food that was served to us. It was too highly seasoned to suit my taste, and even the eggs were not cooked to my fancy. As a result, I ate little but fruit, an indiscretion for which I was to pay a severe penalty a few days later.

While we remained in Greytown, I had a chance to become slightly acquainted with two beautiful Nicaraguan ladies. My guardian had, in some manner, made their acquaintance, and one day he took me to call upon them. They were both very charming and gracious, and I quite fell in love with the baby of which one lady was the proud mother. I seemed to be an object of great interest to them, and it is probable that I was the first young American girl they had ever seen. They were especially delighted with my brown hair, so different from their own jet black locks. Wishing to examine it more thoroughly, they undid my long braid and carefully combed and brushed my hair, afterward braiding it again into two beautiful plaits. Though a trivial incident in itself, the happy hour I spent with these gracious ladies has always been a pleasant recollection of my brief stay in Greytown.

When the Alabama arrived in port we all embarked for New Orleans. But hardly had we started on our way when I was stricken with the fever, a result of my over indulgence in fruit. For four days and nights I knew nothing of what came and went aboard the steamer. My kind friend, Mrs. Hinton, took care of me and nursed me with unfailing patience and devo-

tion. But I was young and healthy, and quickly recovered. Our trip was shorter and less eventful than our voyage on the Pacific, though we encountered one severe storm. By the time I had fully recovered, we were approaching New Orleans, where Mr. McClum and I were to leave the Alabama and go aboard a river steamer. Here our party broke up, though I was fortunate in meeting some of my good friends on my way up the Mississippi.

Before leaving the city, I went to a store and bought material for a new dress, for, as might be expected, I was sorely in need of clothing. So during the greater part of my voyage to St. Louis I sat in my stateroom and cut and made the new dress. When it was completed, I put it on and went into the ladies cabin, where I received many compliments on my skill as a dressmaker. "I have seen grown women who could not do as well," one lady was kind enough to remark. "Why didn't you tell us, so we could have helped you?" others asked.

At St. Louis I again changed steamers, and here again I visited the stores, this time to buy presents for the family at home—a beautiful piece of woolen dress material for my mother, a blue silk shawl, except for color the counterpart of my pink one, for my twin sister Mary, a gold pin for my younger brother, and some trinkets for my little sister. Then Mr. McClum and I took passage on a steamer for Wawsaw, Missouri, where lived both my mother and my guardian's family.

But though I was nearly home, my troubles were not ended. It was now December, and the river was full of ice. So choked was the stream in one place that it was impossible to proceed farther, and the passengers were set ashore and transported in farm wagons to Coal Camp, where we took the stage to Warsaw. Mr. McClum took me to his home for the night, and the next morning I crossed the river to go to my mother's home, a mile and a half distant.

A letter apprising her of my coming had been sent ahead, so as I left the ferry boat I found my younger brother awaiting me with a horse to carry me home. It was a cold, dismal winter day, and as I rode homeward, I looked at the snow covered ground and the bare limbs of the trees, and in spite of my eagerness to see my mother and sisters, I was homesick for the sunny land of California.

When we reached home, my mother rushed out of the house and pulled me off the horse, so overjoyed was she to receive me back home in safety. Nearly two years had elapsed since we had parted, and she had aged perceptibly in the interval. Grief over the death of her eldest daughter, and anxiety for her other children had left its indelible mark, and to her the days of forty-nine must have been ever a sad remembrance. Carefully she laid away the dress I had made myself, and the subscription list with the names of the good friends who had been so kind to me on shipboard, as precious mementoes of my long journey to the Golden West. But sad to say, her home was burned during the Civil War, and all these priceless keepsakes were destroyed.

Though I returned in safety, it was otherwise with my brother, Robert, whom I had left behind me in California. As we learned many months afterwards, he had come down from the mountains to the Holloway ranch, intending to take me home with him. Finding me already gone, he decided to remain in California awhile longer, returning home in the spring. But before the winter had passed, he contracted smallpox and died. Thus it chanced that I, the youngest and weakest of those who had gone to California, alone returned to Missouri.

But I was not to stay permanently in the East. In seventy-six I once more journeyed to the Golden West, this time in a railroad train, and with the exception of a brief two years spent in Colorado, California has been my home ever since.

Tales of the Golden Trail

No. 1.---Sophie la Vere Entertains Detective Burk

By Harry Golden

THERE was a singular distinctiveness about the little lady, a gracefulness of poise and movement, which the long coat, the homely hat, and the heavy veil could not quite hide, as she waited there, alone, in the small reception room.

Neither upon the walls, nor elsewhere about the room, were there any pictures or other trivial art novelties. The mantelpiece was bare. The library table held nothing except a closed hand bag. The fire in the grate had died down, and already the room seemed permeated with that cold, cheerless atmosphere which always lurks behind the rooms-to-let signs in all great cities.

Pulling on her gloves, the woman moved towards the window. She lifted her veil and glanced into the street below, where a few rays of the morning sun were giving battle to a wisp of slowly lifting fog. She consulted her watch. Then again she looked from the window, directing her gaze along the street to the north. There was no sign of life within the woman's range of vision. A frown crossed her brow, and she pressed her face closer to the window pane. A taxicab rounded the corner two blocks farther up the street, and a smile drove the frown from the woman's face. As she turned to step back from the window, her attention became directed to a man who was approaching from the south along the opposite side of the street. The man glanced up at a house number, and then began walking diagonally across the street toward the woman's apartment.

The taxicab had approached to within half a block, and the driver was looking up at the woman in the window. The woman shook her head and motioned toward the approaching pedestrian. The driver evinced no sign of having received the message, and the taxicab rolled off down the street at its same slow speed.

"A few minutes more," murmured the woman, "and——" Suddenly, she became active. She sprang back from the window, and catching up the suitcase, she hurried into the adjoining boudoir, tearing the hat and veil from her head as she ran.

In a remarkably short time the woman returned to the reception room, clad in a delicate clinging house gown, and with her wealth of golden hair loosely arranged about her small, shapely head. In her arms she carried an odd assortment of trinkets, photographs, art pannels, books, magazines, a box half filled with chocolates. Quickly and in a seemingly careless manner she scattered these articles about the room. When she had finished the desired effect was unmistakable. Each trivial article combined with others in restoring the cheery, homelike appearance to the room. With the rekindling of the fire in the grate the transformation of the room was almost as marked as the transformation of the woman, who now reclined in a great arm chair, with her slippered feet before the fire and an open magazine in her lap.

A knock sounded at the door. The woman did not change her position in the slightest. "Come in," she called softly.

The door opened abruptly, and a man strode into the room.

"Oh!" stammered the woman, hastily arising, and drawing the neck of the loose gown closer about her snowy throat. "I—I wasn't expecting callers. I thought when you knocked that it was the maid. To whom do I owe the honor?"

"Detective Burk, of the Mulroy Agency, Chicago."

"Delighted, Detective Burk, I assure you. Please be seated. Evidently you are here on business, Mr. Burk, so of course you will excuse my appearance. Business calls do not exact the same formalities as do social calls, I believe. I am at your service, sir," concluded the woman, as she again took her seat.

"I have called to place you under arrest for the theft of one hundred thousand dollars, in currency, belonging to Garvic & Company of Chicago."

"Why, how shocking," laughed the woman. "Surely there is some horrible mistake."

"None whatever, Miss Sophie la Vere. I hope that you will see the advisability of quietly submitting yourself to the arrest. I'll call a taxicab. Meanwhile you had better put on your street clothes and pack your things."

"Just a moment," interposed the woman. "I fear that you have jumped at several conclusions. The first and most important, that I am Miss Sophie la—what is the name again, please? Oh, yes, la Vere. A charming name, but allow me to introduce myself as Miss Constance Rivers."

The detective took from his pocket a list of descriptions and several photographs: "Height, about five foot three. Weight, about one hundred and thirty. Age, about twenty. Hair, light brown, heavy and slightly wavy. Eyes, large and blue. Carriage, proud. Prepossessing manner. Considered very pretty. Large mole under chin on left side." The detective looked up from his papers. "This description and these photographs fit you to a T, Miss la Vere. Turn your head to the right and lift your head just a little, please. Ah, there it is—the mole, an unmistakable bit of identification, you must admit."

Miss Sophie le Vere laughed. "Undeniably identified, indeed?" she said. "But don't you think, Mr. Burk, that the description and the photographs flatter me. Especially this pose," she continued, holding one of the photographs up before the detective.

Detective Burk smiled for the first time during the interview. "Quite the opposite, if you will allow me, Miss la Vere. I would rather have had the pleasure of meeting such a beautiful and cool headed young woman under vastly different circumstances."

"And I, too, am sorry that we have met under these embarrassing conditions. I believe, Mr. Burk, that we might have become great friends. There is, I am sure, much in your nature that I could like you for. I approve of your frank way of speaking. I admire outspoken people. But as we have met in a business way, let us drop the compliments. I am going to make you a business proposition."

Sophie la Vere took the hand bag from the table, opened it and placed it upon her knees.

"Garvic & Company, during the last two years, have stolen a sum of money from the American public amounting to almost one million dollars. I in turn have stolen one hundred thousand dollars from Garvic & Company. Here is the entire amount, now—here in this handbag, see.

"Garvic and Company do not wish notoriety. Their business methods, of which I have a thorough understanding, could not, I am sure, weather a government investigation. They have been discreet in hiring private detectives only. I believe that if you should report to your chief that I cannot be found, the matter would be dropped. If it should dawn upon you within the next few moments that you have no trace of Sophie la Vere; that you know absolutely nothing of her whereabouts, and that you are sure that you will never meet her again—in a professional way, of

course—well, here is fifty thousand dollars in one hundred dollar bills, one-half of the boodle. That is my proposition.

"I do not offer you less than fifty thousand because I am willing to pay that amount for one more chance to get out of the country. I do not offer you more, because my sporting instinct and my sense of fairness in matters of this nature, will not allow. No, don't answer just yet, please; take five minutes to think it over."

Sophie la Vere thrust her hands into the bag, and now held them up, filled with crisp, new bills. She sorted the bills into two piles of equal size.

"Fifty for you and fifty for me," she said. "And practically no chance to take. Oh, you may lose your position, of course; but you are a new man in the service; your wages are small—think of how long you would have to work to earn fifty thousand dollars. Think of the good times you could have with fifty thousand dollars!" She smiled up at the detective in her most winning way. "They tell me of wonderful places, far from here, where I have never been," she continued, "places where, later on, you and I might chance to meet and have good times together. You don't like this abominable game of woman hunting, and I know it."

The detective moved uneasily in his chair, with his eyes fixed upon the money before him. The woman drew slightly closer, watching the struggle go on within the other.

"The five minutes are up; you may answer," said Sophie la Vere, still holding in each hand a fifty thousand dollar packet of bills.

The detective smiled oddly, and wet his dry lips. "'I—I am sorry," he mumbled, "but——"

"Then your answer is 'no?'"

The detective nodded.

"Very well," remarked Sophie la Vere, calmly. Then, rising to her feet, she stepped quickly to the fireplace, and cast both packets of bills upon the glowing coals in the grate.

For a moment the detective sat still, not realizing what the woman had done, and when at last he sprang forward, with a cry, it was too late; for the bills were crackling merrily in their own flames; nevertheless he severely burned one hand by attempting to save them.

Sophie la Vere seated herself at the table, and calmly began to write.

"My God, woman! What have you done!" cried the detective, as he caught the woman roughly by the shoulder.

"I merely burned a hundred thousand dollars in stage money," laughed Sophie la Vere.

"Stage money? Why I—I don't understand," stammered the detective dazedly.

"I shall explain everything, and offer you congratulations as soon as I finish this short letter to my employer, Mr. M. H. Mulroy, of the Mulroy Detective Agency, Chicago."

The woman addressed an envelope, placed the finished letter within it, and then, turning again to the detective, she said: "It may all seem very strange to you, but it is the rule of the Mulroy Agency to test the honesty, as well as the ability, of all employees before they are sent out on any important work. I was detailed on a case which has led me here to San Francisco. You were given photographs and descriptions of me, together with numerous fake papers charging me with theft. I led you a merry chase from Chicago here, and you have proved yourself an adept trailer. The honesty test you passed laudably. Your instructions are, now, to begin your return journey to Chicago.

"I am going to ask you to kindly drop this report of the test in the mail box at the corner, where you will go to wait for your car; so that it will reach the chief about the time of your arrival in Chicago. I am sure that you will be sent out on a real job after the chief has examined the report.

"I hope, Mr. Burk, that you will not harbor any ill feelings toward me for acting as I was obliged to in putting

you to the test. I feel that we are destined to become great friends," the woman concluded with a little laugh.

"Certainly, I shall harbor no ill feelings toward you, Miss la Vere; although I must complain that the test was unduly severe. I almost wavered once. Not because of the money; but because of you. I feel that it is unjust to pit honesty of mere man against such a combination of wealth and wonderful beauty."

Sophie la Vere smilingly accepted the compliment as she gave her hand in farewell. Turning, she passed to the window, and still smiling watched the detective drop the letter in the mail box at the corner, catch a car and disappear.

* * * *

Four days later, as Detective Mulroy sat in his private office reading his morning mail, he came to a letter which he read through twice before laying it down upon his desk. A boy entered the room and announced, "Mr. Burk to see you, sir."

"Show him in," grunted Mulroy.

Mr. Burk entered with a cheerful smile, but the smile vanished when the detective's eyes met those of his employer.

"Read that," he said, gruffly, as he shoved the letter toward Burk.

Burk read:

"My dear Mr. Mulroy:

I am entertaining your man, Mr. Burk, here in my apartments. We are having an interesting and perfectly enjoyable visit. I just burnt, in the grate, a fine collection of stage money for Mr. Burk's amusement. I have one hundred thousand dollars worth of genuine bills in my suitcase, which I shall not dispose of in the same manner, you may be sure. I am leaving San Francisco to-day for—well, that's what you're in business for—to find out. Yours when you get me,

"SOPHIE LE VERE."

"Explain!" snorted Mr. Mulroy.

But Mr. Burk had gone.

WINDIGO

Fair lies the world, and wide about my door;
Blue waters ending in a mist of sky;
Enchanted islands where the clouds drift by,
Green hills, great trees, a wind-swept forest floor,
Heart-haunting vistas reaching out before.

And every little green and living thing
Comes creeping from the wood; the brother pine
Rears high his lofty head; wood-creatures dine
About his base; shy flitting wild-birds sing;
The eagle soars aloft on moveless wing.

Light lifting breezes murmur through the wood,
The washing ripple of the wave replies;
Sun-gleam and star-shine light the tender skies;
And when the great winds rouse to fiercer mood
The glowing fire within is passing good.

RUTH WEST.

The Land of Much in Little

By Marian Taylor

THE VERY UNIQUE Little Landers' Colony, the Land of Much in Little, is situated in the heart of the rich Tia Juana Valley, San Diego County. It is, in fact, the last stopping place on this side of the borderline between the United States and Mexico, and so near to the little town of Tia Juana itself that during the recent disturbances there the colonists, aided by field glasses, could watch the fighting from their verandas, thus having all the thrill of battle without the dangers incidental to participation.

The colony boasts a musical and significant name, San Ysidro—pronounced E-see-dro, with the accent on the second syllable—after the humble ploughman who was sainted in Spain and became the patron saint or husbandry there, his birthday being kept as a holiday by the church to this day.

William E. Smythe, the founder of the Colony, is a New England man, who in 1891 established "The Irrigation Age," the first publication of its kind in the world, and who also, the same year, brought about in Salt Lake City the first National Irrigation Congress.

His book, "The Conquest of Arid America," has made him nationally famous. The Little Landers' movement is his latest work, and the story of its launching in 1909 is well worth relating.

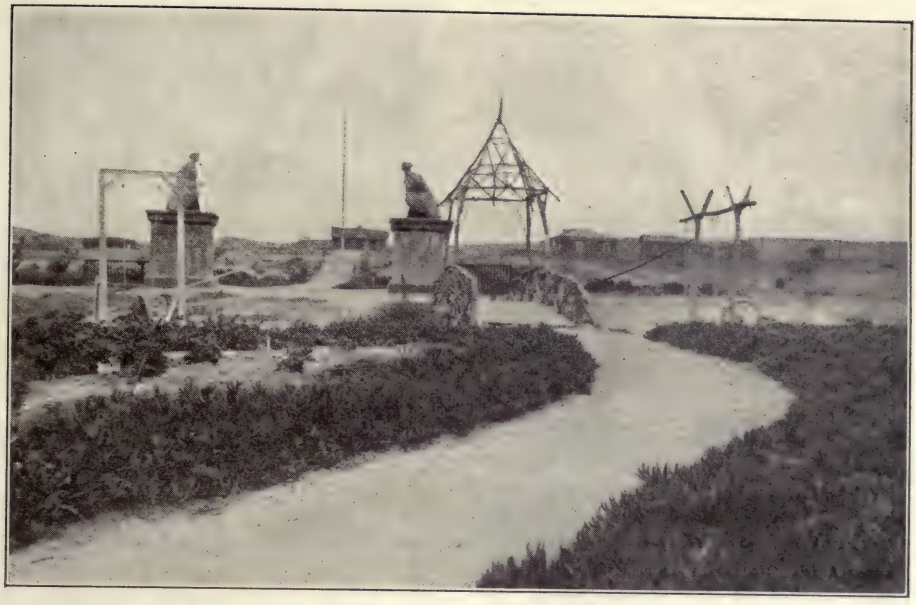
An eloquent public speaker, he announced a lecture by himself on the subject, "Can a man make a living in San Diego?" The title created surprise, and in some degree indignation. It was given in the largest hall in the city of San Diego, and yet it was crowded. He began by asking questions, among them the following: "In the bidding for population, suppose a New York lawyer, doctor, dentist, teacher, mechanic or merchant should write for specific information, who of you would take the responsibility of saying, 'Come, there is a good opening here?' "

No hands were raised.

Then he outlined his scheme, whereby hundreds, even thousands, might come, certain of making a living if only they would cultivate a little of the idle land near the city, and how those that came would create business for merchants and professional men whom nobody otherwise dare invite. It is almost needless to state that the audience capitulated, and entered into the spirit of the thing with the greatest enthusiasm.

A tract of one hundred and twenty acres—now increased to five hundred and fifty—was secured, and the land mapped out. The settlement began with a dozen families, and now there are one hundred and fifty, making a population of about three hundred and fifty men, women and children.

The smallest holding is a quarter of an acre, and the largest seven acres, because the plan is that only as much land as a family can bring under the highest cultivation shall be purchased. Thus, as has often been quoted, it is "a place without a landlord or tenant, an employee or hired hand." One splendid feature of the colony, one which cannot be too strongly emphasized, is the fact that all improvements are provided for by the real estate profits, so there are no



The colony's club house is at the end of the drive leading past flag-pole.

assessments, the money made in this way going back to the people instead of into the pockets of individuals. No outside agents are employed in this department of service; the colonists keep it in their own hands. Mr. C. F. Young at present supervising it and acting as salesman.

Colony lands sell from $350 to $600 the acre lots, according to situation and quality. House lots are $200, and all of them 50x140 in size. Terms are half cash, balance in eight quarterly payments, with six per cent interest on part owing, and five per cent off for all cash. In addition to the regular working colonists there is room at San Ysidro for two hundred families, who wish to live where it is pleasant and reasonable. There are no restrictions saving against undesirable aliens, and the sale of intoxicants.

Water, both for irrigation (per acre) and for domestic purposes is seventy-five cents per month. It is supplied from the Tia Juana River, which flows underground toward the Pacific—through gravel and sand—at the rate of a mile a year. This fact is very important, because the colonists own six or seven miles east of San Ysidro, and an eminent engineer has stated that if they had no rain for five or six years, they would have enough water to supply them in the bed of the river.

San Ysidro is the only district in California that has succeeded in getting the approval of the State Irrigation Commission—consisting of the Attorney General, the State Engineer and the Superintendent of Banks—under the present laws; this good fortune permitting the Little Landers to issue bonds for $25,000, all of which were instantly over-subscribed for and a premium paid in addition, and which sum is now being expended in extensions to the water system. Mr. C. F. Young, president of the Irrigation Board of the Colony, made a trip to San Francisco early in 1912 to interview the Commission on behalf of this project, and has given good service in connection with it ever since.

Most of the piping is now underground; one of the two large concrete reservoirs is made and the other about to be started. Electric motors

to drive three pumps are in place and working. The power comes from San Diego, and costs the same as manufacturers pay in that city.

The San Ysidrans have solved the market problem happily by doing away with the middle man. Three days a week they gather the produce and take it by auto truck to San Diego—fourteen miles away—where they have an independent Little Landers market in the heart of the business section. Each producer is paid cash at market rates, less a small commission to cover expenses.

The colony has a grammar school under the State system, carrying also the first year of high school. The staff consists of three teachers, and there is an attendance of about sixty scholars. A new modern open air school is about to be started, which reveals the progressive spirit dominating the colonists.

There is also a movement toward the union of the different denominations under what will probably be called a Federal Church. The Congregational body may become affiliated with it, but the Little Landers will retain their own government. Then there will be a regular pastor on a regular salary. At present the minister acts as secretary-manager during the week.

But perhaps most of all it is the club house that differentiates this ideal colony from other farming communities, for it fosters the social and intellectual life of the people. Here classes in Social Science, Spanish and current topics are discussed weekly. The ladies even have their afternoon club. Each Monday evening reports are turned in from the various departments, and each man's knowledge is used for the benefit of his neighbor. An interchange of good ideas' bureau it might well be called, for at all times do the colonists combine with and for each other, instead of against each other. The members are gifted with the ready tongue, and it is a matter of history that the first colony meeting was held in the open air within thirty minutes of the arrival of the pioneers at San Ysidro. Unique in all they do, it is delightful to note the mottoes they have placed above their club fire places: "I loafe and invite my soul," and "For the dear love of comrades." Noble words by Walt Whitman!

The equability of the climate in San Diego County is proverbial, so the San Ysidrans point with great pride to the fact that the range of temperature is at lowest thirty in winter to eighty-six in summer, with occasional exceptions. Conspicuous among the colonists are professional people, ministers, teachers, college professors, lawyers, doctors and artists. Indeed, it is a significant fact that among the best and most successful are found men—and in some cases women—whose former occupations kept them from the land, demonstrating that those with no experience and some brains will do better than the truck gardner of years' standing with a poor order of mentality.

Poultry is a great source of industry, and the aim is not the hen that makes a dollar a year, but the one that nets double that amount. They figure that five hundred hens can be kept on half an acre, with plenty of room for the house and garden, the hen yard also producing valuable fertilizer to aid in the growth of produce for household use. Belgian hares are being raised with great success, and bring in a nice little revenue to some families, the children especially being interested in them.

Nearly all fruits flourish at San Ysidro, including figs, oranges, guavas and lemons; apricots and peaches are perhaps their best productions, and vegetables grow riotously in great profusion. The latest development is in the direction of covering small pieces of ground with cloth or glass, so as to have products out of season when they bring higher prices: a pertinent fact to be noted carefully by those able only to purchase a quarter acre of land or a lot 50x140. One of the colonists—sixty-three years old—

makes a comfortable living with very little labor from one-sixth of an acre. Another derives his income from one-fifth of an acre planted to spineless cactus. It is indeed the land of hope.

As a haven for people of small income, San Ysidro surely looms forth as a veritable garden of Eden, a place where they may find the cost of living reduced to a minimum, and yet where they may find the maximum of comfort and enjoyment free from the snubs incidental to the lives of the comparatively poor in big cities.

In 1912 the Hon. Niel Nielson, a prominent statesman of Australia, visited San Ysidro, and declared that, in two respects, he found the colony the most important demonstration of the life of the people on the soil which had ever come under his observation. "Firstly, the unit of land ownership adopted here is as sound as it is unique—'So much land as one individual or family can use to the highest advantage without hiring help!' In Australia we have said that 'a man should have as much land as he requires for a comfortable living,' but some men seem to think they require a thousand acres for that purpose, and that means servile labor in the bunkhouse. Your rule makes inevitably for a free people."

Another visitor from abroad, Mr. Aaronsohn, head of the experimental stations of the Zionist colonies in Palestine—said: "In your vision you have foreseen that in the near future the conditions of soil waste in America cannot prevail, and you have undertaken to show immediately what the future agricultural generations will have to do." The result of these visits is that colonies modeled after San Ysidro are under consideration for Australia, and for Palestine. The climate of the latter is so nearly identical with that of California, natives of Palestine being particularly impressed with the fact that success here should promise success there, and it will be of interest to watch developments.

Little wonder is it that Colony No. 2 has been started at Los Terrenitos,



U. S. Grant's statue. Prof. Bawden's tents to the right.

sixteen miles distant from Los Angeles, or that it is progressing rapidly under that able General, William E. Smythe! There are other colonies in the East, also, somewhat similar to the Little Landers, and doubtless the future will see the up-springing of many more throughout the country.

The president of the colony is Geo. P. Hall, who has a national reputation as a horticultural expert, and who was formerly president of the State Horticultural Commission. The benefit of his presence and knowledge to the "green" colonist cannot be estimated. He ever keeps himself ready to guide the inexperienced and to set his feet on the road to success.

We hear a great deal about psychology nowadays, and note the suggestiveness of the colony's motto, "A Little Land and a Living Surely, is Better than Desperate Struggle and Wealth, *Possibly*." To this they add Abraham Lincoln's memorable words, "The most valuable of all arts will be the art of deriving a comfortable sub-

sistence from the smallest area of soil."

When the San Diego and Arizona Railroad opens up, it will pass through the Little Landers Colony, and will surely lead to a large settlement in the Tia Juana Valley. The San Diego and Southeastern Railroad expects to turn its steam line into an electric one, thus giving additional service between San Ysidro and San Diego. These changes will take place in readiness for the crowds that will visit Tia Juana during the San Diego exposition of 1915. Indeed, as William E. Smythe says: "It is doubtful if there will be any exhibit, either at San Diego or San Francisco, of more downright interest to those who visit California in the Exposition year than these men and women, gathered from the four corners of the continent, to realize 'a little land and a living' on the sunny slopes of San Ysidro."

THREE SONGS

Spring in the South.

Burst of song in a silvery night
(Mocking-bird in the nest close by);
Flash of pink and the peach abloom
(Meadow-lark in the grasses high);
Breath of blossoms waxen white
(Linnet, scarlet breasted, nigh);
Rose-trail on the lengthening dusk,
(Lingers long in the western sky),
Spring in the South!

Love in the South.

My Love's low voice is music sweet
As bird-note of the Harbinger;
And pink the palms of her two hands
As peach-bloom in the budding year;
As orange fragrance lips that meet
Full oft mine own when she is near;
And not more fair the tinted eve
Than my Love's cheeks, so soft, so dear—
Love in the South!

Sorrow in the South.

Ah, thou dear bird, must needs fill all
The night with thy exquisite song—
The night that knows no more my Mate,
The haunting night, so sad, so long?
Oh, day-time splendors that recall
My lost Love's charms! Oh, God, what wrong
So great such grief must expiate—
This grief, these memories, throng on throng?—
Sorrow in the South.

BESSIE PRYOR FLETCHER.

Satan the Murderer---Murderer to Die

By C. T. Russell

Pastor New York, Washington and Cleveland Temples and the Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

(This is the Second of a Series of articles from Pastor Russell's pen respecting Satan's origin, his present occupation and his future prospects.)

WE ALL KNOW that the holy angels of Heaven are free from the blights which cause sorrow on earth. In Heaven there is no sighing, no crying, no dying, no sickness, no heartaches, no headaches, no insane asylums, no funerals, no doctors. On earth these things are so familiar that many assume that they always have been and always will be. And yet, without a question, we all acknowledge that the same God who made such a splendid provision for the angels is the God of humanity, our Maker. Why should He have done so differently with two creations of His own family—His own creatures, His own children?

The Bible explains that the reason for the difference between God's treatment of mankind and His treatment of the angels is that the human family became sinners, depraved, alienated, through the disobedience of Father Adam; that the entire race of Adam is mentally, mortally, morally and physically impaired; and that these impairments are all incidental to the curse, or penalty of sin; namely, "Dying, thou shalt die." Genesis 2:17—margin.

Satan the Murderer.

Jesus declares that Satan is responsible for the death of our race. He is the greatest criminal of all history, and is to meet his fate—soon. He was the murderer of our first parents, and by the laws of heredity we all lost our lives through his terrible deception. Satan persuaded Mother Eve that God, who cannot lie, had lied to her; that the declaration, "Dying, thou shalt die," is an untruth; that man could not die; that he had some inherent life that even God himself could not interfere with. He persuaded her that God had a selfish motive in making the death threat, in telling the lie; that God wished to keep her and Adam in ignorance; but that, by obeying himself, they would become like God.

Man's sentence was carried out. Our first parents were driven from Eden, that they might no longer have access to its life-sustaining fruits, that they might come under the penalty, "Dying, thou shalt die." There never was a sentence, Thou shalt live in eternal torment and be tortured by devils. All such misrepresentations are slanders of the Divine character, purpose, and Plan, intended to dishonor God and turn mankind away from Him.

Satan the Incorrigible.

For all these six thousand years Satan has maintained his attitude of enmity toward God and antagonism toward all the Divine arrangements, laws and regulations. God, all-powerful, could have restrained Satan at any moment if He had chosen. The fact that He has allowed him to remain and to practice to some extent his evil work assures us that the results will justify the course pursued by the Almighty.

In the sight of the holy angels, the vicious, scheming, plotting, deceiving, lying murderous spirit of Satan has been fully manifest; and by and by the whole world of mankind, now sub-

ject to his deceptions, will be fully recovered and fully informed respecting them. God undoubtedly sees that the permitting of sin to take its course will eventually bring to the world, to angels, and to the Church, a wider knowledge of good and evil, of right and wrong, than could have been communicated to them in any other way.

Satan, evidently always hopeful that he might outwit the Almighty and accomplish his purpose, has especially labored during the past nineteen centuries. When he could not seduce the great Redeemer to disloyalty to God, he sought to put Him to ignominious death, only to find that in this he had fulfilled the Scriptures. Later, in persecuting the Church and in bringing in damnable heresies, through seducing spirits inculcating doctrines of demons, Satan has sought to turn the hearts of all against the Heavenly Father, and to mislead them in respect to the Divine character and Plan.

Sin's Wage is Death.

Our great Creator has one Law for His Empire: "The wages of sin is death; the gift of God is eternal life." Satan was given this gift; but it was conditional—dependent upon his obedience. From the moment of his rebellion he was worthy of the sentence of death. But it was not decreed. Time was given him to see the folly of his course. Century after century increased Satan's spirit of opposition to God and to righteousness. Even the terrible disaster of sickness, sorrow and death which he has brought upon mankind swerved him not from his evil course. Even the death of the Savior for the redemption of the race moved him not to sympathy and pity. His heart seems to have become the more hardened in proportion as he has seen manifestations of Divine love and pity. This is an illustration of the general trend of sin—to hardness of heart.

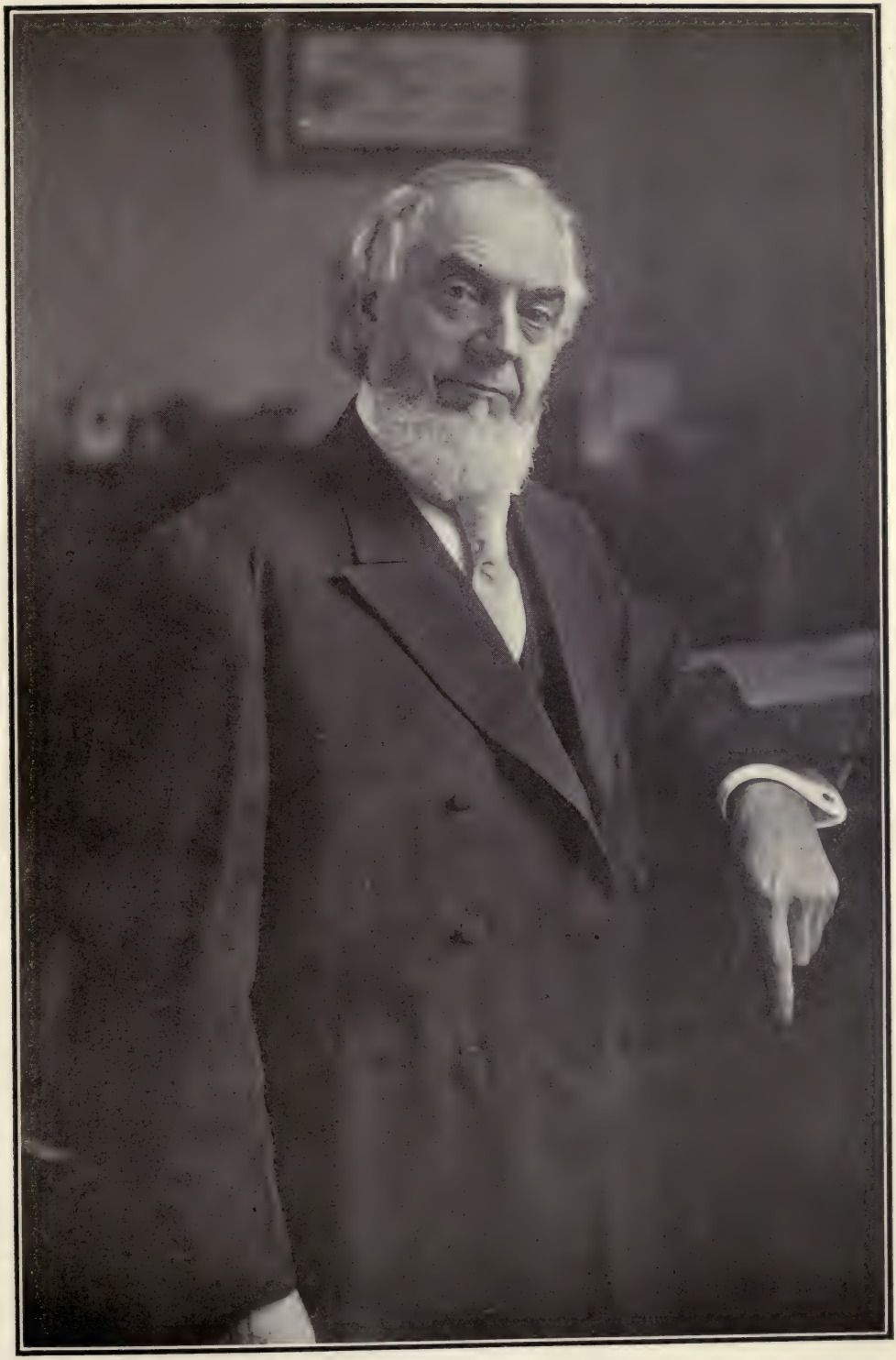
A certain time has been fixed in the Divine Program for the execution of this great murderer. He must first witness the undoing of all his work. He must behold how the light of the knowledge of the glory of God will sweep away all the delusions which he has fostered, and will emancipate humanity and lead to the anthem, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The Scriptures do not inform us of where Satan will be during the period of his bondage, during the period of his restraint from doing evil—during the thousand years of Messiah's Reign. It merely informs us that at the conclusion of that period he will be loosed again, that he may bring a trial and a test upon the human family, then perfect in the flesh. Their number, we are told, will be as the sand of the seashore—a world full. They all will have enjoyed the full benefit of Messiah's Reign—Restitution to all that was lost—to full human perfection. The earth, brought to perfection, will be as the Garden of Eden—the Garden of the Lord, Paradise restored.

Why Will Satan Be Loosed?

The Bible answer is that God desires to prove, to test, all of the human family. They will have had a knowledge of sin, a knowledge of God's goodness, a knowledge of human recovery from sin to death. But the question which God would decide with them is, Have they so learned the lesson of the sinfulness of sin and the bitterness of its results that they would hate sin and love righteousness—that they would be obedient to God, trusting Him where they could trace Him and where they could not? Any who after all the experiences they will have passed through would not be absolutely loyal to the Lord to the very core in word, in deed and in thought, would not be dependable—would not be worthy of eternal life, which God purposes only for those who have demonstrated fully established characters in harmony with the Creator's.

As to the nature of the test we are not informed. We are merely told that Satan will be loosed that he may



Pastor C. T. Russell.

tempt all mankind. We may be sure that the temptations will be along the lines of full submission to the Divine will. The Scriptures imply that when Messiah shall deliver up the Kingdom at the close of the Millennium, the government of the world will become a republic, in which each person is a king, and one of these kings chosen by vote to be the administrator of the affairs of the government.

All Will Be Tested.

Let us suppose as an illustration that mankind would be expecting such a change of government at a particular time. Let us suppose that God had allowed them to misunderstand some feature of His Plan, and thus to expect the change of government at the wrong time. Here would be an opportunity for a test upon all. A question would arise which would tend to cause a division amongst all mankind. Some might be inclined to say, The time for the change has come, and it should be made; and those who are retaining the government are in error. So believing, they might make a demand upon the earthly representatives of the Divine government that a transfer should be made, and that the world should become a Republic instead of remaining a theocracy.

Others of mankind might say: Nay, we are debtors to God for all that we have. We may have misunderstood the time or some feature of the Divine purpose, but we are very happy, very thankful to God, very appreciative of the blessings we are enjoying. If God wishes to make a change in the government, well and good. If God wishes that the present government shall hold over indefinitely, all well and good. We refuse to join with those who are proposing a demand for the transfer of the government.

Something of this kind would seem to be implied in the figurative expressions of Revelation 20:9. "The camp of the saints and the Beloved City" would seem to represent the earthly phase of the Kingdom, and the encompassing of the camp would seem to imply a protest. Such a division of sentiment would show clearly how many had fully learned to commit everything to God and to trust absolutely in the Divine supervision of their affairs, and how many, after all the great lessons of seven thousand years, would still be inclined to take matters into their own hands—world-wide.

Destruction of Satan and All God's Enemies.

The denouement here and elsewhere pictured is that there came down fire from Heaven and devoured them—Satan and all those who took the side of self-will and who indicated a measure of disloyalty and unfaithfulness.

Many are the Scriptures which seem to tell us of the final destruction of Satan; as, for instance, Romans 16:20, which declares that God will ultimately bruise Satan under the feet of the Church, thus associating the Church, the Body of Christ, with the Lord, the Head. This corresponds with the Divine statement in Eden that ultimately the Seed of the woman would crush the Serpent's head—ultimately destroy the Serpent and all that he stands for: namely, sin and rebellion against God.

Thus, eventually the wages of sin and death must be meted out to any wilful, persistent rebel against the Divine Law, whether he be an outward rebel or one secretly disloyal. The lesson is one for all of God's people and for the whole world. If we know the Spirit of the Lord in respect to sin, happy are we if we conform our lives thereto.

Let us mark well the course that will ultimately lead to Satan's destruction. Let us mark well also the course of Jesus, which led to the highest glory. Which example shall we follow? Shall we in humility walk in the footsteps of our Redeemer, and become His joint-heirs, or shall we take the other course of pride, and thus become disciples of the Adversary, and reach his doom?



"The Masks of Love," by Spalding Gerry.

With the newer woman has come gradually a newer type of love story —the romance in which the initiative, the adventure, are with the woman rather than with the man. "What Will She Do With It?" might be the title of many a modern novel, in which it is the girl, not the youth, who responds to the call of a chivalrous quest. It is an American girl of the baffling, fascinating, enterprising, modern sort who is the heroine of Margarita—a girl who is boyish yet alluringly feminine; innocent minded yet keenly aware, timid yet coolly self-assured, Marjorie Spofford lights up the whole story with her radiant, winning personality; her unworldliness, the courage with which she rallies from the pain of wounded pride and plucks the finer truth out of disillusion, make a spirited appeal. Marjorie's case was not the usual one of the girl dazzled by the glamour of the theatre; she wasn't "stage struck," or even particularly vain of her undeniable beauty; nor was she in need of money. It was the spirit of adventure that led her to the office of Jere Newbold, the masterful young theatrical director. Newbold saw that she had no dramatic talent, knew nothing of emotion or technique; but he gave her a minor role because she interested him. Then in due time Marjorie, who had always thought of love as a smooth, comfortable affair, was shocked by one of its cruder manifestations, and learned that men are not always as deeply civilized as they seem. Yet Marjorie stuck to the company, and when Newbold joined them on the road and fell ill of typhoid fever, the accident of a badly sprained ankle kept her at the same hospital.

Then, little by little, she was admitted to the wide country of a man's friendship, learning the fine side of the man she had hated, and assisting him with the play he was writing. With money newly inherited, she dared to help him out of financial difficulties without his knowledge, and the result was that she came into collision for the first time with the man's code of ethics, learning after bitter struggle the last lesson needed to deepen her from girl to woman. Always interesting as to its background and its many subsidiary touches of character, the story holds one's absorbed attention as a clear-cut drama of that conflict of sex-antagonism and sex-attraction that may shock the serenest soul to new consciousness.

Published by Harper & Bros., Franklin Square, N. Y.

"Prayer: What It Is and What It Does," by Dr. Samuel McComb.

Nowadays we are swinging farther and farther away from the scientific rationalism that has dominated philosophy and even religious thought for so long. Practically no one to-day calls himself a "materialist" in the old sense, and faith and mysticism are everywhere reasserting their claims. The inspiring little book called "'Prayer: What It Is and Does," belongs to the new order of thought—the thought that tries to see things whole and to recognize realities of whatever kind. That prayer is a real force, that according to the pragmatic test "it works" in the midst of life, effecting not only spiritual but even physical changes, is a thing that can no longer

be doubted at this time of day. The cases of men who have been genuinely born anew, the cases in which physical ills have been ameliorated if not healed, are too convincing to be easily dismissed. Nor does the notion that prayer may be effective necessarily conflict with the laws of science. Only we must recognize the limitations of prayer and get rid of the antiquated notion that it is a matter of petition instead of being, as it really is, a communion that enables us to escape from our petty selves. The whole matter, including the delicate question of how one should pray, is luminously and sympathetically set forth by Dr. Samuel McComb. For most readers his little book contains more truth and suggestions than a two volume treatise on philosophy, and after reading it one will be slow to attribute the phenomena of prayer to mere imagination or self-hypnotism.

Published by Harper Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

"Adventures of the Infallible Godahl," by Frederick Irving Anderson, with eight illustrations.

A fascinatingly unconventional hero makes his first public bow in book form in this account of the exploits of the "Infallible Godahl." A well bred young New Yorker, popular in the respectable circles to which he belongs, Godahl possesses an insatiable craving for adventure, and at the same time has the will and cultivated skill to cover his tracks after taking the most daring chances. While undeniably a villain, he has the saving grace of engaging in the business of crime for the fun of the thing. He hesitates at nothing, not even at an attempt on the United States Assay Office. For the sake of tapping one mighty safe full of jewels he sets off eighteen hundred burglar alarms in the Maiden Lane district of New York. The author knows New York and New York people thoroughly, and at every turn he gives daringly intimate glimpses of the life of the city. As a character in one dramatic episode the reader has no difficulty in recognizing, under a thin disguise, one of America's foremost women philanthropists.

Cloth, 12mo., $1 net; postage extra. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell, New York.

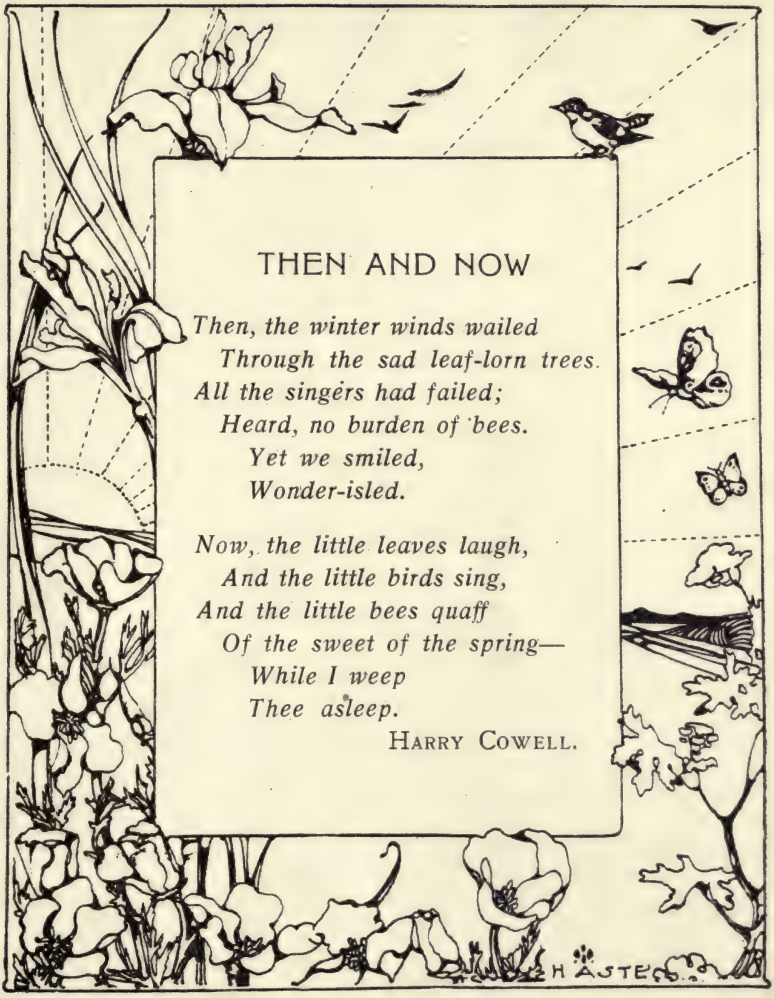
"Worry," by Ralph Kent Buckland, author of "In the Land of the Philippino," "Philippine Journeys," etc.

In view of their own past mental tortures, the cerebral contortions of the heroine of this story—the querulous Mrs. Simkins, past mistress of the art of worry—will prove a delightful relaxation to those who have worried. Those who have yet to know what it is to "borrow trouble" will be attracted and held by the bubbling humor of the story and by the unfolding of the delicately wrought plot and the following of the love theme here interwoven. It is a book for young and old—a homely, pleasant little tale that leaves an altogether wholesome impression and a lingering desire to know more of Mrs. Simkins and her numerous problems. Every one who worries should read it.

Cloth, 12mo. $1 net; by mail, $1.10. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"Kirstin, a Play in Four Acts," by Alice Cole Kleene.

This is a version in blank verse, drama form, of the sea nymph as developed by Hans Christian Anderson, in which numbers of songs are introduced. The form is well chosen to develop the action along the conception of the author.



THEN AND NOW

Then, the winter winds wailed
Through the sad leaf-lorn trees.
All the singers had failed;
Heard, no burden of bees.
Yet we smiled,
Wonder-isled.

Now, the little leaves laugh,
And the little birds sing,
And the little bees quaff
Of the sweet of the spring—
While I weep
Thee asleep.

HARRY COWELL.



Arab divers, with ebonite pincers closing their nostrils, going down to gather pearl oysters.

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WHERE PEARLS GROW

By Mabel C. Cole

ON THE GOOD ship "Crook" we sailed from Manila for the Sulu Seas, which lie nearly a thousand miles to the south. Thrilling stories of Moro pirates and Mohammedan fanatics, and fabulous tales of pearls and the Sultan of Sulu, gleaned from the writings of very early travelers, had thrown a certain glamor over this region; and we were eager to ride through those seas where even to-day piracy is not unknown, and to those islands whose Moro inhabitants have never ceased to give trouble to both their Spanish and American rulers.

At different ports on the route where our ship stopped to discharge cargo, we went to shore and walked about in the enclosures of high stone walls where formerly all the inhabitants of the town were brought together in times of danger; and we climbed up into the stone watch towers, so placed that no hostile boat could approach unseen, and looked off over the surrounding seas, now so calm and peaceful.

On the morning of the sixth day we sighted Jolo, on the principal island of the Sulu group, the home of the Sultan.

The charm of these islands, so noted for beautiful pearls, was now greater than ever, and as we ploughed through the calm sea toward this bit of jungle land where tiny nipa roofs nestled beneath tall palms, glistening in the morning light, it seemed that the island itself was a brilliant gem in a setting of shimmering blue and gold.

It was from this little island that the Sultan of Sulu had departed some months before for a trip around the world, carrying with him thirty thousand dollars worth of pearls. It is probably the last large collection he will ever have, for the power of this

one-time monarch is waning fast. From time out of mind, he and the Sultans before him have claimed ownership of the renowned pearl fisheries of these seas, and until the last few years it has been the custom of all native pearl fishers to submit to him as a present or for purchase all pearls of good size, while even the Chinese and other foreigners have paid a fixed price for the privilege of fishing in these waters. Now, however, times have changed, and since the American occupation of the Philippines, the Sultan's power has diminished little by little, until even the fishing grounds have been opened to any who will comply with the laws pertaining to them.



A diver ready to make his descent, his net basket in his right hand; he carries about fifty pounds extra weight in metal in order to reach the "safe" oyster ground about one hundred and ten feet.

Larger and larger the island appeared till finally we cast anchor, and from the end of the long pier looking up through the high white gateway into the palm bordered streets of Jolo. The city itself, now the army headquarters, is surrounded by a white-washed brick wall, broken only by high gates where sentries stand on guard to prevent armed natives from entering, for it has been sadly proven that Moros, armed with their long knives, are still very dangerous individuals. At nine o'clock each night the gates are closed, and from then till sunrise no one is allowed to enter the city.

Leading out from one of the gates are four beautiful roads bordered with cocoanut palms, and these stretch back to the forest covered hills; but the Sultan's subjects are still so inhospitable to white people that an American cannot go far without military escort, and hence we were not able to visit the house of the ruler, which is about two miles back.

From our boat deck we looked off to the left of the walled city at a Moro village, which lay along the water's edge. The houses, built of nipa palm,



Fishing fleets returning from the oyster beds.

rested on piles that stood in the water, and in order to go from one house to any of the others, it was necessary to swim or walk along connecting "bridges"—two or three bamboo poles laid side by side on the top of shaky posts. The chances are that had we attempted to cross on one of these slippery structures we should have swum or drowned before we reached our destination.

And the inhabitants of these shacks were the subjects of the Sultan of Sulu! In the water around us were takes the place of golf or tennis with them.

The very earliest histories of these people tell of their being engaged in pearl fishing. A Spanish record of 1645 says that the pearls were secured during times of calm when the waters were smooth and the natives could see clearly to a great depth. To assist in this, the eyes were washed in the blood of a white rooster, which intensified the vision, and then, since they were good divers, nothing could escape them. The pearls, the record



Care is exercised in paying out the "air line" as the diver goes below.

many outrigger canoes from which these water rats dived to get the coins which we tossed into the sea from the ship. Near-naked men, women and children plunged into the deep, and then coming up with the treasures, scrambled dripping and happy back into the canoes, only to beg for another chance. It was very evident that they were perfectly at home in the water, and doubtless pearl fishing says, were as large as filberts, or even a bird's egg, and near Tawi Tawi (one of this group of islands) was one larger than the largest egg. The place where this lay, however, was enchanted, so that if an effort were made to secure it, the sea would open and wreck the boat. Two sharks stood guard, and whenever some covetous person dived for it, like the gold of the fairies, it disappeared. The Span-



The cargo of a pearl fishing boat being divided into thirds by the crew and the government officials.



A native opening large shells.

iards proposed to make a grand expedition to secure this rich prize, but the Moros dissuaded them from undertaking so hazardous a trip, and so far as known, the sharks have never given up the treasure.

Mother-of-pearl oysters are not sought for the pearls alone, for the shell itself affords a rich harvest. Were this not the case, the returns would be poor indeed, for sometimes a whole fleet may be out for months and secure no specimens of great value. The shell sells for from thirty to fifty dollars a picul (about 140 pounds), and is mostly sent to Singapore or to Europe, although there is one button factory in Manila which uses about three hundred tons a year.

These naked Moro divers have been known to go down into one hundred feet of water, but they can stay down little more than a minute, and even this is not deep enough to secure the best shell. They have to content themselves with shallower water, where oysters are occasionally found, and here they dive for them or secure them with a primitive rake dredge worked by a rattan line from a canoe. The shells are usually opened on the boat and the oysters extracted as soon as brought up. They frequently soak the dry shell in water for several days before it is sold, in order to increase its weight.

Much of the fishing for pearl oysters is now carried on by use of diving armor in water from ninety to a hundred and twenty feet deep, but the greater part of the pearl beds lie thirty and forty feet deeper still—too far to be reached by the present system of diving.

All boats with armored divers are required to pay a license which amounts to about thirty-five dollars for three months, and each boat usually carries a crew of seven or eight men. The air pumps used are worked



A million pearl oysters drying out in a "Kothe," government storage bin.

by hand, two men being stationed constantly at the pumps when diving is in process. The operator has from forty to fifty pounds of weight attached to him in order to reach the bottom, and he usually stays down until he has filled the net basket he carries, which requires from ten minutes to an hour. The length of time one is able to stay under, however, depends on the depth of the water, the strength of the current, and the endurance of the person.

More than one hundred and twenty feet is considered a dangerous depth, although some go as deep as a hundred and eighty feet. Several divers have lost their lives the past year in deep water in this district. There is great temptation in a bed of shell which lies just beyond the danger line, for although the worker realizes that he is in danger, he is gathering five dollars into his basket each minute he remains down, and it is so much like finding money that he goes too far or stays too long.

The most desirable bottom for pearl oysters is coarse sand with dead coral and rock to which the young may attach. They cannot grow on live coral, and they are apt to be covered up and smothered in fine sand. Each mature female contains several thousand eggs —but the destruction of eggs and young is probably very great, many being swept by strong currents to great depths, where they either perish or settle on the bottom so thickly that

they smother; or they may attach to some floating thing and be swept ashore.

The eggs at first float on the water, but when from three to six hours old they move about by means of small hairlike cilia. The shell begins to form by the end of the second day, and in from four to eight days the young oysters settle and become attached to the bottom or to any object they chance to fall upon. Shells are supposed to reach a marketable size of eight or nine inches in about three years, although they continue to grow for several years longer.

After the oyster once becomes attached, it remains in that spot for the most of its life; however, at times it does cast off and reattach to some more desirable place, moving very slowly by means of its small foot.

Some of the most beautiful pearls ever discovered have come from these Sulu fisheries. The value of a specimen depends on its size, shape, color and luster, the perfectly white, round ones being the most valuable. As we strolled about the streets of the city, we were followed everywhere by native men, who begged us to buy their pearls which they carried wrapped in tiny bits of cotton. If we stopped to look, they were hopeful; and if we refused once, twice, a dozen times, they were always hopeful. Unless one is a judge of these jewels, however, it is not safe to purchase in this way, for the specimens are usually defective, and the price asked depends entirely on how anxious the Moro thinks you are to buy.

The pearls of perfect form usually grow in a sac in the mantle of the oyster. The formation may be due to a parasitic worm that works its way into the body of the oyster, or it may be a grain of sand, a bit of seaweed, or some other foreign matter which causes an irritation and becomes encased in the excreted mother-of-pearl. The covering consists of independent layers which may be pulled off like the coatings of an onion.

For ages attempts have been made to discover a method whereby the oyster could be made to produce pearls; but when all tests have been made, it is found that there is always some small point or flaw to prevent the turning out of round specimens of fine lustre.

The artificial production of half-pearls or "blisters" has proved profitable and practical, however, and in the Bay of Ago, Japan, is a pearl farm where several hundred people are employed in the work; and the cultural pearls find a ready market and a good price. From 200,000 to 300,000 oysters are treated each year at this farm. A minute mother-of-pearl bead is inserted into the shell, and the oyster is replaced in the water, where it is allowed to grow for six or seven years, when the pearls are duly harvested.

Efforts are ever being made to grow perfect cultured pearls, and probably before many years it will be accomplished. But in the meantime, the naked Moro will continue his perilous search for the treasures in the shark infested waters of the Southern Seas.





The "Ida A." ashore near Drake's Landing-place, April, 1912.

"There they careened the Golden Hynde,
Her keel being thick with barnacles and weeds—
And built a fort and dockyard to refit
Their little wandering home."

DRAKE ON THE PACIFIC COAST

By James Main Dixon

THESE ARE DAYS when dwellers on the Pacific Coast are asked to consider their heritage, and look both backward and forward. Forward to a new Pacific, fed directly with merchant vessels from the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic, and busy with commerce; and backward to the heroic men who discovered the Isthmus of Panama, embarked for the first time on Pacific waters, rounded the southern continent, and later on planted a Christian civilization in California. Without remembering the men of the past, the Panama Exposition would be lacking in the charm of gratitude, of good deeds recalled. Junipero Serra's two hundredth anniversary has been honored by a State holiday; he it was who did so much for the natives on this coast. He will be fitly remembered as a benefactor of man in this quarter of the world. But Californians, especiall those with English blood in their veins, ought not to let the occasion slip of paying a just tribute to the heroic navigator who spent six weeks of the summer of 1579 close to the Golden Gate. Francis Drake was the man of European birth who first landed in Northern California, christening it New Albion in memory of his own dear native England. His treatment of the poor natives was so humane that they adored him as a god, and twice crowned him as their king. When he and his men left these shores, to "encompass the globe," these Indians wept bitterly,

and even lacerated their bodies in token of their bitter sorrow. The services that were held on shore, in the cove by Point Reyes, when the English prayer book was first used on this continent, were no formal acts covering inconsistent conduct and brutality, but were a really devout expression of religious faith and principle.

The "Golden Hynde" sought shelter in the bay that now bears its commander's name, after a hard and fruitless search for the fabled northwest passage. All during the sixteenth century navigators believed that there was a strait that led from the Labrador coast to somewhere near the Columbia River, that we know today. By the close of the century these "Straits of Anian," as they were called, had been relegated on the map to the Arctic regions; so constant were the reports of frigid weather experienced by those adventurers who went in quest. Francis Fletcher, the chaplain of the Drake expedition, thus describes their troubles off the coast of Oregon: "The land in that part of America," he says, "bearing farther out into the West than we before imagined, wee were nearer on it than wee were aware; and yet the neerer still wee came unto it, the more extremite of cold did sease upon us. The 5 day of Iune, wee were forced by contrary windes to runne in with the shoare, which we then first descried, and to cast anchor in a bad bay." This haven has been identified with Chetko Bay in Oregon. "In this place," he continues, "there was no abiding for us; and to go further north, the extremity of the cold (which had now utterly discouraged our men) would not permit us; and the wind directly bent against us, having once gotten us under sayle againe, commanded us to the southward, whether we would or no."



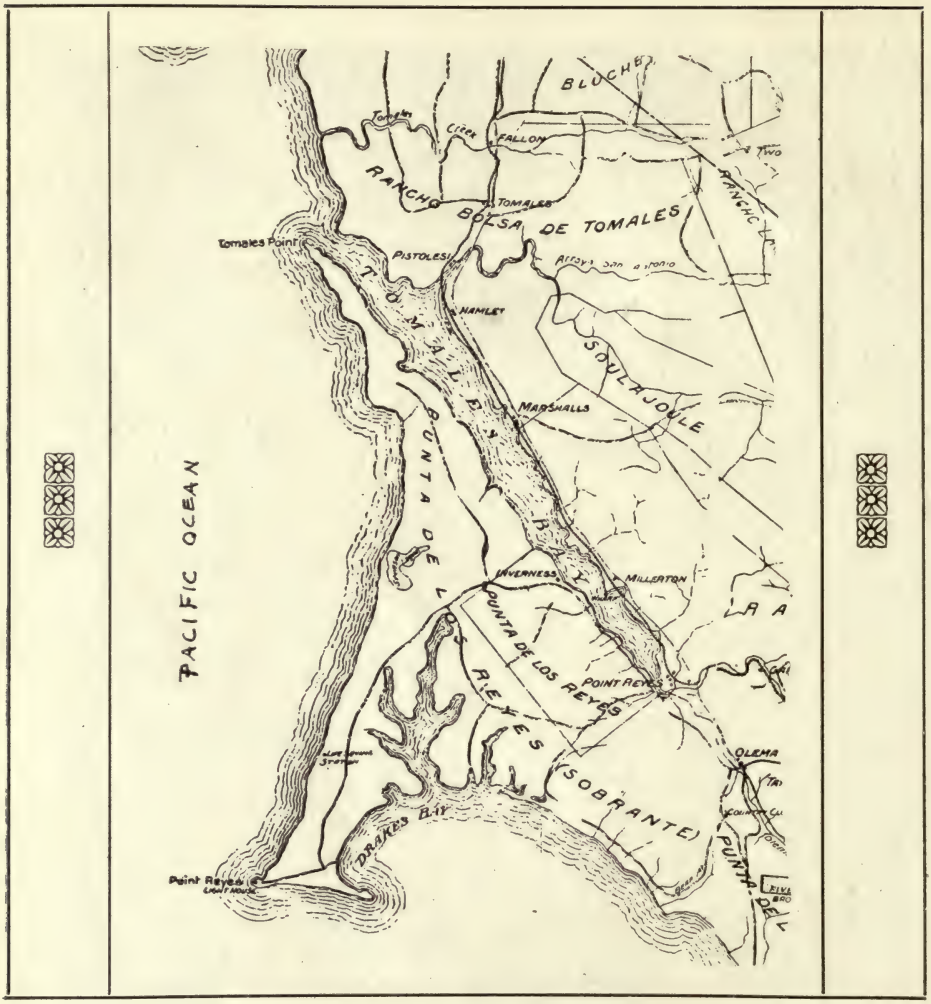
Looking across the bay westward from near Bear Valley.

"And the vision of the great
Empire of Englishmen arose and flashed
A moment round them, on that lonely shore."

As they passed down the coast, they found "the land to bee but low and reasonable plaine; every hill (whereof we saw many, but none verie high) though it were June, and the sunne in



The Spanish packet boat San Carlos, the first vessel to enter the Golden Gate and San Francisco Bay, August, 1775, two hundred years after Drake's exploration. —*From a painting by Wm. A. Coulter.*



Map showing the sheltered position of Drake's Bay, where his vessel, the Golden Hynde, was careened and cleaned. Drake's Bay is about thirty miles north of the Golden Gate, the entrance to San Francisco Bay, the great interior waterway which the English explorer missed by a few scant miles.

his neerest approch unto them, being covered with snow." Residents on the California coast to-day will wonder why the temperature of these shores has changed so entirely in the intervening centuries.

To continue his story: "In 38 deg. 30 min. we fell in with a convenient harborough, and on June 17 came to anchor therein, where we continued till the 23 day of July following." That is to say, they rounded the promontory of Point Reyes, kept well to the east to avoid the reefs off the eastern point, and came to anchor within the bay. Here they would find good sandy bottom at a depth of five or six fathoms, where the anchors would not drag even in an ordinary south-easterly gale. With the prevailing northwesterly winds, they would enjoy complete shelter. Although the magnificent harbor of San Francisco lay hardly more than a score of miles

away, it was to be left undiscovered for nearly two centuries longer. However, the little bay suited them; even to-day, for overhauling his ship, a captain sometimes uses it in preference to the lordlier bay, finding there "a splendid hard beach for heaving a vessel down to repair her bottom." And during the rough times which marked San Francisco life after the discovery of gold, captains frequently retired to Drake's Bay to keep their crews out of mischief.

The little Hondius side map published during Drake's lifetime, presents a bay that is virtually the same as the present one; with a few minor differences. It shows an island outside of the promontory, and the land on the east coast is made to tend westward, giving a cup shape to the haven.

It was after crossing the Equator in his voyage northward from the Straits of Magellan that Drake made his heaviest haul of booty. Just one degree north of the line, off Cape San Francisco, he came up with the Cacafuego galleon, which he had been pursuing from Lima. Six years ago the English poet, Alfred Noyes, gave the world his "Drake: An English Epic," from which I will quote freely throughout:

"The Cacafuego heard
A rough voice in the darkness bidding her
Heave to! She held her course. Drake gave the word.
A broadside shattered the night, and over her side
Her main-yard clattered like a broken wing.

"At dawn, being out of sight of land, they 'gan
Examine the great prize. None ever knew
Save Drake and Gloriana what wild wealth
They had captured there."

They were now about a hundred and fifty leagues from Panama, and desired a convenient haven where they could refit and secure provisions. Making for Nicaragua, they found off the coast of Costa Rica, just north of the bay of Panama, in the little isle of Cano, such a shelter. This was reached on the thirteenth of March, and here they remained till the beginning of April. It was in these waters that they found

"A sudden treasure better than all gold;
For on the track of the China trade they caught
A ship whereon two China pilots sailed,
And in their cabins lay the secret charts,



Chair made from the timbers of the Golden Hynde, and presented by Charles II to the University of Oxford, where it now stands in the Bodleian Library. A replica of the stout little vessel was one of the chief features of the Portola Festival held at San Francisco, October, 1913. It was guided by a descendant of the famous explorer, C. G. Hoover, a resident of Los Angeles, California.

Red hieroglyphs of Empire, unknown charts
Of silken sea-roads down the golden West
Where all roads meet, and East and West are one."

By the second week in April, they were off the Mexican coast.

"And as they sailed
Northward, they swooped on warm, blue Guatulco
For wood and water. Nigh the dreaming port
The grand alcaldes in high conclave sat,
Blazing with gold and scarlet, as they tried
A batch of negro slaves upon the charge
Of idleness in Spanish mines; dumb slaves,
With bare, scarred backs and labor-broken knees,
And sorrowful eyes like those of wearied kine
Spent from the ploughing. Even as the judge
Rose to condemn them to the knotted lash
The British boat's crew, quiet and compact,
Entered the court. The grim judicial glare
Grew wilder with amazement, and the judge
Staggered against his golden throne."

As might well be supposed, Drake proved a friend of the prisoners. "Set them free," he exclaimed,

"But take these gold and scarlet popinjays
Aboard my Golden Hynde; and let them write
An order that their town shall now provide
My boats with food and water."

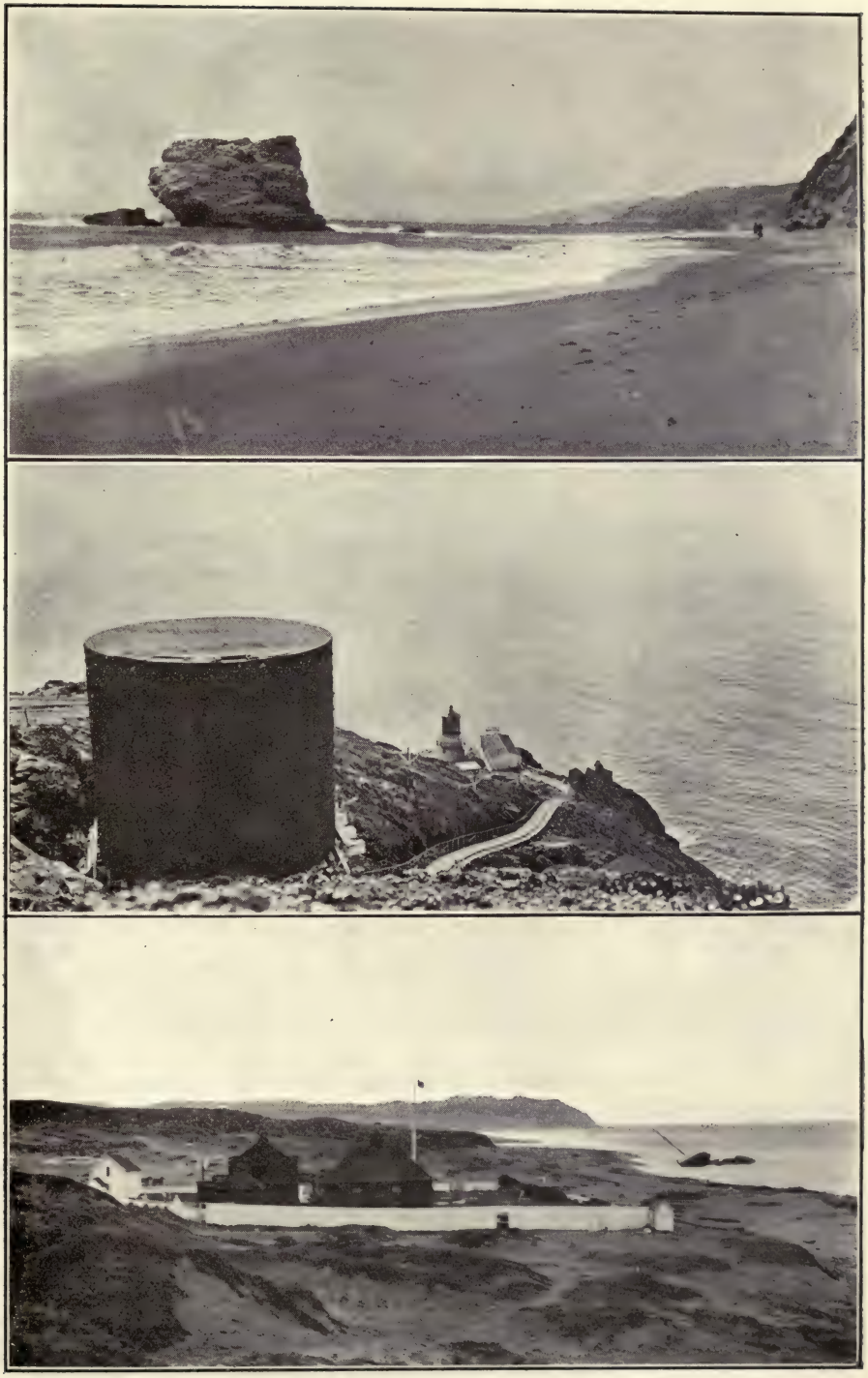
This was the last port at which they touched until they put in at Chetko Bay; so that all during the month of May they were passing along the shores of California. Their appearance in the South Sea had come like a thunder-clap upon the Spaniards, who were unprepared to defend themselves, as in the case of Cacafuego. But now Drake's foes were on the alert, and

"To the south
A thousand cannon watched Magellan's straits,
With orders that where'er they came on Drake,
Although he were the Dragon of their dreams,
They should outblast his thunders and convey,
Dead or alive, his body back to Spain."

Consequently, when he came to anchor in the bay that bears his name, having failed to discover the northwest passage, only one route was now open to him, that westward across the broad Pacific. The charts he had secured off the coast of Nicaragua were to be of inestimable value to Drake as he made his way to Mindanao and the Moluccas.

When on the twenty-third of July, 1579, he paid a final farewell to Nova Albion, amid the sobs and lamentations of the natives, he bore away to the Farallones, which he named the Islands of St. James. Here his crew laid in a plentiful supply of seals and birds on July 24th, and departed the day following. Again he was fated not to enter the Golden Gate.

There is a movement on foot to have a suitable memorial erected in the bay at the spot where he landed, and the first religious service was held. Mrs. Shafter Howard, who owns most of the land in the immediate neighborhood, is anxious to co-operate in every way. More than twenty years ago the benevolent George W. Childs of Philadelphia set apart a sum for the purpose. The original conception was a plain shaft, with a lantern at the top, and no religious symbolism whatever. But the death of Mr. Childs, which occurred while the matter was



Scenes in the vicinity of Drake's Bay.

under consideration, led to a modification of the original intention. The association of the English prayer-book, with the circumstances of the landing, greatly impressed the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Wm. Ford Nichols, who desired to see a memorial in a more accessible and commanding spot. He had enough influence with the committee to induce them to erect in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, on an eminence 300 feet above sea level, the lofty Prayer-Book Cross fifty-five feet high, familiar to San Franciscans and visible far out to sea. It bears the inscription: "Presented to Golden Gate Park at the opening of the Midwinter Fair, Jan. 1. A. D. 1894, as a Memorial of the Service Held on the Shores of Drake's Bay about Saint John Baptist's Day, June 24, Anno Domini, 1579, by Francis Fletcher, Priest of the Church of England, Chaplain of Sir Francis Drake, Chronicler of the Service. Gift of George W. Childs, Esq., Philadelphia." And on the east side: "First Christian Service in the English Tongue on our Coast. First Use of Book of Common Prayer in our Country. One of the First Recorded Missionary Prayers on our Continent. *Soli Deo Sit Semper Gloria.*"

The route for the visitor to take who wishes to reach Drake's landing place is by ferry from San Francisco to Sausalito, and thence by rail to Point Reyes Station. Here a coach is in waiting, which follows the road skirting Tomales Bay, and touches at Inverness, a quiet watering place full of attractions for the bather, boater and fisher.

Fourteen miles to the south of Inverness stands the lighthouse, but the coach goes only as far as the post office, half-way down the peninsula. Thereafter the traveler must either make his way on foot along the ridge or hire a rig. Sometimes the wind is overpoweringly strong; indeed Point Reyes is reputed to be the windiest spot on the whole Pacific Slope. Many vessels are driven ashore in the vicinity, and a new life saving station is to be erected.

A pleasant way to get a general view of the bay is to leave the train a few miles before reaching Point Reyes station, at Tocaloma, "Water-among-hills." These Indian names survive, although the Indians have long ago departed. At Olema, "fair hills," three miles to the west, good hotel accommodation is to be found. The valley which lies in the line of the "fault" which occasioned the disastrous earthquake of 1906, suffered badly. It is said that Mt. Wittenberg, which guards it to the west, sunk down twenty feet; and a cow was engulfed bodily in one of the fissures in the valley bed.

No pleasanter walk can be taken on the whole coast than that which leads from Olema to the sea by Bear Valley. At the divide in this romantic dell stands the Olema Country Club, which prides itself on the trophies of the chase which its halls contain, the great antlered heads of the stags that have been secured by its members. Drake was certainly in this neighborhood; indeed, local traditions remain of his sojourn, and it was imagined he had buried some of his treasure in the vicinity. Search was made after the hidden gold, but naturally in vain. In Hakluyt we read: "Our necessarie businesse being ended, our Generall with his companie travailed up into the countrey, to their villages, where we found heardes of deere by a thousand in companie, being most large and fat of body. We found the whole countrey to bee a warren of a strange kind of conies, their bodyes in bignes as be the Barbary conies, their heads as the heades of ours, the feet of a Want, and the taile of a Rat being of great length; under her chinne on either side a bagge, into the which she gathereth her meate when she hath filled her belly abroad. The people eate their bodies, and make great account of their skinnes, for their kings coate was made of them."

Deer still abound, but the farmers of the neighborhood are no longer

troubled either with gophers or ground squirrels. I asked the reason, on speaking with a farmer's daughter whom I met on the road. We were just then passing the farm on which she had been brought up, and she looked up at the old steading. "We raised gopher plants," was her reply, "and the beans killed them off." This plant I found to be the Caper Spurge, or Euphorbia lathyris, the berries of which are poisonous, especially when green.

The Country Club, as I said, is situated near the divide between Olema and the sea. Thereafter the path follows the limpid Bear stream, among ferns and green foliage, to the low cliffs that fringe the eastern side of Drake's Bay. At the streamlet's mouth there were formerly fish hatcheries, but these have been discontinued. A waterfall from the lowest pool showers its spray upon the sands below. On my first visit I sat on a rock close by, and looked wistfully across at Point Reyes, which the Golden Hynde had rounded so long ago, and northward to the white cliffs which suggested the name of Nova Albion. Were I in Oxford to-day I could touch the very timber of the historical vessel, for, when it was broken up, an elaborately carved chair was fashioned out of its beams and presented to the university. If it were sent to the Golden Gate, as some are urging, to grace the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915, the loan would be appreciated by all who, on these distant shores, are proud of their English blood.

THE CAMEO

We crossed the forest and the plain,
 The canyon and the flood,
And saw Mt. Hood when sunset splashed
 Its silver head with blood,—
We saw it when the twilight veiled
 With mist its ancient scars,
We saw it throned beside the night,
 And crowned with diamond stars.

But when against the golden dawn
 We watched its profile rise,
With every snowy scarp and spur
 Clean-cut against the skies,
We knew it for a masterpiece,
 A gem by nature planned,
The work of ages, from the rock
 Carved out at God's command.

MRS. HARRY MICHENER.



Lady Wolverton, founder of the Needlework Guild. From a large photograph, the gift of Queen Mary tothe Pacific Coast branches of the Needlework Guild of America.

The Needlework Guild

By Marion Taylor

ONE of the most beautiful philanthropies in America is that of the Needlework Guild, and its appeal to all classes of people is so wide spread that it now numbers three hundred and sixty branches representing thirty-six States.

It owes its origin, primarily, to England. Lady Wolverton, wife of the Postmaster-General under Prime Minister Gladstone, had an orphanage at Irverne, Dorsetshire, near her fine estate, that has recently passed into the hands of the Ismay family. In 1882 her matron went to her and said: "If you please, my Lady, we shall require twelve jerseys and twenty-four pairs of socks this winter, and those you make last twice the time of bought ones." The things were needed

by the end of the month, and though it almost seemed impossible of achievement, with the aid of visitors at Irverne Minster, they were forthcoming at the time specified.



Queen Mary.

Thus Lady Wolverton realized how much might be done by individuals if their work could be systematically collected and distributed. She therefore wrote to the county paper, suggesting the possibility of organizing a Needlework Guild. The London papers copied her letter with encouraging approval, and before long many branches were started in various parts of the kingdom. A notable tribute to the power of the Press!

Lady Wolverton has been called a bridge-builder because of this practical carrying out of her famous aphor-



The late Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck.

ism, "If only a little bridge could be thrown from the Island of Waste to the Island of Want, how both would benefit!" And like a wise woman, she made the conditions of membership so simple that they obligated one to nothing but the giving of two—or more—useful garments each year. Later, in order to provide clothing for indigent men and boys, the women were urged to invite their male friends to become associate members, contributing money where articles could not be conveniently given.

The late Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, mother of the Queen, and a close friend of Lady Wolverton, threw herself into the work with all the ardor of a great and sympathetic heart. Personal loving service was a habit of life with the Princess, and many times have I seen her going about on errands of mercy, her amiable face wreathed with smiles. It is no exaggeration to say that she was almost worshiped by the poor for her goodness and compassion. She was the head of the London Guild until her death in 1897, when the Princess Mary Guild was organized as a memorial.

With the training of such a mother, little wonder was it that her beloved daughter—then Princess of Wales—was willing to take her place; which position she has retained as Queen, in spite of the many distractions incidental to so exalted a calling. Indeed, Her Majesty is seldom seen without work of some kind for the Guild, even when she is a house guest at the homes of her subjects. It is interesting to note that her collection of clothes for one year amounted to 15,139; her daughter, Princess Mary's, 2,800; the King's to 1,000, and the Prince of Wales' to 100.

Here is seen the value of associate members, and as such the late King Edward was also a large contributor, many of the articles in his collection being made by the wives of soldiers and sailors, who love to donate their services for the general good. The Prince of Wales began, as a little fellow, by contributing woolly garments made on a frame; and his younger brothers not only make articles, but buy things out of their own pocket-money; so it is a very practical interest that they show. Princess Mary, in addition to her own self-sacrifice—

it is said—coaxes cheques out of her men friends and then delightedly lays the money out on shirts and petticoats. Any slipshod work is not allowed, and when the Queen's young daughter has made mistakes in her knitting for the Guild, her royal mother has compelled her to rectify them, though even sometimes at the cost of tears.

By kind permission of Her Majesty I am allowed to cull the following interesting facts from a record of the annual meeting of the London Guild, held for the purpose of unpacking and arranging the many garments contributed and collected:

Early in the month of November, the Queen summons her group of workers to meet her in one of the large galleries of the Imperial Institute, South Kensington. Eleven o'clock is the hour appointed, and Her Majesty, as usual, is punctual. She greets the ladies with the radiant smile they know so well, takes off her furs, puts on a pair of working gloves, hangs a pair of scissors from a chain round her waist, and dons a business like apron for the protection of her walking skirt.



Princess Mary.

In addition to the workers there are a few old and trusted royal servants, and several men to carry the heavy packages. The first thing looked for is the list, and trying indeed is it should it not be forthcoming; for it means the classification of several hundred garments in each package, and a consequent loss of much time. Fortunately, on this occasion, the list is there, and as each one is checked, it is handed to the Queen, who is sitting at her writing table, pencil in hand, ready and alert. Lady Bertha Dawkins, the lady-in-waiting, is sitting at another table behind the Queen, acknowledging parcels, and doing the multitudinous things an indefatigable secretary finds to do.

The Queen's footman carries the heavier loads of clothes, and deposits them according to their kind, to be afterwards arranged in piles by the "stacker" in charge. "I should say it was a bed-jacket," he is heard to remark to a worker puzzled as to the identification of a certain garment, "but it might be considered a blouse." Occasionally he aids by measuring a petticoat along his stately length of limb, to see if it be a woman's or a



Mrs. John Wood Stewart, of Glenn Ridge, N. J., Founder of the Needlework Guild of America.

girl's, but always with the same dignified gravity befitting his position.

The Queen asks: "Have Mr. Williams' blankets arrived yet? Be sure and let me know. What should we do without them?" This refers to an annual gift of sixty blankets which came regularly from the late Sir George Williams, founder of the Y. M. C. A., and is faithfully continued by his son, whom I remember as a tiny boy living next door to me in Woburn Square.

Toward two o'clock the footman announces luncheon. The improvised luncheon room is a screened off portion of the same gallery, and how true it is that "one touch of human nature makes the whole world kin!" for at this informal table, the royal lady and her workers talk about all sorts of things, from the article on King Edward in the July Quarterly to the latest escapade of Prince John, the "pickle" of the royal famliy; from the Welsh strike to the latest thing in hobble skirts and flower pot hats, with which Her Majesty will have nothing to do.

After lunch they work till nightfall, and next morning—for this is a two days' task—they begin again. By this time several boxes of hats have arrived, and the workers (woman-

like) try some of them on to see how they look; one pretty lady-in-waiting almost arousing envy by her charming appearance in anything she puts on her head.

One notable feature of this annual gathering is the "Superior Table," where are placed all those dainty articles altogether unsuited to tenement life. These go in a much-needed direction, viz., to distressed gentlepeople, such as the families of the impoverished clergy, poor governesses, etc. What joy these pretty things must bring to those who can no longer afford to buy anything but the very plainest and cheapest of goods! How often the family of the man who has ministered to the highest needs of the people all his life is left to bear the brunt of poverty and indifference. To such, the Needlework Guild is a beneficent friend, gilding with love the dark days of sorrow.

The general goods being unpacked, the special contributions of the Royal Family are checked and examined. "Bertie's comforters don't seem to have a label," exclaims the Queen. "Mildred, would you write one for them? The other children's are marked, so his had better be, too."

So Prince Albert's work is labeled, and everything done, Her Majesty shakes hands with, and thanks, the ladies for their help, and all go home —some of them to return again in a few days to do the repacking for distribution. Thus are expenses kept down, the workers, like their beloved Queen, giving of their time and labor as well as money.

The destination of the goods is settled by the Committee on Grants in the most conscientious and thorough manner. They are sent to every conceivable charity, including hospitals of all kinds, nationality and creed; the poor of parishes everywhere, irrespective of religious lines; missions to all sorts and conditions of people; associations for soldiers and sailors; societies for befriending young servants, and homes for destitute children. In fact, to look over the vast field of the Needlework Guild is an education itself in philanthropy.

This wonderful work has not only spread all over England and Wales, but there are also branches in Ireland, at Dublin and Cork. In the city of Edinburgh, Scotland, is one started by Lady Rosebery for the supply of hospital comforts; and Viscountess Hampden started one at Sydney, Australia. Besides these, and in addition to the magnificent organization in America, there are Guilds in Holland, Switzerland, France and Italy. Indeed, as the direct work of the American Guild, three foreign organizations have been effected: one at Glasgow, Scotland; one at Montreal, Canada; and one called the "Vestiaire Des Hopitaux" in the city of Paris, France.

The American Guild, organized in Philadelphia in 1885, where it still keeps its national office at 1716 Chestnut street, is modeled in part after that



The summer home of Mrs. John Wood Stewart at Northport.

of the Mother Country. Its founder is Mrs. John Wood Stewart, of Glen Ridge, New Jersey. It received a perpetual charter in 1896, and is officially affiliated with the American Red Cross Society and with the General Federation of Women's Clubs. In times of national disaster the Red Cross Society acts as the receiving or distributing agency for all the contributions donated by the branches for whatever special relief work is then in hand.

Only one meeting a year is required by the Guild, and it is non-sectarian in character. As Lady Wolverton outlined, it is "a great power made up of united littles; little groups of workers; little efforts, little gifts, little bits of time, little scraps of material." And as a result of the "united littles," in 1912, 574,909 garments were collected and distributed among the needy.

I wish to emphasize the fact that the Needlework Guild is not a receiving society for cast-off garments. In this connection I remember a woman once applying to me for clothing which, to my sorrow, I did not have at the time, owing to having given my last available article away. "Have you forgotten my holey shirt and the shoes that I can't wear any longer, mother?" spoke up my little daughter. A pitiful, even though ludicrous reminder surely of a very prevalent "charity" nowadays.

But for the Needlework Guild, the articles must not be the ones "we cannot wear any longer;" they must be absolutely new, or they will not be credited. And the things most needed are unbleached muslin, merino, canton flannel underwear, and petticoats of dark flannel; sacks and wrappers; night shirts, night gowns, sheets, towels, broad-soled shoes; and in knitted goods, wristlets, bed shoes, knee-caps, and small dark shoulder shawls.

As in England, the conditions of membership are the annual contribution of two or more articles, or a donation of money, with no amount specified. Men and children are also urged to become members.

An inspiration to young ladies everywhere is the example of the founder of the American Guild. Her aunt, while traveling in England, heard of the work, and brought the idea home to Philadelphia, where it might have lain dormant but for the bright girl who at once started to interest her friends and acquaintances, with the grand result that the tiny acorn of yesterday is the flourishing oak tree of to-day. Thus beautifully simple are the beginnings of world movements, and almost any young lady can call her friends together and enthuse them to the extent of desiring to help a beautiful cause.

One can hardly realize a poverty that leads a boy to say when given a shirt: "Is it all for me?" because hitherto he had only worn one occasionally in turn with his brother. Or a scarcity that allows a boy to go to Sunday school but once a month because of inability to secure the family "pants" more frequently. And what about the poor little girl with only an old umbrella top to cover her nakedness? Such needs have only to be made known in order to be supplied, and that is why the printed page is so valuable.

In times of disaster, the Guild is like a mighty Providence. When the Friends' Boarding School burned down in Ohio, the workers met and made sixty yards of rag carpet for the school room. For the Mississippi flood sufferers, 6,829 garments were collected and forwarded. When the Titanic horror happened, 201 articles of clothing were sent to the survivors, while York, Pa., collected 391 garments to help its own poor through an unusually severe winter.

Then came the tornado in Nebraska and the floods and fires of the Middle West, and to quote a worker: "A change of clothing for children and adults, and warm blankets and bedding, kept courage alive and inspired many a poor, stunned family to start afresh to battle with mud, wreckage



Buckingham Palace, London. The present residence of the Queen, and occupying the site of Buckingham House, erected in 1703 by the Duke of Buckingham, and purchased by George III, and has remained a royal residence ever since.

and poverty that defies description."

Many of the sufferers at Dayton, Ohio, during the flood of March, 1913, had the unique experience of receiving succor at the hands of the Guild they had served for so many years. The visitation happened when the clothes of most of the people were in cellar laundries for the weekly wash, and helpless they had to watch them float down the streets. It is easy to understand the blessing of supplies at such a time, especially as the weather was bitterly cold, the flood being followed by snow. Cleveland sent wonderful packages of bedding and baby outfits, and the combined branches sent everything that loving hearts could prompt and nimble fingers put up.

Affiliation with the Red Cross, which is said to be the greatest philanthropic organization that has ever existed, greatly facilitates the work of information as well as of distribution. At the time of the Cuban war, Miss Boardman says blunders were made, owing to there being no center of communication and co-operation. One, unfortunately, was that when the soldiers were sick with typhoid and malaria, and needed pajamas and nightshirts, most of all, box after box of red abdominal bands were shipped to them. Now, however, the system is as near perfect as anything human can be, and there is consequently the intelligent handling of every need.

Another splendid work helped is that of Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, of Labrador. Referring to the towels, bandages, surgeons' gowns, etc., supplied, he says: "For the lack of one link in a chain, the work of the whole is rendered useless, and the Needlework Guild is such a very important and essential link in the chain of the service of love in which we are united for the fisherman's welfare that often

enough the skillful knife of even a Dr. John Little would be an evil friend to a poor man in his hour of need, if it were not for those essentials that the Guild supplies. Only God can know what real sermons, what real, true Gospel messages these garments are." And for his men who work amongst the reindeer, he wishes that he might have a hundred sweaters at his command, so useful are they in that severe climate.

There are sixteen branches of the Needlework Guild on the Pacific Coast, located in Tacoma, Portland, Dallas, San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Ross Valley, San Rafael, Palo Alto, San Jose, Pacific Grove, Redlands, Cupertino, Los Angeles, Pasadena and San Diego.

The San Francisco branch was at one time very prosperous. In 1905 it was third among the cities in number of garments collected. Then came the earthquake and fire of 1906, scattering its members and ushering in a period of struggle. Latterly, however, it is taking on new life and promises to be very flourishing again.

At the time of one of Oakland's exhibitions of garments collected for the Guild, an old faded picture of Lady Wolverton was placed in the window of the store in which it was held, and the president tells of a forlorn looking boy who stopped and gazed at it for a long time with yearning in his eyes. The motherliness of the sweet, pictured face doubtless appealed to the poor lad, perhaps bringing back memories of the dear one who had cradled him on her knee. I felt the same "drawing" power when, many years ago, I had the pleasure of being Lady Wolverton's guest at a garden party given by her at her lovely Coombe estate in Surrey.

This touching incident gave me the desire to secure a better picture, one which, published in a magazine, would enable the workers on the Pacific Coast to have copies, if they so desired. But owing to the noble lady's death, and to her retiring disposition during her life-time, it was not possible to secure one by ordinary means. It then occurred to me to appeal to Queen Mary, and most graciously did she respond, for although not able herself to find an available photograph she commanded one to be specially printed and forwarded to me for the illustration of this article, so deep is her interest in a far reaching work.

After use by the Overland Monthly the picture of Lady Wolverton will be handed over to Mrs. E. G. Denniston, President of the San Francisco branch, and one of the directors of the National Board. There is a possibility that the annual meeting of the Needlework Guild of America will be held in San Francisco in 1915. But in any case, the picture will be framed and placed with the National Exhibit at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and ever afterwards preserved by the branch as a beautiful expression of kindness and international courtesy on the part of England's Queen.

Lady Bertha Dawkins, the lady in waiting, writing on behalf of the Queen, says in her letter from Buckingham Palace: "Her Majesty is delighted to hear that the branches of the Needlework Guild of America are doing such good work." And it is with pleasure that I pass on this message and picture, both of which, I am sure, will be valued by hundreds of readers.



Harvesting sugar beets near Santa Ana, the center of the Orange County Industry.

What the Beet Sugar Industry is Doing for this Country

By Percy L. Edwards

WHILE members of Congress quibble over theoretical questions, the fellows who "chew the pudding strings" are apt to be interested in what is actually being done for them. That is the case in the recent action of the majority in Congress in putting sugar on the free list. Consider that sugar to-day shows no natural advance in price to the consumer over the price thirty years ago, during which period every other important commodity has increased materially in price, it is hard to understand just how the removal of the present duty is to work any substantial benefit to the consumer. If the price at which sugar is now selling to jobbers is affected at all, it will not be materially so. And so, in proper sequence, the consumer will be so little affected by the change, if any, that the problem of life will be about as hard to solve as ever. As a matter of fact, the consumer is making no complaint about the price of sugar to-day. His complaint entirely overlooks sugar, the price of which is much more reasonable than any of other staple products of consumption.

There are well informed persons who point to the growth of the beet sugar industry, especially, as warranting at this time the utmost considera-

tion at the hands of the people's legislators. Its vital importance in the growth of this country; its development through persistent effort and against persistent embarrassment; its stimulated growth through the application of American ideas in the construction of machinery and means of operation; and finally the wonderful results about to be obtained, demand for this industry the greatest consideration, the most careful handling. But thereby hangs this tale, and this is no tale of politics either. It's a story of accomplishment.

The date of the introduction of sugar made from the beet roots, in this country, is within the quarter century. The attempt to produce a marketable grade of sugar from the roots was first made near San Francisco. The experiment was not a success, and the factory was remodeled for a refinery. This initial effort, however, started the growth of the beet sugar industry. In 1891 a plant was started at Chino, in the open valley, on a ranch of that name. The factory is still in operation, and is the oldest plant of its kind in the United States, and is still a success.

Attention should be called to the indirect benefits resulting from the establishment of beet sugar plants in the southwestern part of the United States, and particularly in California, where it is to be understood the natural conditions are semi-arid, artificial irrigation is only resorted to in the case of extreme drought. The story of the life and growth of at least six important towns of California is the story of a sugar beet plant. Beginning with the planting of the factory in the open sun scorched valley with a few hastily constructed dwellings clustering near by, there have grown up towns with paved streets, public utilities of all kinds, municipal buildings, public schools, churches and libraries. And in these towns to-day, while the wonderful growth has attracted other manufacturing interests within their borders, the sugar plant remains the most substantial. In other towns where the other sugar plants are located, all have received substantial accelerated growth.

Considering the towns which have grown up about the beet sugar factory as a center, credit should be given to the accomplishment on account of embarrassing conditions. In some cases the plants were located on exhausted grain ranches. Other plants were surrounded by fields rendered almost useless because of the excess of alkali in the soil, and the short season of rainfall. Much was wild land, some of this still inhabited by the wild ducks and geese which came here for the breeding season. To-day, these lands have become the most valuable agricultural lands. The development of these lands is, undoubtedly, directly attributable to the sugar beet industry. and unlike the experiment with the great grain fields of this country, there are none of the lands that have been used for beet culture for the past twenty years that have not increased many fold in value.

The little city of Oxnard, in Ventura County, California, is an object lesson, especially free trade sugar advocates. Fourteen years ago, a rather large plant of 2,000 tons slicing capacity, was located on an open grain ranch three miles inland from the Pacific shore. There was nothing to encourage laying the foundation of a town except sugar factory interests. The faith of the men behind the enterprise led them to build and equip the then largest beet sugar factory in the United States. At that time the government extended aid to the industry through the medium of a bonus based on the tonnage of sugar produced. Around this plant there has grown up a model town of four or five thousand population. There are paved streets, parks, handsome public schools, churches, and a public library of goodly proportions. It is a business town, and its find buildings attest to the success of its merchants. It is known far and near as "sugar town." As a necessary contingent result of this growth, the values of land

there have doubled and trebled, and some of the lands on which sugar beets have been raised for years have advanced five times their former value.

Six years ago, where the snug little town of Hamilton, Glenn County, in the Sacramento River valley, now stands, there was an unbroken waste of abandoned grain fields. Enterprise and faith in a growing industry located a beet sugar plant in this wilderness. To-day may be seen another object lesson of the most practical and convincing character—a pretty little town of modern pretensions, clustered around its most valued industry as a center. To no other influence than the sugar industry is this result to be attributed. The product is raised and manufactured at home. The money for its operation is spent at the home of the factory. It goes directly back into building up the surrounding country.

At Los Alamitos, some twenty miles nearer to the ocean than is the city of Los Angeles, a successful plant has been in operation since 1897. This plant was originally located in and near lands regarded as waste lands, nesting places for ducks and geese and over-grown with wild grasses and bullrushes. These lands at a time previous to the coming of the beet sugar plant, could have been bought for the proverbial "song." To-day, largely through the instrumentality of the factory operation, the same lands are being sold for several hundred dollars per acre. Some of these lands, developed by the sugar industry, are now devoted to raising celery and cannot be bought for less than five hundred dollars an acre. The grain fields adjacent to the Los Alamitos factory are now being used to produce sugar beets. These lands have advanced in value very materially because of the sugar beet industry and on account of the growth of the town. When the expected electric railway reaches this section, the town will go forward with a bound. At present it is practically without railway connection with the world, except for freight.

The Chino factory, as before stated, was planted in the open valley, surrounded by what seemed a vast stretch of waste land, or abandoned grain fields. To-day a thrifty town of about two thousand people has grown up around the factory, the resident people enjoying within their municipal limits many of the luxuries of much larger towns.

The big three thousand ton factory at Spreckels, in the Salinas Valley, has been in operation for the past decade or more. It was located in the midst of vast stretches of deserted wheat and barley fields, then offered to settlers at a nominal figure. This factory is now the center of a thriving, ambitious community. Real estate values have more than doubled, due entirely to the influence of the beet sugar industry.

In the valley of the Santa Ana River, with the thriving city of Santa Ana as a center, and having electric railway touch with Los Angeles, the beet sugar industry has made, within a few years, wonderful progress, and in doing so has stimulated prosperity throughout the surrounding countryside. Within the circle of this influence are no less than five sugar plants of about 4,000 tons capacity. The city of Santa Ana now contains upwards of 12,000 people, well governed and prosperous. It population and that of the surrounding country has about doubled in the past few years, its wealth likewise—due to the beet sugar industry.

This is California's story of this industry. Colorado and Michigan can make the same good showing.

Discharged: Convalescent

By Lewis R. Freeman

"There has been found to be a decided tendency on the part of patients to endeavor to prolong the periods of their convalescence, especially in those hospitals where nurses from home are on duty."—*Philippine Army Report.*

Out to the world, my dearie,
 Out to the world again;
Out to the world of women,
Out to the world of men,
Out to the world of pleasure,
Out to the world of pain,
 Out of this gray-walled prison,
 Out to the world again!

(Drowsy drone of the palm trees,
 Click of the whirring fans,
Heavy smell of carbolic,
 Rattle of jars and cans;
Click of heels on the tiling,
 Creek of an open screen,
And your comfort-bringing glances
 As over my cot you lean.)

But it's out to the world, my dearie,
 Out to the world again,
Out to the world of sunshine,
 Out to the world of rain;
For my fresh, new blood is leaping,
 And my pulses throb amain:
"Take me out to the open,
 Out to the world again."

(What shall my feelings rapture
 Like the touch of your gentle hand?
What shall my fancy capture
 Like your air of quiet command?
Where, in the noisy barracks,
 Or in camp by hill or sea,
Shall I hear again the music
 That your voice has meant to me?)

Yet it's out to the world, my dearie,
 Out to the world again,
Though my blinking eyes grow misty
 And my fingers clutch in pain;
Though my feet are leaden heavy,
 And my heart's an icy stone—
For better fever, with you, dear,
 Than health, and the world, alone.

A DAY IN MUSCAT

Translated from the French of Pierre Loti

By Lucile Ray

IT WAS three days since we left sinister Beluchistan, with its glittering solitudes and sand and salt under a deadly sun; the lines of its frightful deserts seemed to pursue us, monotonous violet lines which did not end at the confines of our horizon. And then we saw nothing more but the sea; a sea colorless and still, over which hung perpetually a vague mist of unwholesome warmth. The April sun was drawing from this Arabian Sea masses of fertilizing vapor, a treasure of clouds that the winds were to carry to India for the great spring rains. They are swept far to the east, the showers originating here on the surface of these languid waters; not one refreshes the parched shores of this strange region hostile to plant life —desolate as a lunar landscape.

We were making our way toward the Persian Gulf, the most suffocating sheet of water in the world, overheated since the beginning of time, between burning shores where falls rarely a drop of rain, where the fields are never green, where, in eternal drought, naught flourishes but the mineral kingdom. Nevertheless, we were oppressed by a sultry humidity; everything touched seemed damp and warm; we breathed steam, as above a basin of boiling water. And the wicked sun, keeping us day and night in the same degree of heat, rose and set rayless, yellow and dull, veiled by vapor as in the fogs of the north.

But, on the morning of the fourth day, this same sun, rising, appeared in clear splendor. Arabia was near, sprung up as a surprise during the night; the tops of its mountains were already outlined in the suddenly clarified air, infinitely limpid and profound; Arabia, land of drought, blew upon us her burning breath, devoid of all moisture, which swept the sea mists oceanward; things became once more luminous and magnificent, and the land displayed its lifeless splendor in such absolute transparency as may be when the sun rises upon planets without atmosphere.

Afterward, when the rose-colored enchantment of early morn had passed, these mountains of Arabia took for the day strong, dark tints of ochre and coal; their black burned sides with a thousand orifices had the look of monstrous calcined madrepores, of monstrous sponges passed through fire; they seemed the old waste scoria of primitive cataclysms.

However, we were nearing Muscat, and Saracen fortresses, little watch-towers fantastically perched, began to show their snowy whiteness here and there upon dazzling hill-tops. And, a bay having opened in that chaos of blackened stones, we perceived the city of the Imams, white and silent, bathed in sunshine and in mystery, at the foot of those masses of rock everywhere simulating colossal carbonized sponges.

Not a steamship, not a packet boat, lay at anchor before that silent city, but some great sailing vessels of bygone days were arriving, tranquil and picturesque, with all canvas spread to the warm wind, and there were many of the high Arabian boats called boutres, used by pearl fishers. With the ships of other times coming into port, with those battlemented towers upon the surrounding hills, it seemed a town of some old wonder-tale beside some

Saracen shore of Crusading days.

As in Damascus, as in Morocco or Mequinez, as in all purely Mohammedan cities, on entering Muscat we felt falling upon us the leaden mantle of Islam. The town, from afar so white, was a labyrinth of little dark streets, where a semi-night reigned under the low roofings. Within it, one felt at the same time a delight and a discomfort, a nameless unhappiness which in all the Orient emanates from the silence, from veiled visages and closed houses.

Some streets, however, were full of life, but of that life uniquely and strangely Oriental which is to us so foreign. Here were, as in all other Levantine ports, rows of little shops where a thousand articles of ornament and attire were sold in the shadow; fabrics with barbaric flower patterns, embroidered trappings, heavy metal necklaces, curved poniards in precious scabbards of silver filigree. But in these shops the darkness was deeper than elsewhere, the shadows thicker. Everywhere a furnace like heat, a constant impression of being too near a fire, and sometimes, on the head a sensation of sudden burning, when a ray of sun fell through the ceiling boards. Sinewy men were encountered, nomads of the Great Desert, savage and magnificent, turning away their clean cut, cruel profiles, drawing disdainfully aside to avoid contact. And the women, their ankles heavy with silver ornaments, were, needless to say, indecipherable phantoms, timidly drawing close to the walls as we passed, or hiding in doorways; they wore small black masks embroidered in gold and pearls, with square holes for the eyes—each of them seemed to personify a little of that mystery of Islam which weighed upon everything.

And this sacred city of the Imam—at the foot of steep mountains which seemed to wall it round, to isolate it on the shores of its blue sea—communicated nevertheless by mountain trails, by black passes between the burning rocks, with the impenetrable interior of Arabia, with unknown oases and boundless deserts, it commanded regions obstinately closed; it was the key of the solitudes.

At the French consulate, where I passed the morning, the windows were opened wide to the desert breezes which entered everywhere, burning and dry. Here came emissaries from the Imam-Sultan—personages of noble bearing and of elegance, in draperies of fine wool—charged to arrange the hour for my visit to his Highness, and the way in which I was to be received.

It was an ancient vizier's mansion, this consulate; on the walls of its halls under snowy coats of whitewash, there were lightly indicated, as in effaced bas-relief, arcades with geometrical scallops, of an exquisite simplicity—the eternal design of mosque or palace doors, which the men in burnous have carried with them, following the line of the great deserts, to Algeria and into Spain; and in whatever land I find them, these arcades, they speak to me of Arabia, the ancient Arabia which I love, and to which, each time, I long to return, without ever having been able to understand by what charm it holds me, or to express its melancholy fascination.

The highest of the closed houses which, on arrival, we had seen, almost washed by the waters which mirrored their whiteness, was that of the Sultan.

A white-robed figure, draped in a brown burnous with golden tassels; a man of perhaps thirty years, with clear bronze skin and delicate, regular features, illumined by a frank smile of welcome—so appeared to me, at the threshold of his dwelling, to which he had descended, this Imam-Sultan of Muscat, who reigns over one of the last independent Arab States, over one of the last lands where the five daily prayers are never troubled by the irony of infidels. Before the most ancient of Europe's reigning families had emerged from obscurity, the ancestors of this man were already sovereigns; there is reason for

his aristocratic refinement and his charming ease.

The great hall above, where he bade me be seated, was disconcerting in its careless simplicity, with its whitewashed walls and its straw-cushioned seats; but all its windows overlooked the admirable blue of the Arabian Sea, with the sailing ships at anchor and the motionless flotilla of the pearl fishers.

"Formerly," remarked the Sultan to me, "French ships were often seen at Muscat. Why do they never come here any more?"

Alas, how reply? How explain to him the complex reasons why, for some years, our colors have almost utterly disappeared from the Arabian Sea and the Persian Gulf, our ships, little by little, been replaced by those of England and Germany?

The Sultan afterward, in accord with our consul, kindly proposed that I should stop here some days. It was a way of showing his sympathy for our country, this welcome to a passing French traveler. I should have horses and escorts to go into the interior, to see desert towns under the glaring sun —towns never reached by Europeans; to visit tribes of the oases, who would come out to meet me with fantasias and beating of drums. A strong temptation to accept seized me, there in that white hall, where the grace and kindness of the sovereign of the deserts affected me. But I was on my way to Persia, and I remembered Ispahan, where for years I had dreamed of being in rose time. I declined the honor, having no time to lose, for April had begun.

For this journey to Persia, of which we were now speaking, the Sultan wished to give me a beautiful black horse of his own, which was gambolling near by on the shore. But how could he be taken by sea, and how would it fare with him, this courser of the plains, in the terrible mountain passes which ascend to Chiraz? After reflection, I had again to refuse.

Toward the close of day, I found myself again on board the ship which was to carry me up the Persian Gulf. It was the hour when blue evening shadows were falling over the white city, while around it the chaos of stones took tints of copper. Not a sound reached us from the closed houses, now becoming palely blue, which wrapped themselves in deeper mystery at the approach of darkness. Only the sea birds were in motion, whirling in a cloud above our heads, with cries; gulls and eagles fishing; naught else seemed alive; even the ships, wrapped in slumber and heat, lay like dead things on the warm water.

With a slight feeling of sadness I gazed at Muscat, where I had refused to remain. The unknown towns of the oases, the fantasias of nomadic tribes—I was rejecting a unique opportunity of seeing all this. Perhaps, too, I regretted a little the beautiful black horse, which it would have been a pleasure to take home in remembrance of the donor.

We lifted anchor. A boat was hastening from the shore; it brought me, at the last moment, two precious gifts from the Sultan: a silver-sheathed poniard which had been his own, and a curved sword with hilt of gold.

In the twilight, Arabia disappeared. As we advanced farther from shore, the air lost its lightness and transparence, the sea mist thickened, the moon rose dim, enormous, yellow-ringed; we were again in the humid heat. And the cloudy horizon, the grey waters, made more weirdly gorgeous by contrast those images of the day which remained so vividly in our minds. That city, imperfectly recalled to-day, had left in my eyes a trail of light and color, as I sailed away from it under the clouds of a starless sky. Truly Arabia and the Sahara are the regions of earth's strangest splendors; nowhere in the world are such phantasmagora of light as there in the silence of sand and stones.

THE HUSKS AND SOME IDEALS

By Mildred Ludlum

THEIR MOMENT was pirated right under the noses of the blundering bevy of relatives, swarming like water bugs.

"Philip."

"Mallory, darling."

"This is what good-bye feels like. I always thought something would happen, an earthquake or hurricane, to put it off. But it has come round just like Sunday."

"What imp of circumstance ever made me come to Louisiana, idly hunting up my mother's relatives, just to import misery into both our lives?"

"Dear, I wouldn't put you out of my life for all the play-toy happiness I ever had."

Absolutely at variance with the radiant scene about them, their tragic young faces were bitten into by the acid of renunciation. The May moon made silver stencilings all over the long pillared portico, spiritualizing her beauty into vision almost unearthly in the moon-magic light. The sounds of thread fine violin ribboned out to them from the dance given in honor of his last night among his distant kin. They had been so lavish of friendship to him, taken him in so heart royally, beautiful Southern fashion, but they chose to regard his love for the girl, the wonder and the pride of them, as just a summer incident. There was no opposition to their love, only light hearted raillery.

The dinner table had been full of it, led by Mallory's two aunts, who had made her mother world ever since she was two years old.

"I'm just honey-combed with grief," Aunt Isabel's face was all puckery with mirth. "I don't see how you can bear to leave us, Philip?"

"Don't, don't, Isabel; these harrowing moments are just too pathetic. At eighteen one knows all sorrow, or is it twenty-one, Philip?" And Aunt Charlotte sighed so abysmally that her glasses cascaded into her salad.

The dance was the final thumbscrew, but they had slipped away.

"I don't know how I can stand it, Philip, with their perpetual making fun of you, of everything. Father could certainly find you something to do here."

"That's the worst of it. I couldn't live here in Louisiana; while in Arizona I will be all right in a year or two. The doctor told me that was my chance, my best chance. Then every little I have I've put in there. My hundred and sixty are well located. I've fenced a school section. I got a bunch of Moqui scrip this year, and I've permanent water, and primitive as it is, it's all I have, but my God, girl, it's no place for you."

"Why not, Philip?"

"Because it's crude and raw and young."

"Younger than I am?"

"You don't know anything about that kind, you with your generations of sweet ways and sweet people back of you."

"You've the same background as I have, Phil; my people are your people."

The old servants were moving about softly and orderly, gently urging the something that clinked in long, cold glasses. Roses and jasmine smothered everywhere, jasmine in every pore, jasmine chloroforming the senses. Suddenly these palpable things were fogged out in Philip's mind, and the inner search light was

thrown on a rough board cabin, sun-smitten, empty, bald empty of everything save the heterogeneous litter of man's frontiering. He shivered as physically cold.

"You need some one to take care of you," she urged, all the falcon instinct of mothering militant in her. "I'd love to, dear."

"Don't, Mallory. You don't know what you are asking, or what it takes for me to refuse. I don't see any way for us now." Grey care fingers plucked and tweeked all the blythe youth from him. "But know this, dear, that if ever you need me, come to me or send for me, and if I'm battened in my grave, I'll come to you."

There was nothing in Mallory Howard's life that gave her a bowing acquaintance, even, with self-abnegation. The months that followed Philip's departure were hard on her. She had always had everything she really wanted before, being the hub of an indulgent father's universe, but out of the blue even this fond parent became metamorphosed into a being inimical. He married a young and beautiful woman whose main interest in life seemed to be to get Mallory suitably married, the eligibles of her own family, cousinly and otherwise, preferred. Philip was backgrounded as negligible entirely. Mallory burned and seethed, a cauldron of revolt. Suddenly she short spanned all these benevolent operations in her behalf, and backed herself to the full. She wrote to Philip that she would come to Wickets, and followed up her letter after the stipulated interval of a week. Philip lived thirty miles from Wickets. Mallory felt that she knew how the homing pigeon must feel on the last mile of his journey as the little jerk-water train creaked and rattled into the station. She had helped it over each bumpy mile. She stepped from the train into a blankness that hurt. There was nothing human there but a few loafers bracing up the station building in every available shadow spot. The rough draft of that dingy station, with its whirling dust and cinders, but no Philip, stuck as if it were milled into her. She had no plan whatever to meet this. She must do something, she couldn't stand forever, doing nothing, thinking nothing, with the solemn gaze of those station bracers boring holes in her.

Inspirationally her eye lit on a small boy, woman's emergency remedy for every predicament, whose whole being seemed intent upon itemizing her for future classification.

"Have you time to help me?" Mallory's smile was something for Jimmie to dream about.

He gulped before he found voice to answer.

"Gee, time! I ain't got nothin' but time."

"Can you take my suit case and me to some hotel?"

Jimmie's sole reply was to seize the suit case and flee, through back ways and alleys, Mallory following, to the "Palace," the only lure to the traveling public that Wickets boasted, an unpainted rough board shack with gate hanging on rusty hinges, a creaking sign with huge pointing finger erasing doubt as to the rightness of the appellation.

Jimmie threw back the door with debonair familiarity into an uncarpeted long hall, with a large olla and tin dipper, the most eye catching furnishings. As the door opened, the dust banked in; Mallory fairly blew in on a whirl of it. The boy ostentatiously clanged a large gong, evidently left there for that purpose, whose reverberating echoes must surely exorcise the ghosts of departed landladies, but Mrs. Crasher seemed sound proof.

"She's a visitin', I reckon." Jimmie hazarded this much.

Again he clanged with increased zeal in the rightful clangor he was making. It isn't every day a boy gets the chance to make all the noise he needs to.

"I'll see if I can't rustle her." His scouting feet took him away, leaving Mallory in undisputed possession of the gong and olla and tin dipper.

The rusty chain of minutes creaked

by. One whole mile long hour she waited, when from afar off she heard things happening, soft skurryings and rabbity approaches. Suddenly Jimmie's stubby forefinger protruded round the corner.

"That's her, Mrs. Crasher."

Again those rustlings from round the corner, and after a nerve tapping interval, Mrs. Crasher's billowy form filled the doorway, her hair all wet with freshly plowed comb ridges streaking it.

"You've come to bide at the 'Palace?'"

"Yes, just for to-night." Surely nothing like her was ever seen in Wickets, from pearl grey finger tips to suede toes.

"Some windy to-day, and the tailings seem drove right this way."

The mine, whose incessant thump-thump of machinery was the only live thing in the place, was industriously adding its tailings to the already over dusted air.

Mallory changed her traveling dress into one of Phil's favorite color. It was so pretty that she couldn't help smiling at herself, knowing how Phil would like her in it. She stepped over the tumble down gate, and took her first walk in Wickets. As she went, she was more than once conscious of unseen peopled doorways. She found a doubly wide street with shacks on either side, whose fronts never matched the real storied height of the building, but the extra story frontage made a splendid place for signs, "The Prospector," "The Mad Dog," "The Pot of Gold." The only activity in Wickets outside the mine expressed itself in a solicitous anxiety left in some way the thirst of the inhabitants be neglected. A smaller shanty than the rest, with the sign "Post-office" much larger than the building itself, a grocery store and a livery stable made up the business section of Wickets.

Mallory's face, framed in the ravined and gullied window casing so petrified the dawdly youth who casually poked into cubby holes and passed through that same window the daily mail of Wickets, that he had to clutch something for support, or he would surely have collapsed.

"Anything for Miss Mallory Howard?"

He stood open mouthed, gaping at her, his cigarette falling out of flaccid lips.

Mallory repeated the question, but stupefaction had gotten too desperate a grip on young Saunders for him to so quickly gather his tattered forces.

Mallory's eyes filled with tears, which accomplished what her words could not, and energized Saunders into so wanton an activity that he ripped through the cobweb of ages to attend to her behest.

"Miss Howard?" he repeated. "I'll see, Miss Howard." He shuffled through dingy pigeon holes, through many, for it was only by continual sorting that he could keep the glory before him.

"Nothing, Miss Howard." His voice was dismal enough to supply a whole college of deacons.

She felt a bit quivery as she went out into the street again, no Philip and no letter. As she went she realized that she did not even know in which direction to look for Philip. She walked to one end of the solitary street, it didn't take long, and looked out over the broad valley. Mountains in bluer and bluer tiers, long, sunswept spaces, with sudden majesty of shadows from some mighty rock, heat-quivering, little eddies and mad pigmy whirlwinds the sole movement in tawny, limitless space. Through the town and out at the other end, the same long spaces varied by a distant soothing sea of softest mesquite. Mallory did not know what it was, only that it was green.

It was Jimmie who roused her, his freckles and his adoration struggling for supremacy on the eager little face.

"Mrs. Crasher says," shyness threatened oblivion here, "won't you come have some dinner; she's built some biscuits." Mallory had forgotten that such a thing as eating existed,

but she went back with Jimmie obediently.

Jimmie led her round to the dining room at Mrs. Crasher's, just as dinner was about to be served. The plates, face downward, clung like abalone to the oil cloth rock of the table, leaving huge blisters where they were pried off, to attest to the painfulness of the operation.

Mallory could not eat in spite of Mrs. Crasher's woe. That kind soul nearly wept at the tiny nibbles she managed somehow.

"You feel drony, to-day?"

"No, no. I feel all right, only I'm not hungry."

Mallory again took up her itinerary from vistaed end to vistaed end of the ragged street. This time the doorways ached with sympathy. She had sudden panics, that while she was at one end of the street Philip would come riding in at the other and not see her. Why, the air just sang with her. Every loafer under every dingy sombrero was conscious of her and nothing but her. "Who is she?"

"What is she doing?"

In twisted circles the talk went.

The next day, Mallory woke refreshed well-deep, and hope so bubbled that it seemed just shabbiness to be perturbed. Philip was delayed, would be here to-day. Even the twisted, sardonic mirror in Mrs. Crasher's best room reflected nothing but loveliness as she arrayed herself. The hours of that day, as hope sagged, frayed and tattered, Mallory never forgot. It seemed as though plans wouldn't work in her head. There was only one thing worse than staying, and that was going home to face the laughter and secret amusement of the whole tittering circle. With what listless fingers she put on her pretty things in the dun days that she lived through some way.

"She looks grandest in the buff one."

"Sakes to Betsy, did you see her in the rose one?"

"See her? See her? I ain't seen nothin' else."

"It ain't her clothes is grand; it's just her. She'd look Solomon in all his glory in this of mine." Mrs. Crasher's eyes were tear filled. "What ails the girl?"

These secret conferences were the excitement of the Wickets day.

It was the fifth day, and she was standing looking off at her sea of green, the only spot that appealed to her in all those sun-flayed reaches. Dreariness had such a hold on her that she did not even raise her head when she saw a whirling eddy of furious dust, torn with madness of flight. Down the shabby street the rider tore at breakneck speed, toward that object in softest rose. It wasn't until he was right before her, after all, that Mallory saw Philip. The heaving horse made bulwark enough.

"Mallory, my darling." His look dipped her in sunrise.

"Philip!" The voice dwindled away to something that was chokingly near a sob. "When did you get my letter?"

"What letter?"

"Saying I was coming. I wrote it two weeks ago."

"Gone astray somewhere. I never received it."

"What made you come, then?"

"A stranger cowboy passed through my place. Said he'd been in Wickets, and the loveliest lady he ever saw was there. Why, I knew it was you."

"What did he say?" A flickering smile was beginning round the sweet lips that had lost a bit of their gallant bravery.

"Just that—the loveliest lady he ever saw."

"Was that all?"

Mrs. Crasher met them in the doorway.

"Mr. Garner? Was you what she was waitin' for?" Mrs. Crasher's voice had some unexplained intonations. "If I'd sensed it was you I'd hev snatched you if I'd gone on my hands and knees."

"You are treating me as if I didn't want to come."

"Huh! You'd come all right, I

reckon. May my back be broke in five places if I hadn't orter a-knowed it was a man." In Mrs. Crasher's life man meant trouble. "But she never told nobody nothing, just making our hearts ache and ache." Mrs. Crasher's hand smashed over territory enough to accommodate a dozen hearts, and her tears began to roll in such quantities that the starch all left her, giving her that sprinkled look that just ready to be ironed clothes have.

"But you'll help me now, won't you?" Mallory went so close that Mrs. Crasher's hand itched to grab her.

"Help?" A look of devastating eagerness spasmed Mrs. Crasher anew. She rolled up her sleeves instinctively.

"Where can we get the nearest minister?" Philip was for settling main issues.

Mrs. Crasher arose to the occasion, the zest of generalship in her eye. "You kin be married right to the parlor here. From the store you can telephone Mr. Standish in Courtland, he is Baptist, but the kind don't make a bobble of differ. And he kin borry the automobile off Mr. Bodie. He'll be down in two hours. We kin do things spry in Wickets if we've a mind to."

She squared herself for battle. "Where first to help?" Her gase, with flagilant effect, fell on Jimmie, who, with a boy's infallible instinct, was outskirting the absorbing interest.

"You git to trundlin'. Over to Mrs. Saunder's and Mrs. Perry's, and tell 'em to red up. I'm a-goin' to build a cake."

Mrs. Crasher allowed no one but herself in the sacred precinct where the wedding dress was being put on.

"Seems like my fingers just rim round these here buttons and never git 'em through. I'm awkwarder than as if I had poultices on every joint."

"You're the kindest soul that ever breathed." Both Mallory's young arms went round Mrs. Crasher's neck, who gasped at the suddenness of the onslaught.

"I've always thanked God my Rosealice was took tender, but she'd been just your age."

The parlor was of a gayness beyond imagination. Red geraniums plucked short and woven into the Nottingham lace curtains as a border, the red and green and yellow ingrain carpet fairly glowed, made speckless by loving care. All was in readiness by the time the minister arrived.

Mallory's eyes were dewy with something very tender as she bade Mrs. Crasher good-bye, whose face shone with the pride of accredited accomplishment.

"Yes, I knowed you'd like it prime. The geraniums was Mrs. Perry's idee —they was her geraniums, too. We knowed the flowers would make you feel like you was home."

The dumb appeal in Philip's eyes would have made Mallory take any hurdle, gone it blind. As they neared the cabin, for it was no more, Philip felt the lump getting stiffer and stiffer in his throat. The beauty and the glory, Mallory Howard, to descend to this.

"What a wonderful outlook, Phil."

Philip's heart let out a peg. If she could see the kingdom of beauty, there was hope.

"It grows on one, Mallory. Every dawn and sunset glows a promise."

What Mallory did to the cabin Philip never knew; home walked in with the woman. Some alchemy touched it. Her right to love and serve made a heart-room out of simple expedients, while it was his need of her that encouraged her, that wrapped her and warmed her at the camp fire of his soul. Philip only knew that he'd have gone mad if he had lived another week without her. How he worked those days! His shoulders lost their droop, his eye the heavy melancholy. Sickness, the miasma, he cast off.

They sat cheek to cheek watching the miracle of night's soft drop curtains hiding all the flame and hallelujah of the valley's last golden act.

"Glad I came?"

"Glad, girl? That has nothing to

do with it. It's you to me. Are you glad?"

"Glad clear through, boy." Her sweet face was just a medium for joy to shine through. "I was thinking about that window. Let's have it long and low, so it takes in all the valley."

"The phaeton has to come first, like the one you had at home."

"It's lovely fun to sit here on the rim of the world and plan things."

"I can see them coming more quickly, cheek to cheek."

"So can I, dear."

Mallory drove to meet them in the phaeton. It was crowded for three, but this was Aunt Isabel's and Aunt Charlotte's first visit. Bravely new and beautifully impractical for the Arizona plains, the new phaeton was resplendent with carriage lamps all monogramed L. G. G., in lovely green and gold.

Wickets had not changed. The "Palace" was still as accommodatingly residential as ever, and yet how dusty and familiar it all seemed now.

"There's a fat person waving an apron at us from that unpainted building over there."

"I wish you could know that fat person as I know her. She pulled up the roses of her soul and made a path for me to walk on."

"What do you mean, Mallory? She looks very warm."

"That isn't just a surface indication, Aunt Isabel."

"I don't understand you, Mallory

"It's too long a story for now; we'll have heaps of time to talk."

That talk time never did come right. Aunt Isabel and Aunt Charlotte tried to seem interested in everything that Mallory had to tell them of her hopes and plans. But often she felt the blind, choking, impotent child feeling, as though her words were all housed with windows and doors carefully barred, when she needed free, breezy outdoors to express herself in. They had no standard by which to gauge the West, the big heart pulsing throb of it was lost on them. Its natives were aborigines, nothing more. They sat and punched holes in little pieces of cloth, and then embroidered the holes assiduously. Only once during their visit did their curiosity even come alive.

"Where's Mallory?"

"I saw her go off down to the corral."

"I've been dying to investigate, Isabel. I kicked something under the table last night, and I've been perishing ever since. Look, will you: did you ever see anything so killing in all your life? It isn't a table at all: it's just a board under the pretty table cloth."

"Charlotte, what do you think of that bare place on the wall that's curtained, where the window is going to be?" And they squealed in delighted appreciation of the humor of it. "And that pile of rocks in the front yard is going to be a fountain."

Mallory found them laughing.

"What's your monogram, Mallory. We've been trying to make it out, L. G. G."

Mallory's sensitiveness divined a mood in them not in sympathy with her surroundings, but they must be answered. "Little Girl Garner."

"How silly! You're every bit as tall as Phil."

"It's Phil's own name for me."

They only tried once to persuade her to come home.

"How can you stand it here? It's fearful. The ants alone would make us leave; they're everywhere."

"I hardly know how to tell you, Aunt Charlotte. It's dominion and power. It's something much bigger than ants which holds me. You've everything made for you. I've the making. The lid is off hope, here; my skyline's tilted."

It was not until she had been married five years that her father came. His wife had been dead six months. The boy was three.

The time was autumn, chilly enough for a fire in the great fireplace, chilly even though the flaming torch of the sun shot spangles through the long,

low window facing down the valley, pageanted with splendor.

Mallory walked in cheerily, to find her father and her husband staring at each other in white-faced stiffness. She placed one hand along her father's shoulder in the unthinking habit of affection.

"You might as well hear what I'm saying. It's meant for both of you."

Her father paused before going on. "I've been thinking a heap since my wife died. This is no place for you and the boy. Garner knows this as well as I do."

"Yes, I know, I know. Maybe you think I haven't gone over it hundreds of times." Philip stood looking off down the valley, all blue velvets and soft duns.

"It's hard to say to a man, but Mallory's hands were soft before she came here." Her father picked up one of her hands and turned it over in his palm. She let it lie there unheeding, for she also was looking down the painted valley. The droop that had long gone out of Philip's shoulders came back suddenly. Mallory's father went on gently, but with a bit of iron underneath.

"We always felt that Mallory's marriage was ill advised and hasty. She always was impulsive, and she didn't want to wait to see how she'd get along with my new wife. But now she's gone, and Mallory can have things all her own way. The way would be comfortably silvered, dear, for the horn of plenty lady has had a generous streak."

"And leave Philip, father?" It was the first time Mallory entered in.

"That sounds harsh, daughter mine, but it is not clear across the continent; he could come and go. This is no place to bring up the grandson."

"It is so practical, no argument will stand against it. Just think what it would mean for the boy." Philip's tone had a flatness that he could not quite keep out of it, and he picked up her other hand and stood looking at it.

Mallory's hands were roughened by work and weather. She let them lie in either man's hand.

She shook herself in impatience. It was the work of a second. Her light skirt just flicked the flame of the fireplace, and in a moment her skirt was surrounded by leaping tongues. Almost before thought could transfer itself, Philip stooped, and with his bare hands beat out the flames. It was out in a moment.

"My God! She might have gotten burned, standing right between us." Her father's excitement worked itself off in repetition. "Right between us, right between us."

Mallory barely seemed to notice.

"It didn't need that, dear."

Suddenly her face scorched with passion. "You men are all alike; in your secret hearts you would rather have us dolls than helpmeets, idlers not doers. It's more credit to you as hunters. Why shouldn't I live, live to my finger tips? As to my boy, how is he to grow more like his father every day unless he's with his father, every day lives him, touches him, knows him as I know him?"

Her father said nothing, but left the room abruptly.

Cheek to cheek, it is better that way —the dreams come truer.

"And a long verandah down that side of the house, dear, and jasmine, heaps of jasmine."

REGRET

I fain would reach my star, and yet I know,
So high it is that joy must be denied;
No pang of deep regret is this, but, oh,
The days I idly sat and never tried!

GLENN E. CURTISS.

WONG

By Marion Ethel Hamilton

WE WERE stationed at a post in the Pacific Northwest, in one of the wildest spots for civilized beings to live in you could imagine. Our quarters were almost in the heart of the primeval forest. Luxurious as they were, with electric lights, steam heat and waxed floors, it seemed indeed incongruous to see from the windows, firs one hundred feet tall and ten feet through, and to hear only the wail of the wind through them, and the beat of the surf upon the beach below. Our rambles through the woods were spoiled (to my mind), by just one thing—*snakes!* They were "perfectly harmless," as all the officers repeated over and over, but they were wriggly and green and yellow, and that is enough—for a woman.

There had been bears some few years back, and the company had kept one for a mascot and had it stand in ranks at retreat and parade (so the story goes!) But I never saw a bear all the time I was there. When the men went fishing some thirty miles back in the woods, they would come home with stories of bear and deer tracks seen around the trout streams. But those went with their fish stories.

At first we had been unable to procure a servant at any price, but later, Wong providentially appeared and adopted us. We were quite a sizable family to adopt: the captain, our "striker," Grubbs, the baby, the cat, the dog, the goat, and myself. When Wong saw the baby he said: "Me no come; me no likee children." But I pleaded with Wong, and promised to keep the baby outdoors all day long, with the cat and the dog and the goat, except when it rained, and then I would keep her in the attic. So Wong relented.

All went smoothly. The ladies played bridge and sewed, and played bridge again, and the officers bowled, tennised, rode, hunted and fished. Wong cooked, and the cat and the dog and the goat and the captain, and the striker, waxed fat. Nothing disturbed the "even tenor" of our several ways until one day word came suddenly, as it always does in the army, that the Governor of the State, the Adjutant-General, and a train of distinguished visitors, twenty in all, would be at the post in two hours, and would have to be served with luncheon. My heart sank! The district boat would leave town in ten minutes with the day's supplies, so it was too late to order anything. It fell to the captain to entertain the twenty at luncheon, for he was the highest in rank on the post and temporarily in command. But the burden fell on me, or shall I say on Wong?

"Oh, Wong," I wailed, "what on earth will we do? We are to have twenty people to lunch in two hours from now, and all the post people beside, and nothing to eat in the house." Wong's crisp, white immaculateness did not droop for an instant. His face was as smiling and cheerfully shining as ever. He was always quite the equal of any emergency. I looked at him much as a child looks at its mother when begging for something. "Please, Wong, do something, think something, quick!"

Before I had finished speaking, Wong's slippered feet had shuffled softly out to the back porch. He came

in with a big dishpan full of potatoes. "'Me makee potato salad," he said, "and coffee, and sandwiches, and—"

"But, Wong," I interrupted, "how will you make the sandwiches? We haven't a thing to put in them!"

Wong's eyes were inscrutable. I remember their look well, now, but at the time I did not realize. "You no worry," he said. "I make. You go 'way now. You play moosick. I make, all 'lone. Allee light—no worry."

Instantly I felt at peace, as when a great specialist says to you, before an operation: "Now, the responsibility is all with me; cast it from yourself. I will bring you through safely." You know that feeling of utter confidence he gives you! It is worth his five hundred dollar bill, or more. Well, that's just the way Wong's look and voice made me feel. I knew he would "see me safely through."

I gave him just one parting injunction, as I left the kitchen. "In two hours, you know, Wong. And be sure to have the salad cold! Oh, and a buffet luncheon, you know—standee up! All standee up!"

"All standee up!" repeated Wong. "All-ee light!" And that was the last I heard of the lunch until I was eating it, in the dining room, with the distinguished visitors.

The party was accompanied by several ladies. The wife of the Adjutant-General was perfectly charming. "Oh," she whispered to me, rolling her violet eyes in admiration, "what an adorable old brass! Where did you get it?"

"That Moro bowl?" I touched it. "We brought that from the Philippines; those Moro pieces are very hard to get now."

"What a delightful life you have, traveling all over the world," she said. "How I envy you You become so familiar with many quaint, out of the way spots—the local color seeps into you—so different from the way we tourists see the world! Don't you *love* it?"

"Yes, and no!" I laughed. "It has its delightful phases, of course. But its drawbacks, too. How would you like to pack everything—everything you owned, about every three years? From your dearest cut-glass punch bowl to a—a—darning egg." I faltered weakly, for I was thinking of so many things I had packed, and could pack, and would pack! "How would you like to cross the continent, southern route, in July, with the dog and the cat and the baby, and a folding refrigerator in your stateroom, and milk bottles and ice brought in at every stop, and—and——"

I looked at Wong, who stood before us, smiling, implacable, with a tray of sandwiches. The Adjutant-General's wife took one in her daintily gloved hand. "I believe this is my fifth," she whispered, smiling, showing her pretty, little, even teeth. She was adorable. "They are such delicious sandwiches, so unusual," she said. "May I ask what kind they are?" She asked as many questions as a child, but they were all so delicately complimentary that I couldn't help but be pleased. I felt foolish to have to acknowledge that I did not know what kind of sandwiches I was serving at my own luncheon. She smiled appreciatively. She understood everything. That was one of her charms.

At last when they had all departed, though the band was still playing on the lawn, I hurried to the kitchen, drawn by all the curiosity of a woman.

"Wong," I asked, "what were those sandwiches made from? They were so nice. Everybody liked them."

"Me no tell," said Wong smiling, successful, confident. Then it was that, fortunately or unfortunately, I glanced in the direction of the table. Three yellow-green snake skins lay upon it. For a moment the awful truth did not penetrate my consciousness. Then horribly it dawned upon me.

"'Wong!" I almost screamed.

"Me catchee snakee!" he said, and laughed.



The two shacks built by the brother, sister and cousin beside the old river channel, which had produced great riches in placer mining.

THE HIDDEN POCKET

By Maud Goodhue

THERE are people that are willing to stake their very lives for gold, while there are others that would stake the last gold they had to save their lives. There are people that would dare the devil himself in order to gain their point, while there are others that would rather starve than take any risk. There are people that can take failure with a smiling countenance, while there are others that would rather die than accept failure.

The three people my story is concerned with were of the class that would dare the devil himself in order to gain their point, and would rather die than accept failure. They had the grit to fight when defeat seemed uppermost; they had such strong faith in whatever they were doing, they just had to succeed. Defeat would not be expected. If they failed in anything they attempted, they would not have the heart, as many would have, to build a new mansion over the ashes of the old, improved by the experience gained by the faults of the old, but would die before fail.

These three were two men and a woman, brother, sister and cousin. They came from a hardy race, used to toil and independence. They had been reared on a farm, and had tilled its soil from the time they were big enough to use a hoe until grown. Then becoming tired of all work and no pleasure, they went out into the world

to shift for themselves, where they became accustomed to knocks and hardships. Becoming tired of this homeless, wandering life, they drifted to California, where they located a placer mine. Reports said, millions of dollars had been taken out of that old river channel, which was encouraging, for that showed that the river channel had once carried gold.

These three adventurers went to work with light hearts, for here lay their fortune within their grasp. First they built two little shacks, one to sleep in and the other to cook in. They spent the little money they had for necessities, having just enough left to buy two months' supplies. This they had carried nine miles on their backs, over a steep mountain trail, down to the ancient river channel where their prospective fortune lay.

Grace, the woman, put things in order, for the agreement was: She was to do the cooking and keep the house in order. If successful, she was to receive one-fifth of the fortune; if failure, she had nothing to show for all her time and labor. But there was to be no failure, failure was not put into the agreement. Ben, the brother, and Albert, the cousin, were to receive two-fifths each, for they furnished the food and shelter, thus gaining more if successful.

It was a warm day in the middle of summer when the two hardy men of sweat and toil began digging in the ancient river channel. Thus they worked from six in the morning until six at night for two months. Meanwhile the nights had become cool, and Jack Frost was creeping nearer. The food supply had dwindled away. Something had to be done. Gold must be found; so a clean-up was made.

Grace knew by the men's faces that evening that the clean-up had proved valueless, although they tried to appear cheerful. Again she saw their hopes crumbling and their dreams about to fade; once more she felt their footholds giving away beneath them, as they had done so often in the past, and she was filled with sullen hate. Something told her that they must make a success of this, or they would never have the heart to try again.

The next morning they arose earlier than usual. It was agreed that Albert was to walk over the trail which led to the little village beyond the mountain, and obtain food enough to last another month. This was no easy task, for he was a stranger in these parts, and no store keeper is anxious to trust his goods with a stranger But after talking awhile, and telling Old Jake of the mine and their hopes of striking the gold inside of another month, won the old man over. That evening Albert was seen winding his way through the tall pine trees, down the steep trail, with a fifty pound sack of flour on his back, and other necessities in his hands.

They worked for another month, at the end of which was another clean-up. This time all that was found was a gold nugget amounting to about three dollars and a half. Nothing else was in view. This nugget seemed to be all by itself, in fact the ground looked poorer around where it was found. What would they do? The food supply was gone. They had no money with which to buy more. The store-keeper would not trust them with any more flour. They had to exist.

That night long after Albert had gone to bed, Ben sat in the little kitchen, with his face resting within his calloused hands. Opposite him sat Grace, with a thoughtful, troubled expression upon her comely face. They sat like this long after midnight, neither moved nor spoke. All at once Ben gripped the side of his bench, and muttered through set jaws:

"God, I'd like to take one more chance!"

The girl darted a swift look at him, but he fell to brooding again, evidently insensible to her presence. At length he stirred himself to ask: "What did you do with the nugget, Sis?"

"It's up there on the shelf. Why, do you want it?"

"Oh, I was just thinking perhaps

we could trade it off for some flour and bacon." He paused awhile, then said: "But then, what is the use? The ground looks poorer. I don't see why it should, for we are where the two old channels meet, and if there is gold anywhere, I should think it would be there. But it isn't, and when that flour is gone we will be no better off than now, or not as well off, for now we have at least the nugget." The light died out of Ben's eyes, the eagerness left his voice. He flung himself dejectedly upon the bench again, moodily watching the flames licking the burning candle wick.

The girl arose from her seat, and looking him squarely in the eyes, her own flushed face alight with determination, said:

"There's only one person in the whole world who can defeat us, and that person is ourselves; no person can finish a task when it has just been begun. We'll grant there's a chance for failure—a million chances; but do not try to count them. Count the chances for success. Don't be fainthearted, for there's no such thing as fear. It doesn't exist. It's merely an absence of courage, just as indecision is merely a lack of decision. I never saw anything yet of which I was afraid—and you're a man. If a person thinks over a proposition long enough it will whip him, no matter how simple it is. It's the lightning flash that guides a person. You must lay your course in the blue dazzle, then follow it in the dark; and when you come to the end, it always lightens again. Don't stand still, staring through the gloom, and then try to walk while the lightning lasts, because you won't get anywhere."

Her words were charged with an electric force that communicated itself to the brother and galvanized him into action.

Ben reached out impulsively and caught her by the hand. His eyes were shining, his face had lost the settled look of dejection, and he was all aglow with a new dawn of hope. Even his shoulders were lifted and thrown back as if from some sudden access of vigor that lightened his burden.

"You're right, sis!" he said, firmly. "I will go to the store as soon as it is light, and see what I can do with the nugget. That will mean supplies for another month. Albert can work in our dugout until I get back. I am going to bed now," and he kissed her good-night.

The next dawn saw Ben winding his way up the steep mountain trail, which led to the little village beyond, with the nugget deposited within his vest pocket.

When he reached the town, the store had been opened but a short time, and the people had just begun to move about. Ben walked into the store, and told the store keeper his desire. Old Jake asked to see the nugget before filling the order. Ben reached in his vest pocket, and felt around carefully, his heart sinking within him each second. The blood rushed from his head, leaving his face pale and bloodless as he stammered out: "It's lost!"

"What's lost?" asked the storekeeper.

"The nugget. Here's a little hole in my pocket that I didn't know was there."

"Well, I cannot let you have any more supplies. You owe me now for that last lot." And old Jake started to walk away.

Ben felt more like striking the man for this last remark, then pleading a way out. But the thoughts of that brave little sister restrained his muscles, and caused him to offer two-fifths of the mine, leaving him one-fifth and Albert one, if old Jake would only supply them with food for two more months.

This Jake refused outright, saying: "Your d——d mine is not worth a bean, and besides, the whole thing will be mine if I want it, for what you owe me."

"But we only owe you twelve dollars."

"That is more than you can pay,

and I tell you I will take the d——m mine for settlement."

"You think you've got me, but you haven't. If you know what's good for you, stay away from that mine. We will make it pay yet. Not this month, perhaps, but next; then you will be paid your dirty little money; but, you dirty cur, don't dare to set foot near that mine. You may not stock me with grub, but perhaps somebody else will. I'll make that mine pay in spite of hell!" Half blinded with anger, he stumbled out of the store.

Back to the old river channel with nothing to eat. He saw that his affairs had reached a final climax, where he must bow to the inevitable. A kind sickening rage possessed him. He had tried to fight fair against fate. Now he was thoroughly beaten and humbled. A new line of thought came into his mind. He would go back and see if the ground had improved any, then from there go over the other mountain and try the store there.

When he arrived home, he still wore that sullen, defiant expression, and Grace saw her brother and cousin talking very earnestly in a low tone. She caught these words:

"Try that, Ben, and if you fail, I am with you to-night."

As Ben started for the other village, Grace hollered after him: "I wish you success, Ben."

That was all she could say, for she knew if not successful, her brother was on the verge of doing something desperate. After his departure, she went out to the dugout where Albert was working.

"Now look here, Albert, I thought we three were partners?"

"Why, we are, Grace; who said we weren't?"

"You and Ben have been planning something that you have not shared with me." She walked up nearer and placed her hand on his shoulder. "Haven't I always stayed by you two, haven't I rejoiced in your successes and grieved for your defeats, and yet you do not know me well enough to trust me now."

"Grace, we didn't want you to know this, for you are a woman. We knew this business was not a woman's work. We have planned to rob old Jake's store to-night, if Ben is not successful at the other store. It might end in murder, for we intend to defend our stolen goods with our lives. Now, don't look so pale, Grace. You made me tell you."

Grace said not a word. What could she say? She knew that any argument of hers would be useless to change these sturdy men, now they had made up their minds to rob the man that would rob them the first chance he got.

She walked slowly to the cabin, thinking and yet not thinking. Should she aid in this adventure, or try and stop it? But how was she to stop it, even if she wished? She entered the building. Inside the room a death-like silence settled. In the distance she heard the sound of Albert's pick, a sound that was now a mockery. She thought bitterly of all the suffering and hardships, the hunger of body and soul, that she had often endured with these men. After all, the three were merely adventurers, without friends or resources. Their long struggles had made them the type of which desperate things might be expected. They might as well act the part. Why should they pretend to higher standards than many others she knew. Ben's way was the best.

It was the hour of her darkest despair—the real crisis in her life. There are times when it rests with fate to make a strong person stronger, or turn them altogether to evil. Such a person will not accept misfortune tamely. They are the reverse of those who are good through weariness; it is their nature to sin strongly.

The sun was now sinking behind the tree tops, making their shadows tall and dim. Grace started back to where Albert was still digging, determined to lend a hand in the coming adventure, instead of bar its progress, as she thought of doing for a few seconds. By the time she neared the

dug-out, she saw Ben standing beside Albert. There was no sign of supplies. Her last faint hope was crushed. As she came nearer, she saw them both bending over a gold pan. Both their faces were lit up with joy as they had not been in weeks.

The unexpected had happened, and Grace's black mood vanished in amazement at the sight that met her eyes. There before her was a whole pocket full of nuggets, and there were many more where these came from. Before the men had time to turn around, she had leaped into the dug-out and threw herself into the arms of her big brother.

"Now I am glad the store keepers did not accept your offer, Ben," she said, beaming upon him. "The whole mine belongs to us three. The hungry wolf is driven from the door."

JUNE IN BERKELEY

June's at home in Berkeley Town!
(Gold of poppies! Gold of broom!)
Here she doffs her queenly gown;
(The acacias shake in bloom!)
June's at home in Berkeley town!
That she weilds where folk may see.
All sedately
There, and stately,
Walks she, lest the good wives frown.
Ah, but very wise is she
Visiting the world. But here,
Once a year, and once a year,
June's at home in Berkeley Town!

June's at home on Berkeley hills,
(Tangled poppies at her feet!)
Gold and gold, and gold, it spills,
(The acacia boughs are sweet!)
Over all the paths, and rills,
Where June lingers. She may be
Like a queen,
The June you've seen,
As her duties she fulfills.
Ah, but very young is she,
As she frolics with us here,
Once a year, and once a year,
June's at home on Berkeley hills!

June's at home in Berkeley town!
Would you see her, all unseen?
(Gold her hood, and gold her gown!)
Look, then, where the boughs are green.
Check your careless feet. Look down;
June is there, for those who see!
Blue of skies
Within her eyes;
Gold upon her, like a crown.
Very loyal still is she!
Ah, she holds our colors dear!
Once a year, and once a year,
Here she lays her scepter down.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

RED

By Alfred Howe Davis

RUNNING homesteaders out of the Lost Hills country had been a comparatively simple task for claim jumpers who worked that district in the pioneer days of California's oil industry, until Red and the woman he said was his wife came along.

Neither threat nor land offered in trade had been successful in forcing the two from their hundred and sixty. They had hauled in lumber from Wasco for their shack, and had built it near a pepper tree, which was the only green growth to be found for miles over the monotonous roll of lazy hills.

Red's wife had done service in the construction of the cabin and seemed fully as proficient as Red in the art of house building.

When Stevens drove up to the cabin several weeks after Red and his wife had been harrassed and once or twice shot at from the mesa by way of intimidation, the question of getting Red off the claim seemed nearly settled. That is, it did to all the jumpers on that particular campaign against Red, except to Stevens himself. He had found no indication of fear in either the young fellow or the woman. And Stevens prided himself on his ability to bluff. He had worked at his business of driving off agricultural settlers for ten years, according to oil land locators who knew him, and twelve according to his own account, and he had seldom failed to obtain any piece of land his employers sent him out to get.

"What's the use of staying here? It's dead certain we'll get you some time," Stevens finally told Red. The latter stood in the doorway of his cabin. His wife looked out over his shoulder.

Red was a soft-featured, smooth-shaved young person, though streaks of gray were in the red thatch which lay smooth and long on his head.

"It looks like you made the mistake of coming to stay," Stevens continued when neither Red nor his wife offered a solution to his first query. "Why didn't you bring along a tent? It wouldn't cost so much, and you could move it easier."

Stevens himself traveled about the hills with a cabin built on wheels, and under half a dozen names was holding down as many claims, sleeping one night on this claim, the next on that, and so on, carrying his house along with him, and thus meeting the technical requirements of the homestead law as it then existed.

"Seems to me you would be playing a fairer game with the government if you would take the wheels off that wagon of yours and not try to hold down the land that should belong to five other men," said Red, contemptuously. "But it's too hot to stand here talking. This is a homestead claim, Stevens, and we are going to develop it for agricultural purposes. If there is any oil on this property, it is going to stay here till we get ready to drill for it, or lease to some one who will. In the meantime you might as well move along those rig timbers and boilers over there."

He nodded toward a supply of derrick constructing material which had been hauled to the very border of his hundred and sixty, and stacked there until such time as the men

whose business it was should be successful in persuading Red and his wife to give up their claim.

"We'll give you just forty-eight hours to get out of here," Stevens said at last. "That's all. You're going. That's certain, and you got forty-eight hours to get moving."

With that, Stevens climbed into his cabin wagon and started the two donkeys down the hill. The big shell of cabin nearly ran over the little animals on the down grade before they could be persuaded to exert themselves into a slow trot.

Red and his wife watched the equipage which had made the trip to the claim on similar missions three or four times before. They saw it move on down past the rig material and out of sight in a dip.

The evidences of life or the works of man were few on the claim which Red and the woman were holding down there on the desert that shimmered and waved in dry heat. The three-roomed board cabin with the low porch, the stable out near a gushing well which poured its clear stream to waste down a gulch, and the pepper tree which had been set out, were the only evidences of human activity on the claim.

The rest was sand, heat-worn and lifeless hills in their primal sleep, turning scarred faces to the cloudless sky; cloudless from the last of the few rains in each spring until the late fall.

Nevertheless, Red and his wife believed in their claim. Their mule, the spring and the pepper tree, were sufficient to keep alive the hope that one day when things would go well the land would be converted into fields or orchard acreage, fed by the spring near the solitary tree.

The couple were young, and their total lack of experience in pioneering had been evidenced in their first undertakings, such as digging the post holes for their house.

The end of the first month saw their whitened hands turn brown, then red and finally a deep brown. The woman was undersized and sharp featured. Her eyes were bleared from the glare of the sun which she had braved with the man in putting up the fences. These the oil squatters had torn down consistently.

Life had dragged on through the summer, one hot day after another, with only the pepper tree out by the spring preserving in Red and Sue a memory of the land of green things and of the life from which they had come.

"Sometimes I wish we hadn't come out to this God-forsaken country," Red muttered, half to himself, as he turned into the house. "Nothing but this heat day after day, until I'm about ready to quit." He threw himself into one of the canvas camp chairs in the front room which served as bedroom and living room. The woman put an arm about his neck.

"It's been about the hottest day of the year," she said. "But it's coming cool. See the wind dust over yonder, Allie."

He turned on her sharply.

"Call me Red," he said. "Suppose they suspected the truth? Not even when we are alone call me Allie."

The woman sighed, kissed the gray streaked head, and, going out, took the water bag to the spring and filled it. Then she hung it up on the side of the cabin to grow cold in the wind which swept down on them.

For even the southern desert has its hours of rest, and it is an unusual afternoon that the wind from the north does not blow. Where it comes from in that great waste of heat and sand and cloudless sky is a question the natives do not try to answer, but nearly every day at sundown it blows strong, and turns ice cold the water in the barrels of the settlers, bringing relief to man and beast.

After securing the bag to a nail on the side of the cabin, she went into the house and threw back the boards from the windows, which were covered with mosquito netting. Then she dropped a length of netting in front of the door to take the place of a

screen. It was but a moment before the room was cool.

"You don't want to go back now, do you, Red?" the little woman said, wiping the sweat from her forehead with one swipe of her bare arm. "It's our chance, you know. It's what we always said we'd do, and you remember they told us that the fields here some day would be bristling with oil derricks, or the land that is not will be cultivated. You don't want to go back East, do you? And now, Allie," she added petulantly, with an accent on the last word as he glanced up sharply at her, "I don't care. There isn't any one in hearing distance, and I can't call you Red. Can't I call you Reddie?"

"Yes, Reddie will be all right," he grinned. "But don't forget it. Red and Reddie, and nothing else."

During the day while the sun heats the earth and rocks of Lost Hills they have a gray, dead color, but at evening, just before dark, they change to opal hues, shifting in a thousand lights.

"This isn't so bad, Sue, is it?" Red said. "If it wasn't for this hour of the day, I believe I'd turn back and leave it all. But it doesn't seem so bad now. How much money have we left, Sue?"

"About eleven hundred dollars. That will see us through the winter, and get us in shape for planting a few acres next year. And, besides, if they see they can't bluff us off the land maybe they will be respectable and pay us what it is worth. That is, if you don't want to go back East." She added the last statement dolefully.

"We won't sell it to them," Red said positively. "Have you got some cream, Sue?" And he held up two blistered hands. "This work is just as hard as we expected it would be, all right."

* * * *

"What do you suppose they intend doing to-morrow?" Red said, the day after Stevens had made his trip to the claim.

"He said we have got to go, Reddie. But we don't, do we? And they can't make us."

Red reached down under the double decker bunk and drew out a single-shot rifle.

"This isn't much of an arsenal to keep them away with, is it?" he commented, cynically. "Not much of a one, but we'll do the best we can, Sue. I see all of our fences are down again. And it took us a month to put them up. What are we going to do, anyway?" Something very near tears stood in Red's sentimental eyes.

"Now, now," consoled Sue, wrapping a brown arm powdered with flour about Red's neck. "They can't keep that up always. There will be other people, respectable folks in this country before long, and they will stand with us."

Sue's attention was fixed on the first rise of hills beyond the claim, and she walked toward the window as she spoke.

"Well, Allie Waters, do look at that."

Over the first hill where for days nothing but heat waves had shimmered, and whence no sound had come except the whistle of a drilling outfit down in the dip on the other side, there arose great puffs of black smoke. Occasional fire tongues darted up among them.

Red had started to remonstrate with her for forgetting so soon the admonition he had given about his name, but as she began to speak he caught sight of the billowing smoke.

"Stevens and his crowd of claim jumpers over the hill have struck a gusher, and in some way they have got it afire." As Red spoke, the smoke died away, and only the fire rose and fell like water from a giant geyser, sometimes mounting two hundred feet in the sky of approaching night, then coiling down beneath the brow of the hill like a serpent before springing into the high heavens again.

Long they stood there, the two, looking out the window, their arms about each other. As darkness came on the giant taper lighted the country

for miles around, silhouetted the little cabin stuck out on the low plain, and cast flickering lights across the two faces.

At times the monster would shoot and prong, reaching for the very stars, then it would subside and drop out of sight, until only the reflected glare in the night sky remained. A moment later it would lurch high and hurl a million streams of liquid flame out from the body of the fire. They fell like rockets pouring down toward the earth and gradually losing themselves in the night.

She stood there long after Red had turned from the window and had climbed into the top bunk. Something forced her to remain and watch the fire giant writhe. The rooms of the cabin were aglow. Once she had to go out to quiet the mule, which was terrified by the glare. She could see coyotes and other creatures of the desert slinking like shadows through the high cactus, stopping at times when the flames lurched highest, then cautiously going on when the gusher burned low.

"Reddie, Reddie," the woman spoke the name the second time with something like terror in her voice.

"Yes, Sue."

"Why, what is it? Why did you leave me? Are you ill?"

"I have been ill for two days. Chills have been chasing themselves up and down my back, and I grew so faint I thought I would lie down. But don't mind, Sue. It will probably wear off in a day or two."

There was no darkness that night within ten miles of the burning gusher. She sat in the open door after the evening wind had died down, watching the rockets shoot into the sky and listening to the low, volcanic rumble which always accompanies the working gusher. Until near midnight she sat there, seeing the beasts of the wilderness pass back and forth, sometimes coming close to the house.

What was there to be gained, and how long could they stand the fight, those two who knew nothing of the raw desert, with its vast space, its heat, its tremendous expanse of lifeless hills, its unleashed gushers of fire, its long seasons of drought.

But there was the single pepper tree. Vegetation was possible, and there was the clear-watered well that she and Red had dug the first month they had been on the claim. They had prayed for new things, for life in virgin lands of strength, and now that strength of a new country was bearing them down. Sue felt herself weakening, but what had she to fear? There was Red.

She entered the shack, and climbing up on a chair looked into the face over which the shadows from the gusher fire were passing.

Red was sleeping. The regularly featured face contracted a little in pain, Sue thought, and certainly the breathing was heavier than usual. She stood there several moments until Red turned and sighed as if about to awaken; then she slipped to the floor again and took up her watch outside the door.

She was not tired, and anyway she had passed many a hot night out there when the usual wind which that evening had blown strong failed to come to carry away the blanket of heat left by the day. The smell of oil was over the desert, and at times varying winds hurled clouds of pitch smoke over the cabin, squatting, a frail thing, in the lap of the eternal.

At one time the fire died completely down and darkness settled. The flare in the sky melted away. The gusher apparently had choked itself to death. But as she was about to go indoors, the low rumble came again and a stream of liquid fire, in the center of which a black pole seemed to rise, streamed high in the heavens.

At last she pulled the chair into the house and was closing the door when a moving fleck between herself and the curtain of fire arrested her attention. A second later the spot became the clearly defined figure of a man on horseback. He moved on down the hill toward the claim, and a little later

two more horsemen came to the top of the hill and followed the shadow rider into the valley.

She had seen the jumpers come from their claim too often from that direction not to know that they were bound for her shack, and she rushed into the house.

"Allie, they're coming. Those gunmen, again," she blurted. "Allie—Allie! What!"

But the words which came from the bunk were incoherent and babbling. The woman stepped on a chair and looked into the face. The eyes were partially open, but the disconnected words which Red was muttering were those of a fevered brain.

She pulled down the gun which Red kept close beside him, then drew the cumbersome shutters across the windows. The light from the fire monster trickled through the chinks between the boards of the door and the window.

"Allie!" she almost cried. But no answer came. Only the senseless muttering. For a moment she stood undetermined, then throwing out the shell she set the rifle over in one corner. She could not make the fight alone. Once she thought she could, but the savage power of the desert and its creatures had broken the enthusiasm with which she had entered life there a year before.

She soaked a towel in some of the cold water from the canvas drinking bag, and, wrapping it around Red's feverish forehead, went out. It had been Red on whom she relied. Without Red she could not carry on the war against the squatters, and besides perhaps Red—Allie was in danger of death. How could she know? The thought terrified her now more than the night, than the heat, than the loneliness. What mattered the acquiring of a fortune in oil or citrus lands? Suppose she should realize great wealth in the future years through the homestead if Allie's life should be the price? After all, it had been Allie's bravery which had kept them there, facing danger after danger, hardship after hardship. And now Allie was ill, how ill she did not know.

So thinking and thinking until her brain was unsteady, Sue walked across the plain, her face toward the gusher. One question after another thundered in her ears, and she went on until she found herself at the edge of the claim. She tripped on a wire strand of fence she and Allie had put about the hundred and sixty to keep out the range stock. There had been no range stock where they had come from. And now every foot of it was down. To keep out range stock? The woman smiled to herself. Aside from the small stack of hay for the mule, what was there on the hundred and sixty acres that would feed a single sheep?

The desolation of it all—cut off from her kind! She was ready to take the money they had, hitch up the mule and drive with Allie to Wasco, there to take the train East, back home.

"It's only the woman."

Sue was brought back to present conditions abruptly, as three men rode out of the gulch in front of her. At first she was inclined to run, then saw the futility of it.

"Good evening, Mrs. Red."

She recognized Stevens.

"We've come to move you and Red off this claim," he went on. "We told you we'd give you other land. You didn't see fit to take us up, so now you've got to get out complete. We need this property in development work. It might have given us some thought just what to do if you hadn't come out to meet us," and Stevens laughed loud. The shack stood clear in the gusher flare, and one of the other two men raised a carbine and fired once, twice, in rapid succession upon it.

"You coward, you," cried Sue, rushing past Stevens, who had dismounted. "You'd kill a person who's sick, sick in bed, you coward."

The man's horse plunged, nearly unseating him and hurling the carbine from his hands. With the agility of

one who has spent his days in dangerous places where personal effort stands constantly between life and death, Stevens was on the carbine. The woman had jumped for it, and now straightening up, and brushing back the dark hair which had fallen over her face, she sat down on a pile of lumber, cornered, unable to speak.

"Is Red sick?" demanded Stevens. "Sick of getting out of honest men's way, I guess." And the three laughed loudly

"Yes, she is sick. And she may be going to die. She's the only sister I've got."

The woman broke down completely, and turning her back on the men, buried her face in her hands.

"She your sister—what the hell are you talking about, female?" demanded Stevens. "Are you crazy?"

The three had mounted again and had started toward the cabin.

"Don't you believe me?" shrieked Sue. "And maybe she's dying. I'll go with you. But please don't hurt Allie. We'll go just as soon as she can travel."

Stevens stopped.

"Take her on in front of you and lead the way," he said to the man whose carbine had nearly fallen into the woman's hand. "If Red shoots he'll get his own wife first, and there ain't no excuse, for it's light enough."

Sue put her foot in the stirrup, and was in the saddle. They started toward the house, and three carbines lay ready for action.

But no sound or motion came back from the cabin. She jumped from the horse and led the way into the shack. The men approached cautiously, but only the heavy breathing of the sleeper came to them.

Sue climbed up on a chair and looked eagerly at Red. Stevens, too, was gazing into the still face. One of the others had picked up a bundle of pictures.

"That's Allie there," Sue whispered as he turned over one of the smaller portraits.

"Let me see it," demanded Stevens. "It's Red all right," he said. "I always thought Red had more nerve than the average kid his age would have."

That was all. The three walked out of the house, and there was a sort of hang-dog expression on Stevens' face when he turned to Sue, and, taking a black wallet from his pocket, poured out a dozen or more pellets into the palm of his hand.

"It's a little jolt of malaria that's the matter with Red," he said. "Give her these, one every three or four hours. Any doctor, if there was one within eighty miles, would tell you that you never ought to get out of a hot malarial country while you are in the fever. Let it wear off here. Besides, this country needs women—women like you."

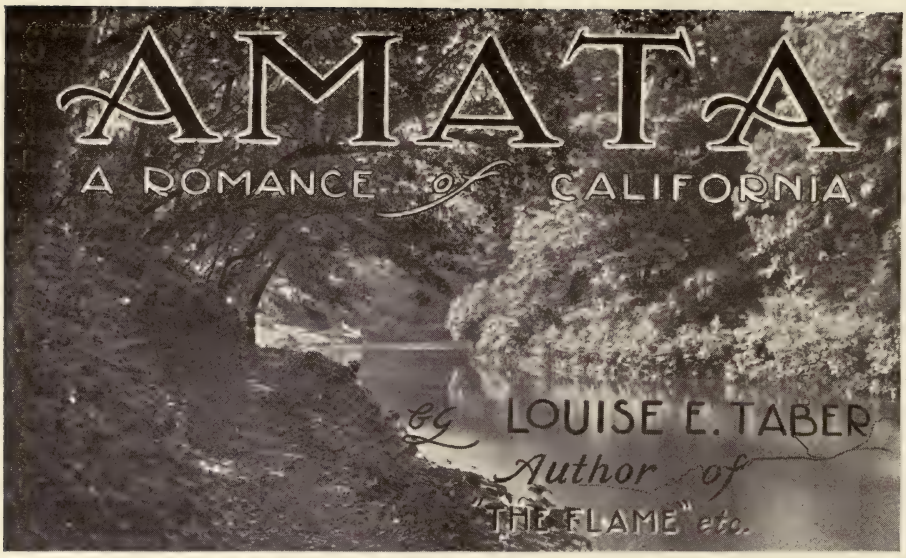
And so they were gone. Sue had mechanically accepted the medicine from the hands of the man she would gladly have killed a half hour before. She watched the horsemen ride into the light of the gusher and disappear.

Then she went into the house, and, arousing Red, made her swallow one of the pills and a half glass of water. Before an hour had passed, Red had fallen into a peaceful sleep.

Sue curled up on her own bunk without undressing just as the gusher fire was paling before the morning. And not even the three men at work nailing up the fences about the homestead awakened Sue, who slept far into the new day.

A PRAYER

God, give me tears to weep,
With this thy great gift, sorrow;
God, give me grace to sleep:
The strength to meet the morrow! HARRY COWELL



XII

ELSIE CAME down the broad stairway into the hall, and after giving a last glance through the long double drawing-rooms, went out on the front veranda. Gowned in soft pink silk crepe, she made a pretty picture, standing in the midst of the green. The guests began to arrive, and as they assembled in the rooms, where canvas had been stretched for the dance, the young women in their many colored gowns made an attractive scene. At the end of the second room, on a platform, hedged in with flowers, an orchestra played for the dancers. The Van Dorns came late. Marcella's decollete gown was of pale green satin, cut very low, and around her throat was an elaborate necklace of emeralds, and her tiara was of the same gems. She cast a quick glance around, as if to demand the admiration of the guests. Roy asked her to be his partner for the next dance and she accepted thinking that her beauty tonight might win him again.

Later Roy saw that she was Mr. Burke's partner, and he wondered at her sudden tolerance of the man. Mrs. Van Dorn tried in vain to catch Marcella's glance. She was shocked that her daughter would forget her dignity and dance with the miner. Mr. Burke and Marcella stepped out on the veranda.

"It is very warm!" she said, opening her fan.

"Yes. It is close in the rooms." He leaned against the balustrade beside her. The electric lights shone on her golden hair and her white shoulders. Her head was gracefully bent, as she slowly fanned, and for a time they were silent. When she looked up, there was an intense admiration in his eyes that he did not try to conceal. For a moment she could not take her glance from his, but suddenly she turned away with impatience.

"Have you seen the singing girl?" she coldly asked.

"Yes." A tone was in his voice that was new to her, and she felt a sudden thrill.

"Do you think they will go away?" she demanded.

"Certainly. It may be a week or two, but they'll go. They must, if *you* wish it."

The conviction in his tone brought a satisfied smile to her lips. She broke a carnation from the plant beside her. As she carelessly twirled it the light fell on her rings, and they flashed little sparks of fire. Mr.

Burke stood quiet, gazing at her jewels; then his eyes rested again on her face.

"It's a pleasure to serve you," he said, at last, "but I think I've told you that before."

"Perhaps!"

"That carnation is beautiful," after another pause, during which he eyed her with uncertainty.

"Nature doesn't make anything homely." She looked up, and there was the faintest suggestion of a smile in her eyes.

"I can believe that when I look at you."

She softly laughed with more pleasure than amusement.

"You are indulging in French compliments," she said, and rising, turned away, carelessly dropping the carnation in the chair.

"I must go in. I promised this next dance to Mr. Marston."

He did not step immediately to her side, and as she glanced back, she saw him thrust the flower into his pocket. Her color deepened, but not with displeasure. A smile stole across his face. As he walked beside her, he wore the abashed look of a schoolboy caught at a misdemeanor. Marcella gave him a sidelong glance, and felt a sudden glory in her power to stir him. He was not a young exquisite, but a man who had fought to acquire all that he possessed. She admired a conqueror, but his plebeianism was a thing to scorn. She felt a quick annoyance that she was allowing him to consider himself her equal. Her head was raised with haughty pride as long as he remained at her side, and when they parted, her last glance was one of frigid courtesy. His manner showed the same unfailing graciousness.

She slipped her hand through Roy's arm, and they walked the length of the rooms. As they passed Mrs. Marston and Mrs. Van Dorn, they were given an approving smile and nod by the two mothers. Roy was annoyed, for he saw what he had not noticed before, that Marcella and he were attracting the interest of all their friends.

When the dance ended and Marcella had been claimed by her next partner, Roy went out on the veranda. The sweetness of the flowers had become unpleasant. The grounds were deserted, and he went down. Presently he saw Marcella go into the hall on the arm of a young aristocrat, whose only aim was the squandering of his father's hard-earned wealth. She was carelessly smiling at his pleasantries and occasionally gave him a winning glance. Roy swung off and went a short distance along the path. When he came to a secluded seat in the tall shrubbery on the edge of the lawn, he sat down, feeling secure in his hiding place. Looking over the lawn, he saw that chairs had been arranged in groups, facing a platform that had been erected for the orchestra. Elsie had told him that Amata would sing, and he wished the dancing would end, so that he might hear her.

Marcella was not the girl he wanted for a wife. He was now very certain of this. Their ideas of life were too contrary for them ever to be in harmony. The approving smile and nod that his mother had given him had been most unpleasant.

He heard some one come softly along the path. Amata passed him, and going to the steps, stood looking cautiously into the house. Roy could see her face distinctly in the strong light. She remained immovable, leaning forward with eager longing. Presently her head drooped a little, and she drew her hand across her eyes, as if to brush away tears.

"Amata!" he softly called.

She turned quickly.

"You are happier than any of those girls," he said, rising, "unless Miss Gordon is the one exception."

The surprise that had flashed into her eyes faded, and after a moment she said: "Do you suppose I can make a place for myself—a place equal to theirs?"

"Why shouldn't you? Your voice can take you wherever you wish to

go. And having made the place yourself, you'll be happier than those who are born to it."

"Do you really think so?"

"Yes." Roy studied her as she stood in quiet joy, and he saw the sweet, noble womanhood that was longing for the life of those around her. Her gentleness, simplicity and courage appealed to his kindly heart, and he wished he could see her in the position she craved. He wondered if it was her poverty and her wandering life that had made her mentally and physically superior to other women. He wished the Gordons would take her into their home and give her the chance she deserved.

"It isn't wrong for me to love pretty things and want them, is it?"

"No." He studied her with interest.

"Life means so much to me," she softly said.

"What do you want to make you contented, satisfied."

"Love and a home."

"You have the love."

"Yes, from my father, but after he is gone——"

"You want some one else," he interrupted. "Some one who is young, so that you can live your lives together with one hope and one ambition."

"Yes! Others have it!"

The wistful longing in her face, her innocence and trust, touched him deeply. What she craved was all that he desired.

"It must be a great joy to wear gowns such as those ladies have in there," she added. "Beauty and richness in dressing is one way by which the harmony of our thoughts can be expressed."

"I like to talk with you," he said. "You unfold a new life to me."

"Do I? I'm glad. I like to talk with you." Her tone was candid and free from coquetry.

"I must go back," he said, glancing up to the house, when he heard voices on the veranda. "I promised to dance with Miss Gordon. I'm glad you are going to sing. Your natural art is wonderful."

She blushed. "You are kind! Au revoir!" A sudden tender longing stole into the glance she gave him, and she slipped away into the shadow.

He stood for a moment looking into the dark stretch beyond the lawn, but she did not return, and he wondered why she had disappeared so suddenly. Catching his thumbs into his trouser pockets, he strolled back to the house and sauntered up to the veranda with his eyes fixed thoughtfully on the gray stone steps. When he reached the landing, he found Marcella confronting him. A cruel little gleam was sparkling in her eyes as she withdrew her hand from her escort's arm.

"Mr. Harvey and I were going to take a stroll on the lawn, but we feared we might interrupt your confidential tete-a-tete with the beggar."

The young man gave her a surprised glance.

"I'm sorry you didn't come," Roy calmly returned. "You would have found that she is more admirable than many girls who have had the advantages of culture." He did not heed the fire in her eyes, but entered the house.

When it was time for the music on the lawn, Roy went out with Elsie.

"Let us take chairs near the music," she said. "I never can be too close!"

All the chairs were grouped near the platform, which was at the farther edge of the lawn, under the high canopy of tall, spreading trees. Soon after Elsie and Roy were seated, the orchestra began selections from "Madame Butterfly."

"Isn't the music sweet in the open air?" Elsie whispered to him. "Amata's voice will be exquisite, the night is so still and inspiring."

When the selection ended, a gentleman spoke to Elsie, and Roy gave him his chair. Mr. Van Dorn was sitting on the opposite side of the platform. The chair beside him was vacant and he motioned to Roy.

"Enjoying yourself?" he asked, as Marston approached.

"Yes. Aren't you?"

Mr. Van Dorn nodded. "I always do when I come here."

Mr. Burke was sitting back of them and he leaned forward. "I haven't had a chance to speak to you to-night, Mr. Marston. This has been a gay whirl. I'm unaccustomed to it, being fresh from the mining towns."

When Roy looked back, he saw Marcella coming down from the veranda with three young admirers, and they sat together in one of the outer groups of chairs. She cast a quick glance over the assemblage, and when her eyes rested on Roy, a moment passed before she turned away. He looked at her with apparent unconsciousness, for her gaze repelled a smile had he been willing to grant it.

The orchestra began the familiar "Lucia," and Amata stepped to the platform and sang the "Mad Scene" with surprising mastery and ease. Roy sat immovable; Mr. Van Dorn leaned forward, his eyes brilliant with love, pride and joy. Mr. Burke's enthusiasm was suddenly chilled when he cast a glance at Mr. Van Dorn, and he did not turn his gaze from him all the while Amata sang. He smiled revengefully as he thought how he would prove the superiority of his own charms to the millionaire. He felt a quick pleasure in the anticipation of the combat. After the enthusiastic applause, Amata sang a Neapolitan melody.

As she disappeared, Mr. Van Dorn said to Roy: "Isn't she a wonder!" He gave Marston a sharp glance. "You look thoughtful. Take care! You'll be falling in love with her!"

"I'm afraid I have already fallen. I was just thinking it over."

Mr. Van Dorn grasped Roy's hand, but he did not speak.

Mr. Burke had overheard and was astounded at Marston's confession. He gave the millionaire a quick look, and the unclouded joy on his face made the miner study him with puzzled curiosity.

Elsie went across the lawn, and as she passed Mr. Van Dorn and Roy she said: "I am going to ask Amata to sing again. What would you like to hear?"

"The Habanera from 'Carmen,'" Mr. Burke suggested.

"Yes. She does that splendidly," Roy agreed, and with a nod, Elsie started off.

Marcella had been watching Roy with increased annoyance all the while that she was coquetting with her young admirers, and she found it impossible to sit still any longer. His quiet enjoyment was exasperating. She joined a group of young people near Mr. Burke. He turned as she approached and quickly gave her his chair, but she refused it and sat a short distance from him.

Radiant with pleasure over her success and the compliments Elsie had given her, Amata stepped again on the platform and was received with applause. She sang in English, and the Carmen fire and coquetry radiated in her challenging gestures, as she acted out the words. Her glance fell on Roy many times and lingered. Both Marston and Mr. Van Dorn joined in the vigorous applause, and at the end of the aria, the elder man was sitting forward, his face aglow.

Mr. Burke felt the same thrill as the first night he had heard her sing this aria, but feeling that Marcella's eyes were on him, he applauded with half-hearted enthusiasm. He did not turn to her at once, knowing that his eyes would betray him.

Compliments flew through the audience. Mr. Van Dorn and Roy rose and started off in the direction that Elsie previously had gone in search of Amata.

"Are you going to the stage door, Marston?" a young man laughingly called to him.

"Yes. Won't you come?"

The people sitting near began to ridicule them playfully, and they went off laughing, Mr. Van Dorn saying that he was the chaperon. Mr. Burke turned to Marcella and saw that her eyes were burning. She felt that she would suffocate if she sat there an-

other moment, and he understood her torment.

"Will you walk with me?" he asked.

She did not answer, but rose, and when she slipped her hand through his arm, he felt that it was trembling. They silently walked down near the gate and across the front lawn to the rose garden at the farther edge, where he found a seat for her. When she looked up, she saw distress and sympathy in his eyes. She felt that she owed him some courtesy, but there was nothing that she wished to say. Looking down at her long train, she drew it in, and glanced at him. He sat down without a word, and did not take his eyes from a leaf he had broken from a rosebud. He was slowly twirling the slender stem. At first, Marcella was conscious only of the anger that her father and Roy had roused through their appreciation of Amata. She thought she never again would speak to Marston. Then she began to reflect on Mr. Burke's quick perception and understanding of her mood. She half turned to him and scrutinized his face with a new interest. He was still looking down at the leaf. She saw that his features were clear-cut. He had lost some of the roughness that she had detested at their first meeting, and she imagined that he was acquiring a polish, but whether or not he was becoming more of a gentleman, she knew he cared for her enough to understand that she needed his attention. He was not a man whom she ever could respect, because he had worked for his fortune in too rough a way, but he was one upon whose services she could depend, and he seemed to have chivalrous instincts.

The orchestra finished another selection, and Mr. Burke looked up.

"Perhaps that was the last piece," he said. "Had we better go back to the house?"

"Yes. Thank you."

They silently returned, but before they reached the gay throng, Marcella halted.

"Thank you," she said again, and with an air of condescension extended her hand.

He slowly raised it to his lips, and held it there a moment. There were tenderness and humility in the kiss. As she looked down on his stooping figure, a thrill shot through her. He did not look into her eyes, when he raised his head, and she thought it was because he dared not. As they drew near the other guests, Elsie came up.

"We are going to supper," she said, and turning, glanced at Roy, who was drawing near.

Mr. Burke understood her meaning and stepped aside. Marcella flashed Roy a disdainful glance, then turned to the miner.

"Mr. Burke!" He quickly paused. "Will you take me to supper?"

He looked from Roy to Marcella and stepped again to her side. They went slowly across the lawn in eloquent silence.

XIII

Marcella rose from the breakfast table the next morning and went out on the veranda. It had been a silent meal, for she, her mother and father, were annoyed. Some disagreeable words had passed between them earlier over Marcella's actions the night before with Mr. Burke and the young gallants. Roy was lost forever, and her wounded vanity was the bitterest sting. She had a spiteful desire to have her engagement to some man announced before long, that Marston might understand that she did not care for him. She was struck with a sudden realization that no man ever had tried to win her. Not even her father's wealth and social position had been sufficient to attract. But why were not her beauty and brilliancy enough?

Mrs. Van Dorn came on the veranda and took a chair a short distance away, sitting in thoughtful silence. Before long Mr. Van Dorn came out. He was carrying the morning paper, and sat down to read until his motor car would come. Suddenly Marcella

went into the house. When Mr. Van Dorn went to the gate to meet his car, Marcella came along the broad path at the side of the lawn, riding her horse. She did not give her father a glance. As she reached the gate, Mr. Burke came up on his horse, and pleasure lighted his eyes when he saw her.

"Good morning!" he said. "You are prompt." He raised his hat again when Mr. Van Dorn came through the gate. "Isn't this a glorious morning? I wish you could join us."

Mr. Van Dorn forced a smile as he quickly stepped into his car.

"I'm in a hurry to get to the city," he said.

Mr. Burke noticed that Marcella and her father did not exchange a glance, and he saw anger in the faces of both. Van Dorn would have liked to know when they made this appointment to ride together. He ordered his machine to start.

Marcella watched the car until it sped around the corner; then she said to Mr. Burke: "Let us go down to the Crystal Springs."

He nodded. "You were up so late that I feared you might oversleep and forget this pleasant ride you promised."

She looked him full in the face, and defiance was added to the gleam of anger that was still in her flushed face.

"I did forget it," she coldly said. "I was going out alone."

"It would be vanity for me to think that you would remember me when I am away," he said, but there was a tinge of sorrow in his tone that gave her a pleasant thrill. "I dare not aspire to your friendship."

"Why not?"

"Because," he faltered, "you are like a queen to me. I feel it a privilege to admire you from afar."

The anger faded from her eyes, and as she turned to him again, there was a smile on her delicate lips.

"I didn't know men learned such gallantry in mining towns," she said.

"They don't. Only a woman—the right woman—can awaken the best in a man, and it is the best that makes it possible for him to worship—a star."

She looked away, not knowing that he was shrewd enough to understand without a glance from her.

"I'm sure Mr. La Farge must have coached you," she said, after a moment.

He shook his head. "Can't you believe that it wasn't necessary? Surely your many suitors must tell you of your charms in more eloquent words than I can use."

"Are you trying to make me vain?" She was flattered.

"That would be a useless task."

"You are extraordinary!" she laughed.

He was pleased that her anger had passed, and thought that he could now refer to it with safety. "I wish you knew how sweet your smile it," he said. "It would cheer the saddest heart. When we met, you seemed unhappy, and it pained me."

Her face darkened. "I don't like to be criticised."

He bent his head in sympathetic approval, suspecting that she had been censured for devoting her time to him the night before.

"No one has any right to annoy you," he said. "Perhaps everything will be different and you will be happier when that beggar girl goes away."

"I'm sure I shall. Who would have thought that such a creature could disturb me."

"Her coming has been unfortunate," he said. "I'll try and see her at once and convince her that she must go."

They passed the walk leading to Amata's hut, and her voice came to them in a joyful song. Marcella reddened. Mr. Burke felt his heart quicken, then anger gripped him. No doubt it was Mr. Van Dorn's admiration of Amata and his promises for her future happiness that had inspired her happy song. Marcella touched her horse with her gold-mounted whip, and the animal quickened his pace. She and Mr. Burke went a long

distance in silence. The miner was thinking of his life in Gold Hill. He had left the town before Mr. Van Dorn, and he wondered if anything had occurred after his own departure. He had a friend who was still living there, and he determined to write to this man to see what he could learn. The miner gave Marcella a critical glance, and was pleased with her attractive appearance in the tight fitting riding habit. Surely he never could find another girl like her, especially one whose father was a millionaire.

She abruptly turned to him when their horses were going at a slower pace. "I don't want to think of that girl. Will you talk to me?"

He looked her full in the eyes and held her glance. "I wish I could spend all my life in serving you."

She slowly turned away, and he watched her sharply to see the effect of his daring words. A proud smile stole to her lips, and she blushed. The brilliancy in her eyes, as she looked over the beautiful stretch of land before them, foretold his conquest—at least he thought it did.

(*To be Continued.*)

WHEN THOU CALLEST ME

Lord, when Thou callest me, may I die in the charge!
Not summoned in the watchful, waiting camp
Impatient lest the bugles do not blow;
Nor called to Thee when searchlights wheel and lamp
The fierce defense—not then; but may I go
When in the forefront of direct assault.
May I die in the charge!

Lord, grant me this, the zeal to thrust me to the charge.
Not trusting in blind faith that all is well,
That others will regain for me the land
I helped to lose; may I refuse to sell
Mine honor for a coward's rest, or stand
With those who say, "Not us, not ours the fault"—
Though I die in the charge.

Yes, though the fight be lost, may I die in the charge!
I would not stoop to buy by broken life with fear,
To creep, nerve-broken, from the whistling shriek
Of shells and watch the battle from the rear.
They do not know the fiercest joy, who seek
Such peace. But where the battery bids me halt
Let me die in the charge,
Lord, when Thou callest me!
Amen!

LLEWELLYN PECK.

Pupils Who Never Hear "Don't"

By Mrs. Marshall Darrach

SAN FRANCISCO! Ah, I would so much like to go there!" exclaimed Mme. Maria Montessori in an interview in Boston, following her address to over three thousand New England teachers at Tremont Temple. "I know about California very well by hearsay, for there are so many of my country people in your sunny land that we hear much of it in Rome. I would like to talk to the teachers of that part of your country, which has, I understand, a climate very much like our own, and where the people have something of the same temperamental elasticity. It would not be difficult for them to understand what I mean when I say that the child should be developed in its own environment, and not be dragged out into the strange atmosphere in which we live for its early intellectual expansion. But it is so very far from Boston to California that I cannot go this time, but on my next visit to the United States I will surely travel that far. But you will convey my message to them there, will you not?"

Mme. Montessori speaks Italian and French, but no English, and her exposition of her educational system, which psychologists on both continents have pronounced as the greatest pedagogical achievement of the age, are given in Italian and interpreted by one of her pupils, who translates her addresses paragraph by paragraph as she speaks. Without being able to understand a word one finds that her nobility of character and earnestness of purpose are perfectly translatable, just as the great peace message of Baroness von Suttner, without an interpreter, sinks deep into the hearts and souls of her English audiences, although every word she utters is foreign to the ear.

But as the people of the United States are eager for the details of Mme. Montessori's educational methods, the words of the translator are closely followed, although it is the personality of the great Italian Dottoressa that holds her hearers spell bound.

She is a dark, plump, olive skinned woman, dressed in sombre black. She has a quiet, dignified manner, with the vivacity characteristic of her nation, conserved in a radiating smile —the kind that starts in a tiny, upturned curve at the corner of her mouth, flashes over her face, lurks for a moment in the depths of her black eyes, and then is reflected in the countenances of those to whom she is speaking.

Mme. Montessori doesn't give one the impression of an educator. The atmosphere she suggests is rather that of a wonderful physician who has discovered a cure for a great universal ill, and that in her psychological research she has unearthed the childhood of a race with which we are not yet familiar.

The up to the moment pedagogue appears somewhat in the light of a scholastic chef engaged in the business of preparing and furnishing dainty and attractive educational viands to tempt the jaded fancies of American children, and is fast replacing the two types of primary school teacher with which this country was so familiar a decade ago.

One was the matronly, motherly specimen of womanhood, that seemed capable of gathering a whole wilder-

ness of unrelated children to her expansive bosom and of coddling and coaxing them into acquiring the rudiments of an education in the guise of sugar coated pills.

Then there was the rigid, straight-lined spinster who by the force of her personality prodded and nagged her pupils along to the educational goal, because of her own earnest, conscientious desire that she as well as they should do full duty by the commonwealth.

As a result of the work of these three classes of teachers (there have been few men among them, as it never has been conceded that a man could teach a primary class successfully in a public school) we have been turning out boys and girls prepared for our higher schools and colleges that very much resembles cocoons—with poor little weazened worms inside and millions of yards of apparently serviceable appearing facts wound tight around them.

In the grammar grades, the high schools and universities, under the impression that what a pupil is taught is what educates him, the teachers continue along the lines of the primary instructors, and the consequence is that the men and women in this country who have been regularly and systematically "educated" are so firmly bound around with the filaments of scholastic facts that it takes them the remainder of their lifetime to cut through this tough casing of knowledge. It is then so nearly time for them to die, that, like the poor silk worm, their contribution to progress simply consists in leaving progeny to suffer a like educational fate, before they pass on.

One here incidentally recalls that the greatest men in our national history have always been and still are, those who escaped the formalities of an early systemized education.

Sporadic efforts are being made all over the country to remedy this evil, but most of the experiments are being worked out in the intermediate and high schools, rather than in the primary departments, and little or nothing has been done to reach the child before it reaches what is nominally called "schoolage."

No, Mme. Montessori didn't say quite all this. She is too diplomatic and too innately courteous, and besides, she has only just begun her study of our educational methods and institutions. But she is very emphatic in her criticism of a system that develops the child from the outside, and her contention is that if he is allowed to grow mentally and spiritually according to the method she has devised, from the moment his psychological life begins that there will be no need in the future for colleges and universities such as we now know them.

It would really seem that along this line America is again to receive the benefit of Italian genius. Our civilization is already indebted to Columbus, who sailed across the ocean and discovered this lands of ours, and to Marconi, who has made it possible for us to communicate with each other, wherever we may be on the surface of this same watery expanse, and now over it also from Italy has come the first woman pioneer of liberty and the gospel that she brings means "freedom for our children."

In spite of the criticism of the rest of the world, Americans have been rather proud of the fact that they gave their children so much personal freedom that individual development has been the natural and desired result. This theory is a perfectly sound and logical one, but the reason that it has not worked out to a satisfactory conclusion, is that it has been license and not liberty that our children have been enjoying. That is what Mme. Montessori suggests very definitely, when she expounds her theory of "liberty" as applied to a child.

Auto-education is the basis of her system, and the main requisite is that the child must have perfect freedom up to the point of collective interest as an individual, within these confines, he should not be interfered with by an adult.

An infant recognizes a ray of light when it is seven days old, and at that moment its psychological life begins. In the natural and normal course of its development it soon begins to put out its little hand to touch objects that it sees. Then the first adult interference begins, and all through its toddling, inquisitive infancy, and far into its youthful years of investigation it hears nothing but the command "don't touch" whenever it impulsively attempts to add to its knowledge through its sense of feeling.

Before the child is able to walk, it is introduced into an environment of such gigantic proportions that we can only conceive of its sensations by imagining ourselves transported to a strange world where we would be obliged to dwell in an immense hall where it would be necessary for us to crawl up by our hands and knees, with peril to life and limb, in order to reach a couch and to scale a tall ladder to take our seats at a table.

As soon as the child begins to evince an interest in the tools with which he sees his parents doing their work, and tries surreptitiously to peel a potato or to drive a nail, the fascinating implements are snatched from him, and he hears the order "run out of the kitchen—that hammer will hurt your fingers."

He at once reasons that it doesn't hurt his father's fingers, and he sees him use it every day, so he is consumed with a desire to experiment with it, while his every effort is frustrated by those who are guarding his welfare. The simple reason that he cannot handle the hammer with safety to himself, only because it is out of proportion with his tiny hand, is beyond his power of comprehension, so he continues to struggle with the problem of "why" he can's use that hammer, in the face of the combined interference of all the adults in the household.

To distract him, he is given an assortment of weird mechanical toys that sets his little brain in a whirl, and the plain, simple tools that he sees every one about him using, that his fingers are aching to handle because he senses an understanding of their use, and which would give him a practical means of development are carefully withheld from him.

This state of affairs, Mme. Montessori rectifies by placing the child in an environment of which he is master, where the furnishings are reduced, and where the tools are adapted to his individual uses.

If a mother sees her baby sitting quietly for a very long time, apparently absorbed in some simple thing, she begins to worry, because, according to her idea, it isn't "natural" for a child to be still for any length of time. So she picks him up and carries him off, and tries to amuse him, when his desire to remain and continue his silent reveries, may be just as definite as any she has ever known.

Her arbitrary power and brute strength are against him, so he is forced from what was doubtless a budding, healthful idea of immeasurable value in his normal development.

Then if he kicks and screams and scratches her face she is horrified at his exhibition of temper, traces it immediately as an inheritance from his paternal grandmother, and begins to formulate plans by which he shall immediately be taught politeness and good manners.

The lack of comprehension on the part of adults to the rights of a child in this respect is appalling.

If an artist were found sitting quietly in the attitude of meditation, developing an idea in the throes of an inspiration, and a blundering, well-meaning friend should rush in upon him, and seeing no results of any work on the canvas in front of him, interrupt him with an invitation to come out to luncheon and a flow of inconsequential talk, we would consider him quite justified if he flared into an uncontrollable rage at the stupidity of the person who had caused him to lose the continuity of thought that was slowly generating into an idea that was tangible.

This irritation on the part of the artist we call an attribute of genius, but the same thing in a child is termed naughtiness and constitutes the "rebellion" that is universally agreed to be a characteristic of childhood.

According to Mme. Montessori's system just enough stimulus is given the child to awake his interest in whatever is being undertaken, and then he is permitted to go on spontaneously without any interference. And in the tranquil peaceful atmosphere that this method creates, children from two and a half to five years of age work on hour after hour from eight o'clock in the morning until six in the evening. While thus occupied, they really appear to be resting as definitely as when they are asleep, and the working part of their day would seem to be the time when they are romping and exercising in the gardens that form part of every Montessori school in Rome.

Shown at the close of Mme. Montessori's lectures are moving pictures of many of these groups of children, taking while "playing themselves into an education," and almost without exception the expression on their faces is one seen only occasionally of those of adults—that of happy meditation.

It is really a matter of regret that the teachers and mothers of California are not to have the opportunity of hearing Mme. Montessori tell of the wonderful results of her study in her first "laboratory school" when her "specimens" were forty-six children taken from the slums of Rome. When she goes back there after the trip to America, she hopes to open a larger experimental school, where she will have children of all nationalities who will be under her direct observation for ten years—coming to her at about the age of two years.

The tangible result of her labor thus far has been that schools operating under the Montessori system are now found all over Europe, and in Italy they are all under municipal control. The method has been advocated in every European language, and has just been put into Oriental vernacular for publication in China and Japan.

It was through the efforts of the faculty at Harvard University that her method was brought to the attention of educators in the United States, and the numerical strength of the New England Montessori Association that greeted her in Boston is eloquent testimony of the appeal it has made to teachers in the Atlantic culture belt.

Already there are about seventy classes in the United States under the supervision of Mme. Montessori's pupils, who studied with her in Rome, and the State of Rhode Island has just recognized the system officially by introducing it into its normal schools, after accepting the report of one of its teachers sent to Italy by the State Board of Education to study its methods.

IMPRISONMENT

I would not mind the locks and bars,
 The prison walls that shut me in,
If I but knew, above, the stars
 At night would cast their glimmer in.

But oh, to know the walls were there,
 And that the stars no message sent
To bid me courage have and bear—
 That were, indeed, imprisonment.

CLIFFORD TREMBLY.



Total destruction of forest by fire after cutting. Head of Beaver Creek, South Fork, Cache County, Utah.

Uncle Sam's Forest Fire Fighters

By Arthur L. Dahl

THE disastrous forest fires which yearly devastate thousands of acres of tree and brush lands throughout the West, entailing losses running into the millions of dollars, has caused Uncle Sam to lie awake nights in an endeavor to devise means to eliminate this enormous waste of our natural resources. He is succeeding, too, for each year finds the areas burned over of smaller extent, and the financial loss greatly reduced.

Forest fires affect not only the lumbermen or timber owners, but they affect almost every industry in the vicinity in which they occur. In many instances a fire which devastated the timbered mountain slopes has resulted in such a shortage of the water supply of adjacent valleys as to bring irreparable loss to the settlers below. Nature intends that the snows and rains that fall so copiously during the winter months shall be saved and stored by the forest and brush covering on the mountain sides, and when this is burned away, the water runs off rapidly instead of slowly percolating through the litter of leaves and debris produced by the vegetable growth.

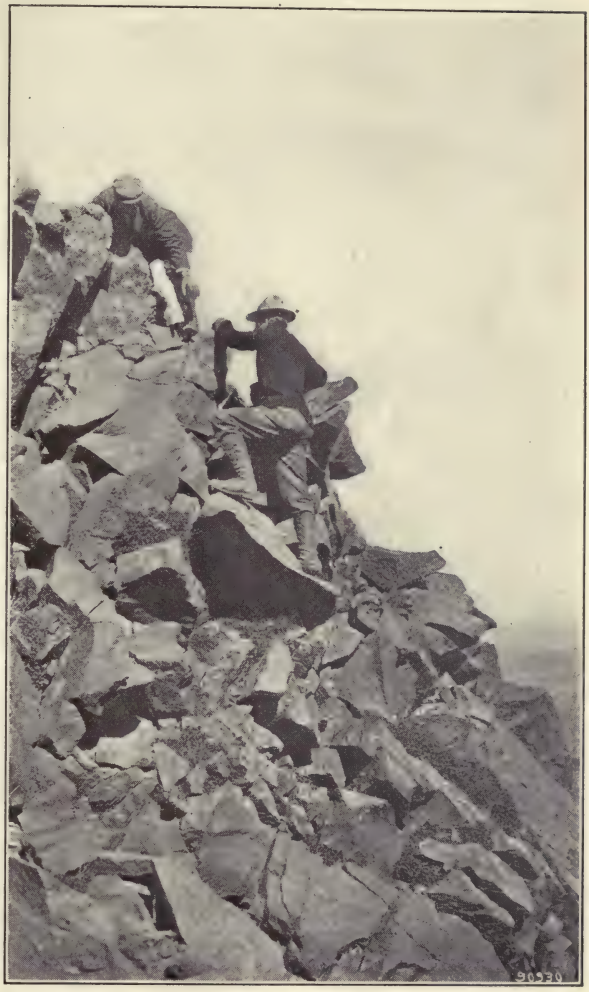


A recent forest fire in a California National forest.

The government years ago recognized the urgent need for protecting the mountain slopes from fire, and with this end in view withdrew practically all important watersheds and included them within the National Forests. The forest rangers, whose duty it is to guard the mountains against fire, are chosen for their fitness for the work required of them.

Each ranger has a certain area under his jurisdiction, which is called his "district," and within that province he is held responsible for existing conditions. The extent of that district is determined by the character of the country, its roughness, accessibility and population.

On the California forests the ranger's year is divided into two periods: one, the dry season, extending from the time the rains cease until they begin again, during which period his entire time is devoted to patrol work and the wet, or winter season, when his efforts are primarily devoted to trail and firebreak construction. Of course, on forests where conditions are different, the duties of the rangers vary according to the local requirements, some rangers giving all of their time to grazing matters, and others to timber sale work.



Forest officers climbing to Lookout Point to determine the location of a fire. Coconino National Forest, Ariz.

As a general rule, most of the rangers live back in the mountains, or if they have what is called a "front district," they make their headquarters at the mouth of some canyon or upon some elevated point where they can command a good view of the surrounding country. It is the policy of the government, wherever the conditions will permit, to give each ranger a government cabin to live in, and if possible, a small patch of land for a garden and pasture for his horse.

During the dry season the great danger from fires necessitates the rangers devoting their entire time to patrol work. Over the rough, chaparral or timber covered mountains, trails are laid out, winding through the canyons and over mountain ridges, and along these trails the ranger patrols, always on the lookout for fires. While thus patrolling, the ranger keeps in touch with affairs around him, and is



Constructing a government trail for quick service in case of threatening fires

always alert to discover any violations of the law. In addition to his authority as a forest ranger, which enables him to make arrests for violations of Federal laws, he holds an appointment from the State as a Fire Warden which authorizes him to make arrests for violations of the State fire laws, and also to regulate the use of fire by settlers in clearing their lands or burning refuse of any kind. Before doing this burning, the settler must secure a permit from a Fire Warden, and the warden may require whatever precautions he deems necessary, such as clearing a space around the fire, piling the brush, etc. In this way he is also acquainted with the time of burning, and can be present if he desires. Many of the rangers also hold appointments as State Fish and Game Wardens, which give them the right to make arrests for violation of the State game laws.

To make the mountains accessible, a network of trails is laid out, leading up all prominent canyons and following important ridges, so that it is possible to rush a force of fire fighters to the most remote part of the forest in the shortest possible time. Without these trails valuable time and effort would have to be spent by the men in forcing their way through the heavy undergrowth, and by the time the fire was reached they would probably be exhausted by their exertions.

In order to have easily available the heavy tools needed in fighting fires, large chests have been constructed at suitable points in the mountains, within which are stored a full equipment of tools, canteens, food and everything needed to supply a crew of men hastily summoned to some remote part of the mountains. A uniform lock is placed on each chest, and every ranger and the settlers living near the tool chests are furnished with keys.

To keep the entire force within touch of one another, each ranger is connected by telephone with his colleagues. and with the Supervisor's office, and where there are no commer-

cial lines available for this purpose, the Forest Service installs its own lines. Portable instruments are furnished which may be attached to the wires at any point without requiring the ranger to seek the nearest 'phone, so that in case of fire he can instantly call for assistance at any point on the line. The Forest Service also has made especially for it a very fine insulated wire. Each of the rangers carry a spool of this wire, and by connecting one end to a telephone line, he can penetrate the wildest woods and yet remain in communication with the outside world by reason of his portable telephone.

In many portions of the mountains, the topography is such that should a fire start at the foot of some slope, or at the mouth of some canyon, the flames would sweep upward, being forced onward by the draught which they create, causing great destruction before the fire could be controlled. At such points, extensive firebreaks are built, which offer an effective check to the flames and afford a vantage point from which to carry on the fight. These firebreaks are usualy 50 to 75 feet wide, and are made by cutting and grubbing out all brush and vegetation, leaving the ground barren and incapable of supporting a fire. When the onrushing flames reach this barren strip, they must necessarily burn themselves out for want of additional fuel. Once constructed, these brakes are kept entirely clean of all forms of vegetation.

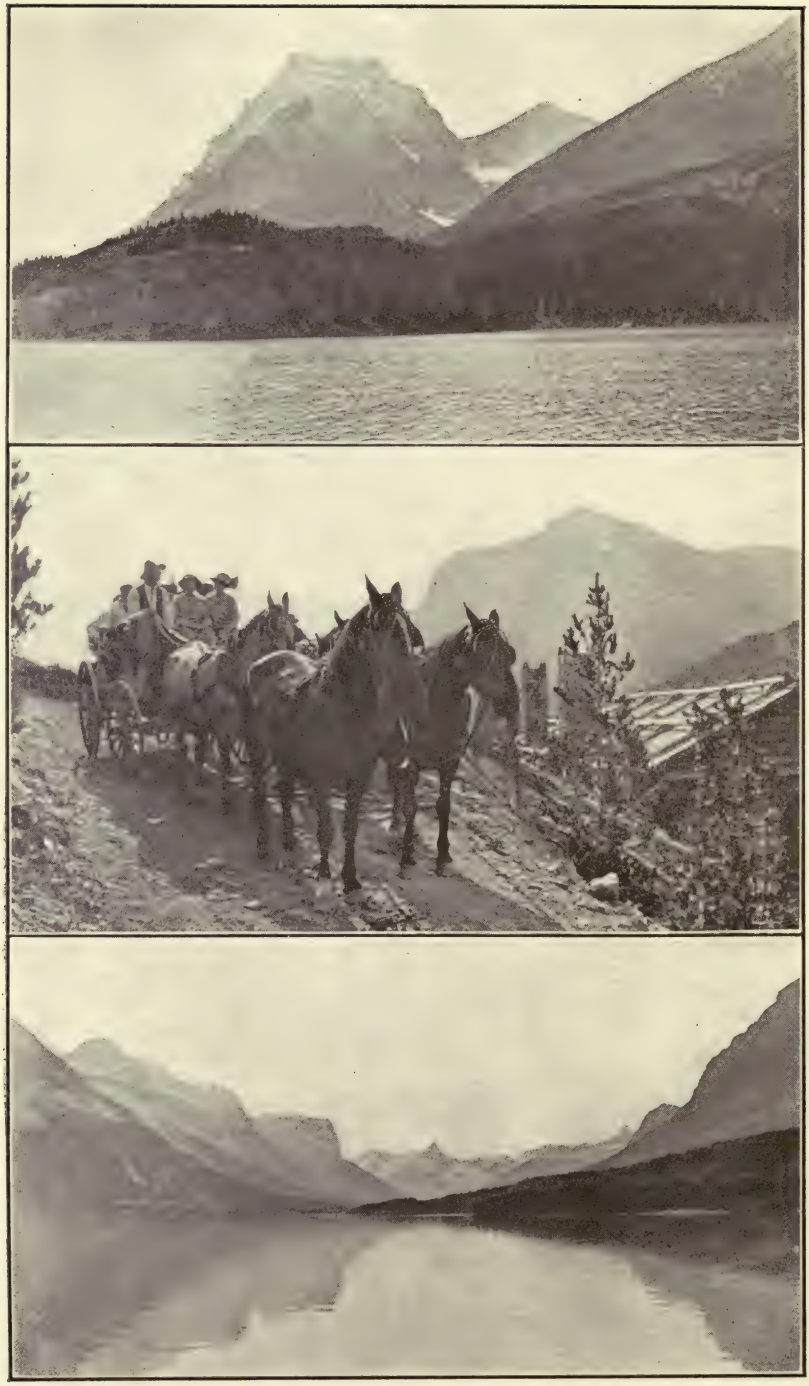
On many of the National Forests, watch towers are erected on the higher peaks, and a ranger is constantly stationed there. He is furnished with powerful glasses, and various scientific instruments which enable him to ascertain accurately the location and distance of any fires he may discover. By telephoning to the ranger in the vicinity of the fire, much valuable time is therefore saved.

When a fire is discovered, the nearest ranger presses into service as many men as are available, and starts for the scene of the conflagration. Before going, however, he notifies the Forest Supervisor and the neighboring rangers. The men equip themselves with tools at the nearest tool chest, and under the ranger's direction the fight is commenced. If the fire threatens to be a large one, messengers are sent out to secure more help and additional rangers are notified.

There are several methods of fighting brush fires, each depending largely upon the conditions met with. Sometimes wet sacks or blankets are used to smother grass fires, but this method is not always practicable, owing to the scarcity of water or the height of the brush. Again, loose earth is scattered over the fire, while in other cases, "back firing" is resorted to. This consists of starting another fire at such a point that it will burn in the direction of the approaching fire and thus consume the inflammable material in its wake. This method, while usually effective, is extremely dangerous, because unless sufficient help is available, it might get beyond control and escape in all directions, thus adding to the fire zone.

Experience has taught that where a cleared space is made in the front of a forest fire the fight can be waged more successfully, and hence where fires occur on chaparral covered hills, an effort is usually made to clear an open space through the brush by cutting and grubbing away the vegetation. When the flames reach this cleared space they are denied further fuel and are easily extinguished.

While the life of a forest ranger is in many ways a hard one, the government is constantly endeavoring to improve the conditions under which the men work. If a man likes the life and takes an interest in his work, there are many advantages to offset the disagreeable features. The compensation is sufficient to maintain a family comfortably, and the ranger has the satisfaction of knowing that his work is for the good of the general public.



1. Going to the sun. 2. A stop on the road. 3. St. Mark's.

A Stage Coach Trip Through Glacier National Park

By Hilda C. St. George

WE WERE waiting for the stage at St. Mary's to take us farther into the fresh, unspoiled region of our great new National Park. Even St. Mary's, but twenty-four miles from Glacier Park station, the eastern entrance to the park, had taken on an air of remoteness and the indefinable tang of the forest pervaded the camp. From the rough log cabin that served as a mess hall, issued a thin curl of pungent wood smoke, suggestive of crisp bacon and black soffee. Three or four tanned guides, with feet crossed, leaned their shoulders lazily against the logs of the cabin. Their blue shirts, sheepwool "chaps" and rakish neck handkerchiefs, made them an attractive group. A government forest ranger, in khaki and leggins, alert, keen-eyed, with the indelible stamp of the forest upon him, strolled from group to group, joking in the open-hearted spirit of the woods. The contagious merriment of a party of "hikers" over the informality of their "wash-up" at the tin basin set on a bench against the wall, set us all to laughing with them—so easy is the comradeship of the far places established. Out in front of the camp, half a dozen men and women tourists were casting shyly satisfied glances at their newly acquired cowboy togs of exaggerated style and color, while they moved about among their horses, tethered and packed, ready for the trail. Above all came the consciousness of the fragrant odor of moist, trampled earth and pine needles, and the soft lapping of the long green lake that stretched away confidingly at the foot of a chain of mighty cliffs, nearly ten thousand feet high, to the Angel of St. Mary's at its head. The very names of these lofty mountains, "Red Eagle," "Little Chief," "Citadel," "Goat," "Going to the Sun," threw a charm and romance over the spot.

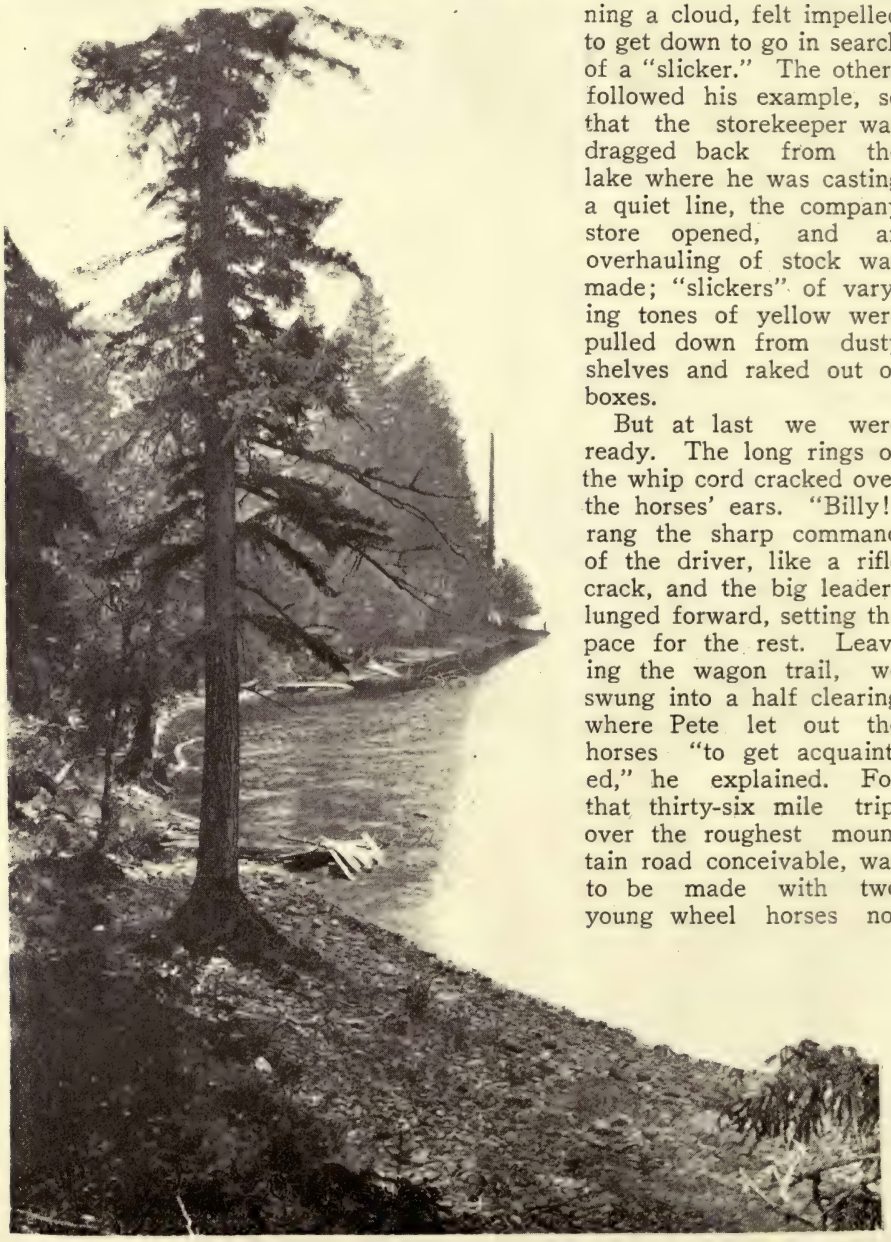
The lazy atmosphere of the place was soon set in motion by the breezy appearance of the stage, whose four heaving horses swung around the narrow bend and drew up at a crazy angle before the camp. Then came ten minutes of hustling activity; straggling passengers were gathered together; baggage tucked away and provisions for the camp at "Many Glacier" stowed in the rear with special solitude. In the good humored, jostling for places on the clumsy barge one portly woman, with a mistaken theory of comfort, scrambled over the wheel to get a back seat, quite unconscious of the amusement of the bystanders. A fidgetty little man, seeking safety before scenery, slid into the middle seat, while the rest of us all tried to pile into the front seat where we wouldn't miss anything. Finally the driver, "Long Pete," sorted us out by announcing to the polite but perplexed agent, in a voice that echoed through the mountains:

"Now, Charlie, I reckon I'll take them two ladies up in the front seat with me."

As his stringy whip was pointed unquestionably at my companion and me, we clambered up without more ado. In the course of the morning we learned that this enviable election to favor was due to our guide of the

previous day, who, after taking us to "Two Medicine Lake," had passed us on among the guides as "good sports," who would sit tight in ticklish places and neither grab the reins nor clutch the driver about the neck. This recommendation set us up mightily, and we assured "Pete" that under no circumstances could we be guilty of such tenderfoot conduct. Nevertheless, many times we had to call it to mind to keep us steady on that breakneck drive. Just as we were all in and accounted for, and Long Pete was about to take his foot off the brake, the timid little man who had been scanning a cloud, felt impelled to get down to go in search of a "slicker." The others followed his example, so that the storekeeper was dragged back from the lake where he was casting a quiet line, the company store opened, and an overhauling of stock was made; "slickers" of varying tones of yellow were pulled down from dusty shelves and raked out of boxes.

But at last we were ready. The long rings of the whip cord cracked over the horses' ears. "Billy!" rang the sharp command of the driver, like a rifle crack, and the big leaders lunged forward, setting the pace for the rest. Leaving the wagon trail, we swung into a half clearing where Pete let out the horses "to get acquainted," he explained. For that thirty-six mile trip, over the roughest mountain road conceivable, was to be made with two young wheel horses not



Along a lake shore.

yet broken to the harness. It was a moment of suspense, therefore, as we watched to see how they were going to behave. Nothing happened, to be sure, yet to relieve our qualms, Long Pete pulled up at the corral farther on and hitched Old Lucy, a bony but reliable gray mare, to the rear seat, and for the rest of the way "Lucy" became a haven for our shaken thoughts, a hope of salvation in momentary peril. And thus, with Old Lucy trailing at half mast behind us, we settled down into a steady pace across the Blackfeet Indian Reservation.

From time to time we lurched past a grim-faced Indian driving a rickety wagon to the "station." Three or four of his women folks, dressed in holiday gear, sat sullenly on the bottom of the springless cart, their cerise aprons, red calico gowns and orange and purple striped shawls making a brilliant spot of color. Invariably, even when still afar off, these Indians would leave the road, drive down into a gully, up a bank or off into the woods, anywhere at all so long as the whole road was left to us. For some reason, they seemed to have a constant terror of being run down by white men. Along the way we saw, here and there, the bleached skulls of many ancient buffaloes, but the dreariness of the scattered bones was dispelled by the activity of thousands of busy little gophers riddling the ground everywhere. The tiny creatures, alarmed by the rumble of our wheels, would pause in their tireless task of pushing forth earth with their flat little noses, pop their heads out of their holes and with a terrified flick of their whiskers, disappear within the miles of secret tunnels that honeycomb the earth, yet they were so much the color of the earth themselves, that they might have worked on without much fear of detection. As we climbed upward, our way became an unspeakable joy, with its wealth of brilliant flowers, for each successive level in the ascent was carpeted with great patches of flowers, of a single color and variety. Now, as far as we could see, stretched quantities of waving white blooms. Higher up, these gave place to a riot of yellow, and again, in turn, to blue and violet—mountain clover, wild hollyhocks, Indian pinks, hair bells and dozens of varieties that we had never seen before, kept us constantly exclaiming over the beauty of these high mountain blossoms.

But our joy in these delights was divided, for the road grew rougher as we went on. The top-heavy stage pitched from side to side as we plowed into ruts up to the hubs, or cantered perilously along side hills, over boulders and stumps. Our muscles grew strained and stiff in an unavailing effort to stick to the seat, for on our high front perch we had no visible means of support, neither side, back nor front. Nothing but the driver's iron foot rod kept us off the lathered backs of "Squaw" and "Buck," the steaming wheelers, whom Long Pete, with voice and heel, constantly and cheerfully admonished to "git along." Even the rail failed us in one unusually precarious position, where, to keep up from toppling down the mountain side, the horses were reigned back so vigorously that they must have literally sat back upon our protruding toes, had we not pulled up our feet and planted them firmly upon their backs and pushed with all our might. These sudden downward plunges were invariably prefaced by Long Pete's good-humored query, "Everybody happy?" as he topped the crest, then grinding down his brakes, away we careened, swaying and lurching in a manner calculated to dispel every shred of happiness from all of us. At the bottom we breathed in common again, and wondered how many more times we were destined to be spared. We felt less shame for our fear, though, since even Pete, sturdy mountain driver, was startled into forgetting his bantering question when we came upon Swift Current River We had heard the roar of the water for some time back, yet had

hoped for an easy crossing, but we found that the ford here was approached by a steep bank that ended abruptly, making a deep hole at the very edge of the stream. Our heavy load pushed us down the bank, and the two colts, who had never been through the ford before, plunged into the hole all unexpectedly, and in their fright, slipped and sat down, getting their forefeet tangled with the chain of the tongue, while the stage bumped forward upon them. The jolt came near pitching us all into the water, and Long Pete looked grave, but the leaders, old and steady at the work, soon pulled the colts out of the hole and headed diagonally upstream. The water boiled and foamed about our wheels, and threatened at every misstep of the horses to carry us down stream, but Pete was serene again.

"Anybody in this outfit that's scared can climb out and ride Old Lucy," he shouted back over his shoulder. This alternative, while consoling, was beyond our reach, as Lucy at that moment was floundering through the hole, her leading rope taut, but we finally succeeded in making a landing with everybody in and for a mile or two we followed the course of the Swift Current, where the spring freshets had subsided, leaving the bed dry, bowling over rocks and stones till we were fairly seasick and glad enough to get out and toil up the long, steep ascent, which the four straining horses were scarcely able to make, unloaded.

It was now nearly noon, but a glimpse of the Halfway House was visible across the valley. Long Pete, by way of encouragement, assured us:

"The half-breed Injun that runs the shack over there sighted us two hours ago. I reckon he knows by now to a dot how many potatoes to put into the kettle, and how much appetite we carry. You won't have to wait for your dinner, you bet!"

And sure enough, a substantial meal was ready for us. Notwithstanding the remoteness of the place, it was a meal such as might have been served on the farm back East. Indeed, our limited idea of Indian thrift took a decided turn for the better as we watched the delight of the Indian woman in exhibiting her clean roomy house, her new steel range, and other kitchen appliances.

After dinner, some of our companions gracelessly desecrated the stillness by winding up "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," on a phonograph that had been toted across the mountains from the nearest flag station, forty miles distant. Escaping from this too painful evidence of civilization, or rather, barbarity, we prowled about the sheds where the horses were being fed, and the stage jacked up. Here we listened to tales of big game trapped by the Indian sons of the house. And our eyes fairly popped at the sight of the drying skin of a huge black bear captured near the house the winter before. The wildness and vastness of the place grew upon us, and we followed the sweeping gesture of our host across miles of sloping brush land, and listened to his indifferent account of his wide possessions.

"We have many herds of cattle out there we ain't seen since brandin' time. You don't see any, no? They keep to the bushes mostly, now; when winter sets in the blizzards drive 'em down. No, ma'am, we don't never count how many—hundreds, thousands, maybe."

I thought of our three cows in the spring lot in "York" State, and went back to the house with the feeling that it sure is big "out West."

By this time Old Lucy had been put in, in place of one of the colts, and so off we whirled amid the hearty goodbyes of the Indian family that had gathered to speed us on our way. The road was bad in many places. The wagon sank deep into mud holes, although an attempt had been made to fill in the worst spots with branches and rocks. A few improvised corduroy bridges appeared, so far gone that the logs crumbled beneath the wheels

and the horses had to step over great holes. In such places the real "horse sense" of our animals was in constant evidence. They seemed to know just how to get over the dangerous points with the least risk, and without hesitation plunged into seemingly impossible places. The steady nerve of our driver, too, and his quickness and skill, won our admiration. Yet in a moment of confidence he remarked in a hoarse undertone:

"Gee, ladies, there's times, early in the season before the roads settle, when I feel sort of shaky in the knees about getting this old outfit through, but I dassent show a white feather because the passengers would be scared to death."

Coming on top of this confession, it was an added joy to my adventurous companion when Pete thrust the reins into her hand with the gruff remark:

"Sure, try 'em."

She gasped a little, yet followed his instructions in arranging the lines of leaders and wheelers between the proper fingers. Then Long Pete, with wary eye upon the road ahead, yet with a gallant attitude of assured confidence in my friend's ability stretched his cramped hand, filled his pipe, and gave himself up to tales of big slides, freshets, forest fires, but most interesting of all, to tales of the winter frolics of these sturdy mountaineers, who, cut off from the distant world during the long winter months, gather from the camps and settlements to race their eager horses on the frozen lakes, or to dance the night through on the rough floor of a log shack. Something of the simple, hearty enpoyment of an earlier date clung to these merry-makings of the mountains.

Now and then Pete encouraged my friend with a nod of approval, or a hearty "Good," so the glow of achievement shone in her face as she guided the horses through a ford and urged them up a precipitous bank, while the other passengers, green with envy or fright, as their natures prompted, watched breathlessly and sat a little forward in their seats, ready to leave hastily of their own free will if the occasion demanded.

During the day the fitfulness of the rain in the mountains explained why the little man and the others had fussed so much over "slickers" at the start. Several times we looked across the valley and saw the rain pouring down. On reaching the spot we found heavy mud and other evidences of the storm, but the rain had passed and the sun was shining. Once we looked back to see a curtain of rain dropping over the point we had just left in sunshine. In this way we played tag with the showers all day.

It was at one of these fitful moments when the rain had ceased and the low sun was glinting through the scattering mist, that we came upon Lake McDermott, a spot so beautiful that even exclamations failed us. The lake lay a cold blue in the gathering dusk. At one end a foaming cataract surged over a steep ledge and fell noisily into the rocky basin. On the opposite shore rose Mt. Grinnell, dark, massive in outline, with its lofty peak encircled by a broad band of mist. Farther off, a snow cap caught the sun and dazzled forth above a dull sea of clouds. Above us clung the gray, storm-swept trees of the one-time forest, while in and out among them perched the little log cabins of Many Glacier Camp.





Spanish-American caballeros at La Fiesta de Los Angeles.



The thrilling Roman chariot races, a feature of the Tournament of Roses, Pasadena, Southern California.

CALIFORNIA FESTIVALS

By Clara Hunt Smallwood

IT IS AS DIFFICULT to separate California from her festivals as it is to imagine a beautiful flower without fragrance. From Shasta to the Mexican border, the cities, towns and counties make of these holidays a round-up of all that is pleasing to the senses aside from the exhibits, those things valuable as products which we look upon more or less seriously and interestedly as the results of our labors. Everywhere in the United States fairs are held at certain seasons, but the word has such a plain commercial sound comparatively, and fairs are generally so very much alike, we find them enough different in California to put them all down as festivals. With its ardent spirit of progress and enterprise, there is a festive air about the whole of the Golden State; eternal sunshine, flowers in profusion, an ever present abundance of sweet and luscious fruits, wonderful variety of scenery—all make of nature herself a continuous fete. The fiestas of the early Spanish settlers in California were typical



San Diego, in holiday attire. A former Mayor of the city driving the team of a Roman chariot in the parade.

of that pleasure loving people, and this environment, New Spain, as they loved to call it, but added to the natural gaiety. The fiestas caused the smiling, dreamily romantic folk to break into the abandon of laughter. Much of that old-time fiesta spirit remains; may it never entirely depart.

Not more than fifteen years ago most of the California festivals were still called fiestas. Picturesque indeed, were the ones held in the larger towns. Then the remaining Spanish Americans took active part in the celebrations; Eastern invasion gradually put this aside, or more correctly, the Spanish-Americans gracefully bowed themselves into the ranks of the spectators. A delicious flavor of La Fiesta remains, and that, blended with the glorious spirit of America, brings forth festivals unequaled in splendor, in features, in exhibits, and in means for clean enjoyment.

One occasion well remembered was La Fiesta de San Bernardino of about twenty-three years ago. The fiesta colors, red, yellow and green, festooned that old town, and the merry-making lasted one week. The parade, a parade must always be the opening feature, was a marvel of dash and color from the Santa Fe depot along the main street to Chinatown. There



Night illumination of Union Ferry Depot, San Francisco, Portola Fete.

were prancing steeds bearing the most graceful riders the world has ever known, rich in their carved leather and silver trappings. The purest blood of Castile, and this, mingled with that of the natives of America, made up a large portion of the parade. The carriages (no autos then) were laden with blossoms, even the harnesses were obscured by them. Here came a dainty little affair drawn by white ponies, blonde ladies dressed in white rode in this sweet-pea creation. came from desert and mountain and valley to take their place in the parade. A white-haired chief led them, sitting his horse like the great and venerable gentleman he was. A nervous buckskin foamed and fretted at the unaccustomed sights, and the music, whilst his young rider sat upon his bare back seemingly a part of him, indifferently enjoying the same unaccustomed things. After the horsemen came wagons, in which whole families rode, each family representing a bolt



Queen Conchita and Balboa descending from the throne on the royal barge to review the parade.

Now a tally-ho covered with the wild sunflowers—twelve Spanish beauties carrying yellow parasols, rode aloft, the black of their luxuriant hair corresponding to the dark centers in the flowers. Now a load of school children singing. Now the bull-fighters up from Mexico for the occasion, each wearing his color in silk and velvet lavishly spangled. Then the Indians. In these days the railroad gave the Indians free transportation and they of calico vieing in brightness of color with the flowers and silks and velvets farther up in the parade. The bull-fight was the main feature of the week. It took place in the afternoon of the second day, and was a new "sport" to most of us, highly exciting, too, in spite of the fact that the Humane Society allowed no torturing or killing in the arena. The grand balls, the street masquerades at night with the fun of confetti throwing, all came

in due turn. The last day was devoted to races and roping contests, the grand finale being the feast, the barbecue, quite Spanish in flavor, also, with its abundance of chile sauce.

La Fiesta de Los Angeles and de San Francisco often had a Chinese section in their parades; in fact, do yet occasionally. Then the long, glittering, yellow dragon winds its hideously beautiful length down the street borne on the heads of a line of China-

large enough and strong enough for the birds of the air to build among.

In contrast to La Fiesta de San Bernardino is the National Orange Show and Festival of the Orange held in San Bernardino each year in midwinter. San Bernardino is now an up-to-date city, and its location is admirably adapted to this annual affair. Two mammoth tents house the exhibits; in one are the citrus fruits, the other is devoted to the industrial por-



Balboa sighting the city of San Francisco from the Golden Gate, preliminary to his landing and directing the Portola Fete, marking the anniversary of the discovery of San Francisco Bay.

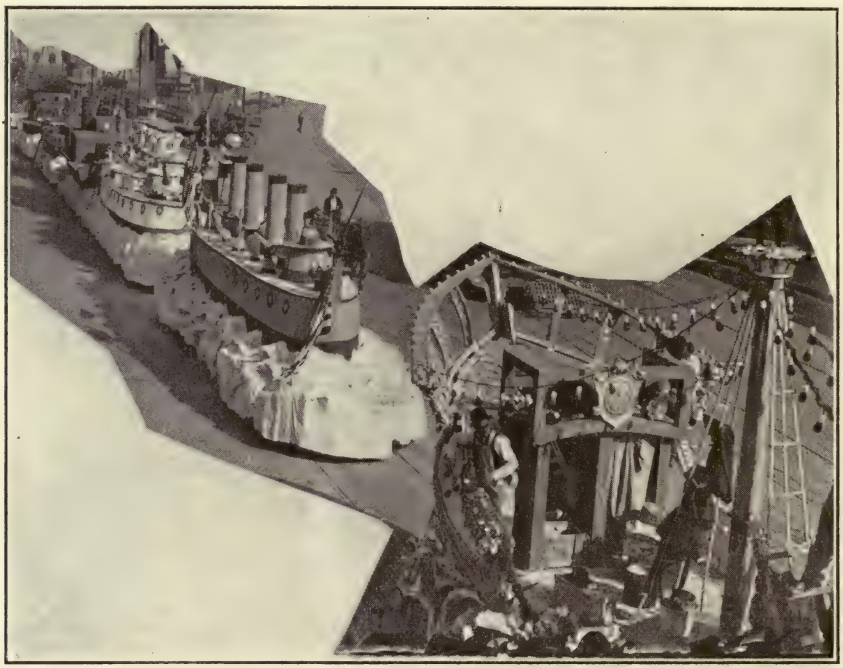
men. One very memorable "float" seen long ago at a Fiesta de Los Angeles was made up of wild mustard blossoms. These airy canary-yellow flowers were no doubt descendents of the same mustard blossoms through which Ramona made her way to meet Father Salviederra and among which she knelt to receive the good father's blessing, the stalks of which were

tion, in which is shown every known device used in connection with the culture and marketing of citrus fruits from the time the tree is planted until its maturity and the fruit is picked, packed and shipped. Not of California alone is the Orange Show—it is national, as its name implies. No profits accrue to any one, and it is financed by public-spirited citizens of

this, the Gate City of California. Its object is for the promotion of the Citrus Fruit Industry in the United States wherever it is possible. The fourth most successful show just past exceeded all former events, both in display and aroused interest from the public. When these festivals were first begun, ten thousand dollars were subscribed in less than thirty minutes. This ready money is the principal thing which makes so hugely successful all California festivals.

to refresh yourself at a well, the curb of which is of oranges, or look upon this old world itself way above you all made familiar—land, sea, lakes, and rivers—by the arrangement of the fruits of the golden tints.

Nowhere has the New Year a heartier welcome than is given it at Pasadena. The 1914 Pasadena tournament of Roses was the twenty-fifth annual event of the kind, and needless to say "the last is always the best." Good-fellowship is the reigning spirit,



A section of the floats depicting the evolution of ships of all nations, from the galleys of the Greeks to the battleship Oregon; night parade, Portola fete, San Francisco.

One must see to fully appreciate the beauty of a display of citrus fruits. Time or pains are not spared to arrange the shining golden oranges, the great pale yellow grape fruit, the small, almost flame-colored tangerines, and the bright yellow lemons in the most pleasing forms. One may see houses, pergolas, wind mills, old Mission bells in their towers, Ferris wheels and locomotives, all fashioned with the citrus fruits. You may stop

and a more brilliantly spectacular scene cannot be imagined than the wealth of flowers used in these floral pageants. Every one takes an active interest in the display of "the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into." Every one from the kiddies to the old men and women. Great throngs assemble, and fair women, exquisite blossoms, harmonious music and fine horses, combine to make this a world renowned

pageant. For the Tournament of Roses, as is usual with California flower festivals, a king and queen are chosen. Their equipage is often a dainty thing seemingly straight from Fairyland. "Commercialism never has been permitted to enter our floral parade," the president tells us. Money and enterprise as ever make this festival possible, but what a failure it would be at heart if it were not for the co-operation of every loyal citizen! As the long, gorgeous pageant comes down the street, we may see great baskets of flowers, baskets covered with daisies, roses or carnations. velvet. Nothing on this earth can excel the Tournament of Roses for a display of beautiful flowers. No place on earth has such an abundance or variety to display. In the afternoon of New Year's Day the Roman chariot races are held. The thoroughbreds are driven four abreast, twice around the half mile course, and the thousands at stake make the race exceedingly interesting.

At the heart of California, Sacramento, the State Capital, is held the annual State fair. Here is exhibited all the countless things of which California is so justly proud. We will go



A group of pages, heading the parade, Portola Fete.

Pure white lilies may cover a swan's shape, or orchids and ferns may festoon a huge moving bower. A great red boat may float past, made brilliant by masses of the Christmas flower, the poinsettia. Then a coach and four may come by, built in the shape of a huge butterfly, all pink and green, and drawn by lovely gray horses. Scattering perfume along its entire way may be a violet vase, the float upon which it rests, the vase, all of violets. In the vase, among all the sweetness, perhaps, we may see beautiful white haired dames, all in violet back a quarter of a century to the first State fair we ever attended. There were the same kinds of fruits with the exception of dates, but not in the quantities or perfection or variety exhibited now. What attracted us most then was the relics from the old Missions and the Indian relics, also the gorgeous attire in which the wealthy Spaniards used to deck themselves. In the room adjoining these things were the heirlooms which the "American" settlers had brought from "back East." Pewter plates, brass candlesticks, spinning wheels, patch-

work and big blue and white wool counterpanes. The State Agricultural Society report the last fair to have been the largest and most successful in the history. Quite naturally this is so. No other State is growing so rapidly, and no other State has a greater diversity of products to exhibit, or the natural resourses from which to draw.

In the southwest corner of the "Land of Heart's Desire" lies the historic old town of San Diego. San Diego is a great city now. It encircles the Harbor of the Sun, the harbor that is equal to the New York harbor, and will be first to welcome the ships that pass through the Panama Canal. The Order of Panama was organized in San Diego in 1912, and the Carnival Cabrillo was arranged by this order to celebrate the three great events in history that have meant so much to the Pacific Coast. These three events were first, the discovery of the Pacific Ocean in 1513 by Vasco Nunez de Balboa; second, the discovery of California, or the west coast of the United States in 1542 by Juan Rodrigues Cabrillo; and third, the eventful day in 1769 when the dearest of the Franciscan Friars, Junipero Serra, blessed the ground near which the first grand old Missions were built. There is scarcely any need to describe minutely the carnivals and festivals of San Diego. They are full of the same beauty and interest that makes all the California festivals so attractive. The fruits and flowers are in such abundance; yes, and here the native gems are displayed more attractively, San Diego County being rich in the semi-precious stones. The tropical foliage found about the city is induced by the mildness of the climate, which is, as some one has aptly said: "A climate which includes the summers of Alaska and the winters of Arabia." Here the stage is always set for a display of "Nature's rarest." Ocean, valley, mountain and plain all combine in one vast setting for holiday festivals. From the high bluffs at La Jolla just up the coast a ways, where one may dream away the day watching the bright green and gold fish disporting themselves in the clear waters or study the unequaled tints ever present in sky and on the sea, to the heart of the city itself, is the constant suggestion of festivals, carnivals and fruit and flower shows for which this land is such a famous producer. "I love you, California," we all sing, from Shasta to the Harbor of the Sun. You are a great big place where all things flourish, and where there is every imaginable scene all in readiness for the display chosen.

The last Christmas in California saw many outdoor events and community trees. After reading the beautiful story in The Ladies' Home Journal about "What the Tree in the Square Heard" (Christmas Number, 1913), inspiration seemed to seize the whole population, and the Land of Sunshine did things for Christmas, too. One must needs be very religious at heart when he lives continuously in God's great out of doors. He certainly is worshiped best by the people who live closest to Nature as one may, as one cannot help doing, in California. Riverside is being known as "The City that is Different." Riverside is already famous for her out doors religious festivals. Last Christmas a tree—a *growing* tree—the Riverside Christmas tree—in White Park was decorated and duly admired throughout the week. A night pageant of 350 persons passed through the park. The old English custom was well carried out, and sweet music filled the air, the Canatdores Club furnishing a most pleasing chorus of song. One more festival that has no rival the world over must make the Amen of this category. We christen it the Festival of the Soul. A detailed and present time description only will answer to convey accurately the idea of this unique annual event, the supremely beautiful Sunrise Easter Service of the little southern city of Riverside. We will describe the Faster morning Pilgrimage of March 23, 1913, the most impressive and



The big, fantastic dragon carried by the Chinese, Portola Festival.

memorable of them all. Two delightful, barren hills stand out alone, and the pass between them forms the western gateway to the city; it is on the higher of these hills, called Rubidoux Mountain that the services are held.

Alarm clocks are set for early rising the night before Easter, for every one will attend the Sunrise Services. As we dress in the morning, we hear the stir throughout the town which signals the pilgrimage about to start for Rubidoux. It is very dark as we step outside—that inscrutable darkness which precedes the dawn. Heavy clouds add to the depth of the blackness which fills all the earth, and to the feeling of deep devotion which comes with the early quietness. As we approach the mountain, we see auto lights twinkling along the winding way, and pilgrims in a long, moving line follow the trail upward. As the coming light penetrates the darkness more and more, we see the cross dedicated to Fray Junipero Serra on the summit of the mountain outlined against the clouded sky. As we join the pilgrims, "Christ Arose," sung by a group of Indian girls under a huge jutting boulder, comes sweetly down to us. From the top of the mountain we look down onto a valley of green pastures and orchards in full bloom. The Santa Ana river flows quietly along through the tule beds, following the curve of the hills. Above the distant hilltops the pale moon, with a smudge of transparent cloud across her face, is sinking to rest. As the "Holy City" is superbly played on a cornet, we almost feel the sweep of angels' wings as they drew near to listen.

The main feature of the program is the reading of the poem, "God of the Open Air," by its author, Dr. Henry Van Dyke. As the sun rises over the snow covered San Bernardinos, the clouds courteously part, allowing him to shine on the cross and upon the pilgrims who listen so attentively to the exquisite thoughts that come straight from their creator. The verses speak for many their religion. The pilgrims stand with uncovered heads in the free open air above creeds and narrow walls, in sight of "quiet waters and pastures green." Incense fills the air, sweeter than any from swinging censers in cathedral halls. It is from the dew-wet sage which grows with other wild things between the rocks. "Calvary," from the silver throat of the cornet, is still reverberating in the air as we turn to descend. From the city the Easter chimes float up to us.

Far above all things of civilization, in the early morning light, alone with God and Nature, all men for the time are equal and of one faith. There is no pomp nor display. The pure cool air moves gently over the throng of worshipers among the great rocks at the foot of the cross. Here on the barren hilltop the simple teachings of the Savior upon His visit to the earth echo through the minds of all the people assembled, and they go away refreshed and better. Many of them will not enter a church throughout the year, but again, on Easter morning, the sun will shine upon their uncovered heads as they stand about the rough wooden cross on Rubidoux.

The Master was born, lived and died in the open air. Among our primitive people music and song formed the base of their religious worship. The early Californians welcomed the dawn of each day with songs of praise in the open air. So, is it not most fitting that we should worship on that mountain top at Easter?

May all people learn to have "the faith of the flowers;" may all learn "the wonderful secret that abides in Nature's breast;" may all learn to sing with the poet:

"To Thee I turn, to Thee I make my prayer,
God of the open air."



Official Seal of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Copyrighted.

Panama-Pacific Exposition Rising in Increasing Glory

CONSTRUCTION upon the Exposition early broke all records in exposition construction, giving assurance to the promise made by President Charles C. Moore, more than two years ago, that the Exposition would swing open its gates upon a fully perfected spectacle. Many of the huge exhibit palaces are practically completed already, and all will be finished eight months before the opening of the gates.

Preparations for the adornment of the huge exhibit palaces and the courts have kept pace with construction. The works of a number of America's most notable sculptors and artists are now in evidence, and bear out the early high promise for their beauty and originality. The landscape effects will be perfected to a far greater extent than has been possible at any former universal exposition. Hundreds of thousands of rare shrubs and trees, including five hundred giant tree ferns from Australia, have reached San Francisco to be set upon the grounds.

Before the site, which faces north on San Francisco harbor just inside the Golden Gate, extending almost three miles east and west, there has been created a marvelous esplanade, the Marina (villa gardens), a great broad stretch of lawn, dotted with cypress and eucalyptus, more than four hundred feet in width and one mile in length. It forms the frame of the main northern facade of the exhibit palaces along the shores of San Francisco harbor, the surpassing frontage that will be first seen by visitors who reach the Exposition city by water on ferry boats, and by the ocean steamers entering the Golden Gate. In the Marina, with its vast stretch of grounds and terraces, fountains will play, and huge groups of statuary be set at intervals. Thousands will gather here to view the assembled warships of the nations, the birdmen of the world in mimic contests with the warcraft, to view the motor boat races, yacht races, and all varieties of aquatic sports. Aviators of fifteen nations have already signified their intention of entering the round the world aeroplane race, for which a prize of $150,000 is of-

fered to the daring birdman who actually completes the circuit of the globe, while lesser prizes will be awarded aviators completing different legs of the race.

Seventeen of the nations have at this early date accepted President Wilson's invitation to participate in a great naval review upon the formal opening of the Panama Canal.

derfully impressive sight. More than eighty million feet of lumber was used in this section. The United States army could find standing room in some of the exhibit palaces, and with ample space to spare. The great buildings, harmonizing with a brilliant mosaic of color, take on a new charm each visit. Not only are the structures beautiful: they are im-



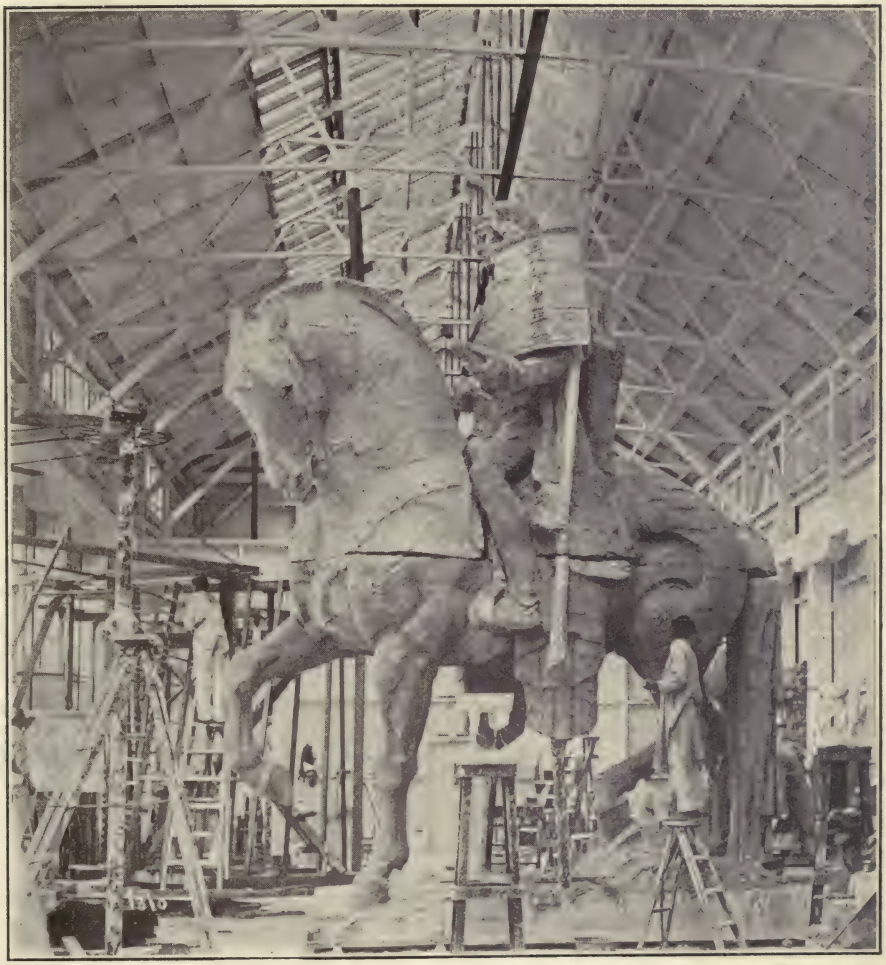
Disappearing guns at the Presidio, adjacent to the Exposition grounds, overlooking the Golden Gate.

Work on foreign pavilions and upon the huge concessions district, "The Midway," is under way. The outlay on construction alone is enormous. Canada, for example, is expending no less than $300,000 on her superb pavilion, which will accommodate the most notable exhibit ever made by the Dominion outside of her own borders.

The main exhibit section is a wonpressive. The visitor, who stands beneath the huge steel dome of the Palace of Horticulture and looks upward at the majestic rising dome, is measuring with his eye an elevation equal to a skyscraper of twelve stories. The huge dome will be covered with glass, and when the Exposition opens, colored searchlights playing upon the glass from within will, at

night, transform this huge globe into a vast sphere of colors, sparkling, iridescent and mystical.

The yacht and motor-boat races during the Exposition will interest thousands. Both President Woodrow Wilson and King George of England over a distance of approximately six thousand miles. The motor boats will start from New York in September, 1915, proceeding south along the Atlantic seaboard, thence through the Panama Canal, and from that point north along the Pacific seaboard to



Heroic figure of the Mongolian Horseman, one of the group entitled Nations of the East, which will surmount the Arch of the Rising Sun, in the Court of the Sun and Stars, the largest court of the main group of exhibit palaces.

have offered cups in the yacht races for the prize yacht winning the twelve meter class. Perhaps the most interesting of the motor boat contests will be a race for the cruiser type the finishing line off the Panama-Pacific International Exposition yacht harbor.

Thousands of men are working upon the grounds and the exhibit palaces

have arisen almost by magic. When completed, the lofty spires, domes, towers and minarets of the immense buildings will rise even higher than those shown in the photograph, ascending to heights of 160, 186, 270, 340 and 435 feet. The dominating architectural feature of the Exposition, the superb Tower of Jewels, to command the south entrance of the great Court of the Universe, is under construction; the building will rise from a base an acre in area to a height of 435 feet, ascending in terraces that gradually give way to a group of figures supporting a globe, typifying the world. Thousands of quivering prisms hung upon the tower at night will reflect and radiate shafts of light hurled from masked batteries of searchlights placed upon the roofs of the exhibit palaces.

The night illumination will be very spectacular and wonderful. New illuminating methods and new mechanical appliances used in illumination promise a method of night illumination that was not possible a few years ago. In Schenectady, New York, a large force of men is now engaged in the manufacture of original illuminating devices. Hundreds of artisans in Austria are putting on the finishing touches to a series of iridescent prisms that, placed upon the exhibit palaces, will at night cast a spell over the Exposition city. Flood lighting, illuminating every detail of the facade of the Exposition palaces, will be employed. There will be no dark shadows at night upon the Exposition grounds. The superb colonnades and peristyles and monumental groups of statuary will stand out as clearly at night as if by day.

The preparation for the display of the world's exhibits is far advanced. More than sixty thousand of the world's leading exhibitors will have their exhibits installed in the vast exhibit halls when the Exposition opens. Many of these exhibits will be notable, some of the individual exhibits representing an investment of $250,000 to $350,000. Whenever practicable, the exhibits, such as those of machinery, etc., will be shown in action to illustrate the method of operation. The care with which the exhibits have been selected may be inferred from a reply made by Dr. Frederick J. V. Skiff, of the Field Columbian Museum, Director-in-Chief of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Some one asked Dr. Skiff what was his ideal for a great world's exposition. "One," he replied, "that would so present the world's progress that if all else in the world but the exposition were destroyed, what is most worth while could be reconstructed from the exhibits." The Exposition stands not alone on a commercial foundation, but is undertaken for its great ethical and educational influence.

The conventions and congresses to meet during the Exposition period will indeed have a wide educational influence. One of the most interesting conventions will be the International Engineering Congress. The engineers of the Pacific Coast have already raised a large sum to finance the congress, and the five great national engineering bodies comprising the congress have also guaranteed to aid in defraying the expenses of the meeting. Among other subjects, an exhaustive discussion will be given to the construction of the Panama Canal. The proceedings of the congress will be published in standardized form. Colonel George W. Goethals has been tendered and has accepted the chairmanship of the congress.

Among other important assemblages there will be the International Council of Nurses, to meet in San Francisco during the latter part of May next year. Five thousand nurses from fifteen nations are expected to participate in this gathering; delegates from twenty-five nations interested in grape culture, will attend the International Congress of Viticulture, June, 1915; the leading electrical experts of the world will meet in the International Electrical Congress in September, while a



Troops resting after a sham battle, U. S. Presidio reservation, adjoining the Exposition Grounds.

World's Petroleum Congress, the first ever held, will meet in the fall; thirty-four American and three European organizations concerned with the marketing, production and distribution of petroleum will take part in this congress. The International Potato Congress will deal with the production and distribution and marketing of the potato One of the most interesting of the agricultural conventions will be that of the National Topnotch Farmers' Club, an organization of corn growers, with headquarters in Springfield, Illinois; the club consists of corn growers who have established a record in producing at least one hundred bushels of corn to the acre. The president of the organization is Mr. W. L. Dunson of Alexander City, Alabama, who earned the presidency by growing 232.7 bushels of corn on an acre of ground. When this record is superceded, the grower raising the most corn on an acre will automatically become president.

Plans are under way to assist the delegates in gathering information in the specialized lines in which they are most interested. The American Breeders' Association, for example, has been invited to send a committee of its members to San Francisco in advance of the convention to list everything of greatest value at the Exposition dealing with the subject of cattle breeding.

At the opening of the Exposition, the greatest assemblage of battleships in the history of the world is expected to be anchored in the harbor of San Francisco.

Seventeen of the nations have thus early accepted the invitation of the United States to be represented with

battleships. This composite fleet of the world's navies, the most cosmopolitan in point of view of the many nations represented ever brought together in time of peace or war, will first, with the exception of the warships sent by nations bordering upon the Pacific Ocean, assemble at Hampton Roads, and thence proceed through the Panama Canal, where they will be joined by further detachments, the entire fleet then proceeding to the Golden Gate. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt, while in San Francisco expressed the opinion, unofficially, that the formal opening of the Panama Canal would probably be early in May, and that after the adjournment of Congress, President Wilson will probably leave for Panama to take part in the event.

THE HAPPY GARDEN

What shall I grow in my garden?
Lillies, slipping a June green sheaf,
Larkspur spears, and hollyhocks,
Geraniums red,
In a circle bed,
Of dazzling scarlet and scented leaf.
Thyme and carnation and bordering phlox,
With honey-hunting bees astir
O'er honey-haunted lavender.

What shall I grow in my garden?
Poppies and pinks and rosemary,
Pensive pansies, primly set
In a purple strip,
Where the sunbeams slip
Through the fairy snows of the apple tree,
And old-fashioned posies of mignonette,
Sweet peas, edging each narrow walk,
Tinted wings on a slender stalk.

What shall I hear in my garden?
A breath of breeze where sweet briar grows,
Sleepy poppies whispering "Hush,"
The fall so light,
Of blossom white,
The buzz of a bee as he sacks a rose,
The thrilling clamor of lark and thrush,
And ever and ever the heart of me,
Telling my flowers of love and thee.

LUCY BETTY MCRAYE.

Tales of the Golden Trail

II.---Shophie La Vere Buys an Interest in the Snow-Shoe Claim

By Harry Golden

SOPHIE LA VERE, wrapped in her long traveling coat, heavily veiled and carrying a small hand bag, walked briskly down Market street, San Francisco. Before the office of a great steamship company she paused for a moment and studied the placards in the window. Then she entered the office.

Simultaneously with the closing of the massive street door behind her, a marked change came over the little woman. The self-confidence and purposefulness which had apparently directed her quick steps along the street, were gone; and she stood there in the center of the spacious office timorously, even nervously, glancing about; seemingly afraid to advance to the ticket counter, yet unable to bring herself to retreat.

The agent, having noticed her obvious embarrassment, and wishing to put her at ease, spoke:

"This way, please, for information or tickets."

"I—I want a ticket—first-class!" muttered Sophie la Vere, hesitatingly, stepping forward.

"A ticket! A ticket to where, Madam?" asked the agent, looking more closely at her.

"To—to——" The woman paused and glanced about at the various posters. "To Honolulu, I guess," she finished with a quavering voice.

The agent was surprised. One buying a ticket for a trip abroad seldom guessed at the destination. However, he began quickly to make out the ticket without further comment.

Turning from the counter as though wishing to conceal her movements, Sophie la Vere took from her bag a small packet of bills.

Of this the agent took particular note, for her peculiar actions were beginning to have some effect upon him, and his curiosity was aroused. One thing he took into account was the fact that the woman stood always in such a position as to shield the left side of her face, notwithstanding the protection offered by her heavy veil. This caused the agent to wish, for some reason he could not guess, to see the other side of her face. When she had paid him and turned from the counter, he stepped to her side and passed with her to the door, ostensibly to usher her politely into the street.

She seemed greatly disturbed by his attentions, but said nothing. Then just as he opened the door, a gust of wind inadvertently lifted her veil, and his eye lit upon a large brown mole situated under the curve of her cheek.

"No wonder she kept her face turned," chuckled the agent to himself as he returned to his desk and began jotting down some notes descriptive of Sophie la Vere. Figuratively speaking, he slapped himself on the back for his own astuteness in concocting the little ruse which had discovered the mole.

"Some one will be in here before long asking pertinent questions about Milady, or I miss my guess," he smiled almost audibly.

After leaving the steamship company's office, Sophie la Vere walked leisurely across to Mission street and

down upon the water front, where she located an unoccupied pier-head and was soon seated upon a wharf-stringer dangling her feet over the waters of the bay.

The sinking sun shot shafts of gold at the restless ships in the harbor, and the cool evening breeze drifted in from the wide Pacific to hurry a little sloop along its way.

After she had assured herself that she was not being observed, she removed her cloak and veil; opened the hand bag and took from within a few loose bills which she secreted in the bosom of her dress. She then put her veil in the bag, picked up two bricks which were lying conveniently near, and placed them on the veil; closed the bag, wrapped it tightly within her cloak, and dropped the bundle into the bay.

Sophie la Vere ran the tips of her pretty fingers over the mole on her cheek, laughed softly to herself: "Yes, a bit of unmistakable identification, indeed! But you're false. I've worn you so long in public that I rather hate to part with you—but here goes."

So saying, she flipped the ingenious imitation of a mole into the water and went on musing gayly to herself:

"I thought for awhile I'd have to point out my blemish to that ticket agent, but he was more clever than he might have been. I bet he'll have a lot to tell some gum-shoe man about the nervous little woman with the large mole who was sailing for Honolulu. Meanwhile, what will Sophie la Vere be doing? The high Sierras for mine! A summer along the trails and in the camps of the pioneers for a city bred girl with a hundred thousand dollars—— And they want me for embezzlement! Well, let them go to Honolulu, as the saying is."

Glancing up at the clock on the Ferry Building, Sophie la Vere arose and hurried to meet the expressman who was depositing her baggage at a wing of the great terminal. There was no hesitancy or undecidedness in her movements as she purchased a ticket to Portola, checked her trunk and made a reservation on the next East-bound train which would leave the Oakland pier within an hour.

After a good night's rest, she turned in her berth and yawned sleepily; then raised the blind and gazed out upon the flying landscape. Instantly she became wide awake. Lifting herself on an elbow, she feasted her eyes upon the wondrous shifting scenes before her. Below, a river shot and spumed among crowded boulders, whirling and turning in foam with limpid patches of blue through which she could see to the very bottom. Beyond, a canyon wall arose far into the heavens. Giant pine had ranged themselves in file along the edge, as if striving to peer over the brink into the river. The morning sun was already draping each tree and bush along that towering crest with shimmering streamers of light. In one place a small stream had crept too close to the edge of the wall, and she saw it tumbling in a long ribbon of white until it fetched up in a vapory cloud at the river's edge.

She reached, from a pigeon hole case on the side of her berth, a railroad map, which she scanned carefully until she had learned that they were then passing through the great Feather River Canyon. Entranced, she watched the splendors of the rugged mountains, and flattered herself that she had chosen her route so well.

Presently people began moving about in the aisle, and she reluctantly drew her eyes from the window and began to dress. When she had completed her toilet and dined with an appetite she could hardly recognize as her own, she seated herself across the aisle from her berth which the porter was making up.

Scarcely had she settled herself when she looked up and saw a man approaching from the smoking compartment. He was young and heavy shouldered; tall, with dark hair and eyes, and she divined from his manner that she had appropriated his seat.

"I fear I am crowding you out," she

said naively, glancing up into his face which inclined above her with a clear, frank smile.

"Oh, that's all right!" answered the young man, making as if to pass on down the aisle. "Don't disturb yourself!"

Sophie la Vere smiled back very sweetly.

"You may sit down beside me if you wish: as a compromise."

A bit ill at ease, the big fellow dropped into the seat, and she squeezed against the window and gave her attention to the scenery.

Suddenly she sprang up. "Oh, look, look!" she cried in ecstacy. "A deer! A deer! Do you see it?"

Here the river basin had broadened into a small stretch of bottom land studded with pine and small oak. As the man looked he caught the fleeting glimpse of a doe bounding away among the trees.

"Well, wasn't it a deer?" she asked impatiently.

"It was," he replied quietly.

"I should think you would be more interested, then," she added, rather petulantly.

"I've seen too many of them in these woods to get excited about it," he returned carelessly.

"Oh, you live in these mountains?" she asked, dipping her smooth forehead slightly toward him.

"Been around three or four years," he replied.

Sophie la Vere seemed greatly interested.

"Perhaps you are a mining man, or something of the sort?"

"I've been a mining man all winter. I'm a mining man to-day; but I guess I'll be just a prospector by to-morrow."

There was a note of cheated ambition in his voice that caught her ear and made her feel instinctively a great desire to know more of him.

"How is that?" she asked.

"Well, you see, a mining man is one who is interested in mining property to some extent; while a prospector is a man who is looking for mining property to get interested in."

"I'm afraid I don't altogether understand you," returned she.

"My case is a good example of what I said."

"Would you mind explaining your case?" she asked, frankly.

"It's a kind of a hard luck story," he said, "and I wouldn't care to bother you with it, unless you think it would amuse you."

"Please tell me of it," pleaded the woman in a sympathetic, low voice. "I'm sure it would interest me very much."

"Last fall," began the young man, slowly, "I gave one thousand dollars option on the Snow-Shoe Quartz Claim to hold the right to close the deal any time within six months at ten thousand dollars. That transaction gave me the distinction of being known as a mining man. I worked all winter on the claim, and have tapped a gold vein of ore. Now I haven't the money to pay down on the property, so I lose. I'm broke and in debt. To-morrow, in all probability, with my pack on my back I'll be looking for a new layout. I'm a mining man to-day; to-morrow I'll be just a common down and out prospector. Have I made the difference between the two clear?"

Sophie la Vere looked up a little surprised.

"You don't seem to take it very hard—this bad luck of yours."

"What's the use," he laughed rather ironically. "I've got this whole country to begin over again in."

"How did you expect to get the ten thousand by to-day, if it is any of my business?" asked the woman.

"Well, you see," returned the other, "I had a moneyed man in San Francisco interested in the proposition. He had agreed to put up the money to buy the mine and give me half an interest in it. I went to see him yesterday. He saw he had me dead to rights, and decided to shut me out altogether, although he did have the decency to offer me two thousand for my option."

"And you refused?" asked Sophie la Vere.

The man nodded.

"You threw away two thousand dollars, just like that?" She made a little gesture of tossing something through the window.

Again the man nodded.

"Wasn't that a bit foolish, after all?" she questioned.

"Perhaps!" answered the other.

"Is that all you can say in defense of your business methods—maybe?"

"I have a sort of excuse, if that's what you mean; but it's useless to explain, I think. You see, I have principles which would not allow me to take that money and give him all the good of the deal just because he happened to have the money and I happened to be broke, after I had furnished the work and brains. I couldn't do it. Such a thing goes against the grain. To-morrow they will say that Sully is broke—in debt; but they can never say he is or ever was a piker. I'll lose all, or—well, they can't come one like that over me, that's all."

"So, your name is Sully?" Sophie la Vere held out her hand and looked boldly at him, admiringly. "You may call me Mrs. Sprague," she added, as her soft fingers met his calloused palm.

"They call me Sully," he said, "but——"

"Sully and Mrs. Sprague will suffice as names for the time being," she interrupted quickly; then went on: "How much did you say it would take to buy the Snow-Shoe Claim—ten thousand?"

He nodded disinterestedly.

"Please excuse me a moment," she said, rising and crossing the aisle, where she fumbled for a minute in her suitcase; then returned with a packet of one hundred dollar bills in her hand. "Here is twenty thousand dollars," she said, placing them in his hand. "Count them! I want you to buy the Snow-Shoe to-day and place the remaining ten thousand in the bank for immediate operating expenses, and figure me in as your partner."

"Sully looked up in amazement. "I—I couldn't do that," he stammered.

"What?"

"Why, take the money from a—a—girl?"

Sophie la Vere laughed heartily, guilelessly, as she pushed back his great hand containing the bills.

"No, no! You must keep them and do as I say. I know what I am doing, and it is my wish to do it. You see, I, too, am a plunger in a modest sense and believe in taking risks. I am merely buying a half interest in the Snow-Shoe Mine. But——" she caught herself up; "if you think you wouldn't want me for a partner; if there is——"

"All right," broke in Sully, drawing in his hand, "I'll take it, and I'll gamble that you don't lose one red cent on the deal. I know the mine, and I know a woman when I see her." His tanned face darkened slightly as the blood climbed into his temples.

Sophie la Vere interrupted hastily.

"Now, I'm going to insist on giving our partnership venture a name. It shall be known henceforth as the Plungers' Investment and Improvement Company. What kind of opportunity does this country have to offer should we wish to branch out into other industries—farming, lumbering and the like?"

"The best in the world," cried the man, brightening with enthusiasm. "This country is new. Brand new! The Western Pacific has opened her up. Now is the time to get in on the ground floor. The old Sierras have been tapped at the right spot. Why, I can show you land and timber that——"

The woman laughed.

"I knew I would get you excited if you were the real stuff and knew the country. I'll have you show me these bargains later on. I suppose you will go into Quincy to-day? I would like to accompany you, but I must go on into Portola, you know. My baggage is checked for there, and I want to

look around a day or so, as the place interested me sometime ago when I was coming West. I shall be in Quincy within three or four days. If you leave for the Snow-Shoe before I arrive, leave a letter in the post-office there for me. Draw a diagram of the trail into the Snow-Shoe so that I may find the mine without having to ask questions, and enclose the diagram in the letter. By the way, where is Quincy?"

The man glanced out of the window, then he pointed.

"See that valley down there! That is American Valley. Well, over there four or five miles, across the valley, along the foot of the hill where the timber line meets the grass line, lies Quincy. You can see part of the town from here. She's the county seat of Plumas County."

For several moments the woman sat silently looking out of the window. When she turned she said simply: "Already I have fallen in love with Quincy."

"We call her the Gem of the Sierras —we who know her," said he.

"I am going to call her one of the Gems of the Sierras," said Sophie la Vere. "I have learned that these Sierras are too wonderful to have but one Gem."

"We're pulling into Marston: I change cars here," said Sully. Then he arose and stood bareheaded for a little space holding Sophie la Vere's hand. "I am not going to try to thank you for what you have done for me to-day," he said as he passed down the aisle.

As the train pulled out of the station she waved her handkerchief to the big fellow whose head towered above the crowd as he stood there on the platform. Settling back into her seat a feeling of loneliness crept over her—such a feeling as she had not known before. It seemed that her self-reliance was slipping away from her, and she wondered at the strangeness of such a thing. She did not realize that she had already formed more than a partnership interest in the big, kindly Sully.

"They mustn't get me now," she said to herself with a grim tightening of her little fists. "I must come back; but if—well, I have done a good man a good turn to-day."

(To be Continued.)



Fatal Ambition---Noble Ambition

By C. T. Russell

Pastor New York, Washington and Cleveland Temples and the Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

The Third of a Series of Articles by Pastor Russell on Satan's Origin, his Present Occupation, and Future prospects.

WE SHOULD remember that practically the entire Bible is addressed to the Church of Christ—to those who have left the world, who have given their all to the Lord, acceptable through Christ, and who are intent upon knowing and doing God's will. The world is left by the Lord to try out its own ambitions, to realize, eventually that these result in disappointment. It is when we experience the disappointment of our own plans and ambitions that we are truly prepared to look to the Lord.

We wish at this time to quote a text in connection with the subject of this article—a preferred rendering of Philippians 2:6, 7, to which scholarship is fully agreed: "Who (the Logos, Jesus) being in the form of God, did not meditate a usurpation to be on an equality with Him, but (contrariwise) made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant."

In this text the Apostle does not specify Satan in contrast with Jesus; yet we may read between the lines that He had in mind the opposite course pursued by Lucifer, who became Satan, and the Logos, who became Christ. The Scriptural record is that Lucifer was one of the highest and most glorious spirit beings—a cherub. But a sinful ambition took possession of him. Instead of a righteous ambition to serve and honor his Creator, he thought that if he had an empire of his own he could improve upon the Divine order of things. —Isa. 14:12-15.

This ambition ultimately led Lucifer to carry out the program in connection with mankind. Thenceforth he was known as Satan, God's Adversary, "the prince of this world, which now worketh in the hearts of the children of disobedience." According to the Bible, Satan has been permitted to have a certain degree of liberty, to show what the evil course would be and what its evil results. But according to the Bible he is soon to be restrained for a thousand years, while Messiah's Kingdom will break the shackles of sin and death, and give all the fullest opportunity to return to harmony with God and to attain everlasting life. Ultimately, Satan is to be destroyed, together with all who have his spirit of antagonism to God—insubordination—evil ambition.—Hebrews 2:14.

The Logos Humbled Himself

Mark the sharp contrast between Satan's course and that of the Logos, the Only Begotten Son of God. The

latter meditated no such usurpation of Divine authority as Lucifer aimed to attain. On the contrary, He was the very personification of loving obedience and self-abnegation instead of mediating a usurpation to make Himself equal to the Father, He declared, "My Father is greater than I;" "My Father is greater than all;" "I delight to do Thy will, O My God."—John 14:28; 10:29; Psa. 40:8.

As in due time Satan found opportunity for manifesting his ambition, so in due time the Logos found opportunity for manifesting His humility and obedience. Man's fall brought the opportunity—the need of a Redeemer. As it was man who was comdemned to death, so the redemption of Adam and his race must be accomplished by the death of a man. The death of bulls and goats could be only typical. Neither would an angel be a corresponding price. Hence the Divine proposal to the Logos—that if He would become a man, taking the sinner's nature, but not participating in the sinner's weakness or sin, He might thus be the Redeemer of men and accomplish the Divine will.

Attached to this proposal was the promise that so great a manifestation of love, loyalty and obedience to the Father would receive a great reward —an exaltation to the Divine nature, glory, honor and immortality. Thus Jesus declared that for His faithfulness He had been rewarded by His Father with a place in His Throne.—Rev. 3:21.

The Lesson of Humility

Saint Paul was seeking to impress the lesson of humility, as the context shows. Jesus exemplified in His own course of humility the ambition to be and to do just what would be pleasing to the Heavenly Father, not meditating for an instant to grasp Divine glory and honor, and association with the Father in His Throne. He did God's will at the cost of His life—even the death of the Cross.

And behold God's wonderful grace! He who sought not to usurp the Throne, but who humbled Himself, has been exalted to the right hand of God! What an exemplification of the teachings of God's Word! Did not God declare, "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall?" He permitted Satan to be an illustration of just such a result; and this forceful illustration is forceful in its application to all. "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble."

The Apostle points out that the Heavenly Father who so highly rewarded our Savior's loving obedience, has made a similar proposition to those whom He is calling during this Age to become associates with His Son. If we become dead to the world and lay down our lives in obedience to the Father's will as Jesus did, we shall share His Thorne, as He has promised. Justified by faith in our Redeemer's sacrifice, presenting our bodies as living sacrifices, and faithfully perservering in the narrow way, we shall "make our calling and election sure."

"Every Knee Shall Bow."

The Apostle(V. 10) declares that our Master's exaltation, as the result of His humility, is so great that all eventually must recognize Him as Lord of all. Unto Him every knee shall bow of the Heavenly and earthly families. Already the angels acknowledged Him. As we read, the Father saith, "Let all the angels of God worship (acknowledge) Him." The bowing of the earth will come later.

The work of the entire thousand years of Messiah's reign will be for the uplifting of mankind from sin and death. But all those made free will know that their release is due to the great sacrifice which Jesus accomplished in the carrying out of the Divine Plan. And all will know that the Redeemer has been honored of the Father and exalted to the chief

place. And those reaching perfection will be glad to bow the knee to Him and to confess Him with their tongues.

The Father is Excepted

We are not to gather from these statements that Jesus, in any sense of the word, will take the place, the glory, the honor, of the Father. Jesus will be hailed as Lord of all, nevertheless it is manifest that He is excepted who put all things thus in subjection to the Son. Saint Paul emphasizes this by telling us (1st Cor. 15:27, 28.) that it will be the Father's power that will bring everything in subjection to the Son; and that when the Son, in carrying out the Father's most gracious plans, shall have put all things in obedience to Himself, then shall He deliver up the Kingdom to the Father, that the Father may be all in all.

Truly the Divine Program, as stated in the Bible, is beautiful and wonderful. It illustrates to us elements of the Divine character that we never could have appreciated except as man's fall into sin and death gave opportunity for the exercise of Divine Wisdom, Justice, Love and Power. Had there been no sin, no death, there would have been no opportunity for God to manifest His Justice in dealing with the Sinner, no opportunity to manifest His Love for the world in providing that they should be rescued from the power of sin and death. Neither would there have been an opportunity for demonstrating Satan's disloyalty and whereunto it would lead. Neither would there have been an opportunity for testing the Only Begotten of the Father and demonstrating the depth of His love and loyalty even to the death of the Cross, unless sin had been permitted.

Neither would there have been an opportunity for God to show His generosity in dealing with the Logos in His high exaltation to the Divine nature and glory. There would have been no opportunity to show the length, breadth, height and depth of the love of God in lifting the Church from the horrible pit and miry clay of sin and death, justifying them freely through the merit of Christ's sacrifice, inviting them to share in His glory, honor and immortality, and finally bringing the Elect to participation in the Divine nature, and in the great work of Messiah.—Rev. 2:10, 26, 27.

Room for Boundless Ambition

In view of what we have seen of the Divine arrangement there surely is room for exercise of the most boundless ambition imaginable amongst those blest with the hearing ear and the Gospel Message. It would be a great ambition to strive to become kings and queens of the kingdoms of the world. It would be a great ambition to hope to become judges, senators, or the President of the United States. But such ambitions would be as nothing when compared with that set before the believers of God's Word—the ambition to be received by the Great Creator as Sons, partakers of the Divine nature (2 Pet. 1:4), heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ our Lord, to a Heavenly inheritance and Kingdom everlasting.

If anyone wants a grand ambition, here is one worth dying for! Indeed, it can be attained only by dying. First must come the death of the will as respects earthly aims, projects, ambitions, etc. Then gradually must come a transformed mind, which rejoices to die daily and to suffer with Christ, if so be that we may be also glorified with Him. (Romans 8:17.) This is the ambition necessary to make true, loyal soldiers of the Cross, willing to endure hardness in the Cause of the Captain of their Salvation, and to lay down life in the service of the King of kings.

A Grand Rush for it

One might suppose that such a Message would find millions anxious

and willing to lay hold upon its terms. But no, only a few have faith—and without faith they cannot be pleasing to God. Some have a little faith and render a little obedience, take some steps, refrain from certain sins and seek to walk hand in hand with the Lord—and with mammon. But these make a mistake. There is no promise to joint-heirship with the Savior except by a full cutting loose from the world and by a vital union with God through Christ.

"He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear." He that hath a humble heart of obedience, let him lay hold of the promise and attain the greatest of all ambitions. As for others, let them choose the noblest ambitions of which they are capable, assured that in proportion as they are honest and loyal they shall eventually be blest under Messiah's Kingdom.

Whoever has no ambition has not properly begun to live. Ambition implies appreciation of the value of life —a weighing of prospects and possibilities—a decision and a fixed determination of will. Parents and teachers should aim to lift before the mental vision of the young noble ideals, and to assist them in determining what they would copy and which goal they will bend life's energies to reach. To such parents and teachers many of those successful in life refer in terms of endearment, declaring how much they owe to the encouragement of ideals and ambitions to which these assisted them.

Many Woe-Begone Faces.

As we learn to read character and observe people, we perceive that many are wholly without ambition; or that their ambitions are so low and trivial as not to be of real benefit. In a crowd of a thousand people, less than a hundred will show by their faces and their energy that they have an ideal, an ambition, and are pursuing it. In other words, nine-tenths of our poor, fallen race lack the very mainspring of life.

This lack of proper ambition not only makes life a drudgery instead of a pleasure, but it is a menace to our social fabric. According to the Bible, it is this nine-tenths of the human family, without lawful ambitions, that will be anarchists, striving to pull down the structure of civilization in a kind of blind fury—the awakening of an ambition which, knowing not how to vent itself, will bring trouble upon all.

Worldly Ambitions Profitable.

It is the ambitious tenth of humanity that cause the wheels of progress to turn. Their ambitions are keeping their own minds actively occupied and are giving employment to the remainder of men. The ambitious mechanic hopes to become an inventor and to rise in the social scale. The ambitious clerk strives for success, hoping to become a successful merchant. The successful merchants, princes and captains of industry take pride in building up vast enterprises, in the erection of monumental edifices, in the construction of great bridges, tunnels, etc. Others have ambitions along professional lines.

There is a general tendency among the ambitionless to view these successful people harshly, to think of their ambitions as purely selfish, giving no credit to the pleasure of an exercise of ambition which the majority cannot appreciate because they have none themselves.

Contrary Thoughts Should Prevail.

Men with ambition leading on to genius should be admired, appreciated; and it should be remembered that they have helped mankind in general to larger conceptions of life and to wider possibilities. We grant, indeed, the necessity for legislation in restraining the rich, and especially trusts and combinations of brain and money which might endanger the liberties and prosperity of the masses. But let us never forget how much we owe to the ambitious men whom we

seek to restrain from power to crush those of less ambition and less capacity, who are more or less dependent upon them.

As proving that some of our successful men were moved by ambition rather than love of money, we note the fact that, having accumulated vast fortunes, some are directing their energies in expending their money in the endowment of colleges, the building of libraries, the financing of political and medical investigations for public weal. Whether their judgment and ours agree, as respects the wisdom of their benefactions, is another matter. They have a right to exercise their own judgments in the use of money which came to them through the exercise of their own brains and ambitions.

We can surely agree that a beautiful library building becomes an incentive for the erection of other beautiful buildings, even though comparatively few of the public make use of the books therein, and prefer the trashy kind. Perhaps some good may also result from the endowment of great colleges, even though they are doing more than anything else to undermine faith in the personal God of the Bible, and thus hastening the great day when anarchy by destroying faith and hope in Messiah's promised Kingdom, which are an offset to the trials and difficulties of the present life.

And if to you or me should come the thought of how much more wisely we could use the money, let us check the thought, remembering that God has not entrusted it to us, and that all our time and thought may be more wisely used in connection with our own stewardship of what talent, influence and money we do possess.



"Memories of My Youth, 1844-1865," by George Haven Putnam, Late Brevet Major, 176th Regt., N. Y. S. Vols., author of "Memoirs of G. P. Putnam," "Life of Lincoln," "Books and Their Makers," etc.

This is an unusually interesting volume covering one of the most thrilling periods in the history of this country. In broad lines, politically, it marks with vivid, colorful bands the war with Mexico and the war which closed with Appomatox. The author comes of an old English family, and in the County of Buckinghamshire, England. The Putnam's came over with the Puritans, who migrated to Massachusetts, and members fought valiantly in the Revolutionary War. From this stock the author in his turn went to the front in the defense of the flag in 1865. Back in the '30's his father had established himself in the book publishing business along with John Wiley, a partnership which later developed into the present well known publishing firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. The author's connection with this line of work is evidenced in his broad views of the political, social and economic conditions of the period he describes. His pen pictures are graphic and comprehensive, and gives an unusual intimate touch to the interesting scenes and the prominent characters he portrays. Especially is this so when in the enthusiasm of youth he sojourned in Europe to complete his education. The last part of the book is devoted to his experiences as a soldier with the 176th N. Y. State Volunteers. The writer simply carries the reader along with him into the camp, battles, pri-

vations and every day life of a soldier in that calamitous five years. To crown his varied and thrilling experiences, the author, then an adjutant, was captured at the Battle of Cedar Creek, and was forced through that torturing ordeal, in Libby and Danville Prison during the last year of the war. He was disappointed in several attempts to escape, and finally, as an officer, was paroled. A supplementary chapter gives a brief account of service in maintaining order in Savannah after the close of the war, but before the re-establishment of civil government. As a comprehensive and entertaining view of the period covered, the book is well worth reading.

Price $2 net. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

"Corporate Promotions and Reorganizations," by Arthur Stone Dewing, Ph.D. (Harvard Univ.) 1905. Lecturer on Corporation Economics in Yale University and sometime Instructor in Economics in Harvard University.

A critical narrative of the promotion, financial history and reorganization of fourteen large industrial consolidations. The studies present complete and detailed records of some of the important "cases" of our recent financial history. All the evidence has been drawn from original sources —and much of it from sources that will not be available in a few years. In the narrative portions of the text, no generalizations are introduced, but in three closing chapters the attempt has been made to draw such conclusions as the facts appear to warrant concerning promotions, the causes of financial failure, the events leading up to reorganization, and finally the reorganizations themselves. Although primarily a study in finance, the book discusses directly and by implication many economic and legal aspects of the so-called "trust problem." At various places in the book the probable results of governmental regulation of large business enterprises are pointed out.

The method of treatment is, in general, as follows: The general conditions of the industry in which the consolidation was formed are first discussed. Any "gentlemen's arguments," pools or legal trusts that preceded the formation of the combination are noted. Then follows a description of the actual promotion, including the prices paid for the constituent plants, the probable profit of the promoters, and the value of the tangible property acquired by the corporation. In several cases the promotion is described in great detail and the original schedules are reproduced. After the promotion period, the early history of the corporation is traced, with special reference to the expected and actual profits and the financial policy adopted by the management. This leads to the causes and circumstances surrounding the failure and reorganization. In case the corporation was reorganized more than once the details of its subsequent financial history are traced. Throughout the studies, the purpose has been primarily to reach fundamental economic causes and not merely to chronicle facts. To this end the writer has had the help of many business men who were intimately associated with the promomotion and reorganization of the corporations described.

Cloth, 8vo., charts and tables. Price $2.50. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.

"Selections from the Federalist." Edited with an Introduction by William Bennett Munro, Professor of Municipal Government in Harvard University.

In compact form this book sets forth those trenchant letters of Hamilton, Madison and Jay which contributed so strongly in shaping the form of our government through the Constitution, 1787, the critical period in our history. The author has been using The Federalist in his class room

and therefore is familiar with those essential ideas in the letters which appeal in a constructive way to the men of the present generation interested in the government's development. The letters are judiciously selected with a view to meet this requirement. The text is taken from the edition of The Federalist published by McLean, New York, 1788, and said to have received the benefit of Madison's revision in preparation for the press.

Price, $1. Published by Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.

"The Peacock Feather," by Leslie Moore, author of "Aunt Olive in Bohemia" and "The Notch in the Stick."

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